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MEMOIRS

OF

DOCTOR BURNEY,

ARRANGED

FROM HIS OWN MANUSCRIPTS, FROM FAMILY PAPERS,
AND FROM PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY

Frances (Burney)
HIS DAUGHTER, MADAME D'ARBLAY.

"O could my feeble powers thy virtues trace,
By filial love each fear should be suppress'd;
The blush of incapacity I'd chace,
And stand—recorder of thy worth!—confess'd."

Anonymous Dedication of Evelina, to Dr. Burney, in 1778.

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PREFACE BY THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

SOME of the reviewers have found fault with the Memoirs of Dr. Burney, as being rather the autobiography of the daughter than the life of the father. This appears to us, however, a recommendation; but the chief interest of the work will be found in the rich and new anecdotes furnished of the celebrated characters of the day, with whom Dr. Burney and his daughter were on intimate terms of social intercourse. The *ana* of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and others, possess a charm which no mere detail of Dr. Burney's habits could afford. It is gratifying to be admitted to familiar converse with those whose writings form the charm of our leisure hours; to have their private and familiar sayings and doings so fully portrayed; to have their feelings, their passions and peculiarities, depicted with truth and vivacity, and observe how individuals who filled so large a space in the public eye, acted in the domestic circle.

Who does not acknowledge the fascination produced in the work of the sycophantic Boswell? While the man is despised and laughed at, his life of Dr. Johnson remains a master-piece of biography, and the literary world regrets that there have not been more Boswells. To the work of that author, and others of the same period, this Memoir may be considered as a connected chain—an addenda, rendering us more intimately conversant with the great originals.

The style of Madame D'Arblay has also been found fault

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with; and to those who are familiar with her early writings as Miss Burney, it will be a little astonishing to observe the awkward stiffness of many of her paragraphs. But her meaning is seldom obscure, which is, after all, the object to be attained. It has been well remarked that, in "analysing literary compositions, we should attend to the difference which subsists between that species of merit founded on the direct interest and attraction of the incidents and ideas which are employed, and that other sort of merit founded on the skill and dexterity with which materials are combined, and the justness of the relations which we are able to trace among its parts." The pictures in the present instance, we believe, will be valued, though the casket may be somewhat inelegant. The author certainly betrays unbounded vanity, but it is harmless, and even amusing.

There are parts of the English edition that would be entirely uninteresting beyond the precincts of Great Britain—some of these we have taken the liberty of omitting, believing that our readers will be more gratified than if the whole had been retained. We conclude with the opinion of the London Metropolitan Magazine, "This work will be universally read and generally liked."

AUTHOR'S PREFACE, OR APOLOGY.

THE intentions, or rather the directions, of Dr. Burney, that his memoirs should be published ; and the expectation of his family and friends that they should pass through the hands of his present editor and memorialist, have made the task of arranging the ensuing collations with her own personal recollections, appear to her a sacred duty from the year 1814.*

But the grief at his loss, which at first incapacitated her from such an effort, was soon afterwards followed by change of place—change of circumstances—almost of existence—with multiplied casualties, that, eventually, separated her from all her manuscript materials. And these she only recovered when under the pressure of a new affliction that took from her all power, or even thought, for their investigation. During many years, therefore, they have been laid aside, though never forgotten.

But if time, as so often we lament, will not stand still upon happiness, it would be graceless not to acknowledge, with gratitude to Providence, that neither is it positively stationary upon sorrow : for, though there are calamities which it cannot obliterate, and wounds which religion alone can heal, time yet seems endowed with a secret principle for producing a mental calm, through which life imperceptibly glides back to its cus-

* The year of Burney's decease.

tomy operations. However powerless time itself—earthly time!—must still remain for restoring lost felicity.

Now, therefore,—most unexpectedly,—that she finds herself sufficiently recovered from successive indispositions and afflictions, to attempt the acquittal of a debt which has long hung heavily upon her mind, she ventures to reopen her manuscript stores, and to resume, though in trembling, her long-forsaken pen.

That the life of so eminent a man should not pass away without some authenticated record, will be pretty generally thought; and the circumstances which render her its recorder, grow out of the very nature of things: she possessed all his papers and documents; and, from her earliest youth to his latest decline, not a human being was more confidentially entrusted than herself with the occurrences, the sentiments, and the feelings of his past and passing days.

Although, as biography, from time immemorial, has claimed the privilege of being more discursive than history, the memorialist may seek to diversify the plain recital of facts by such occasional anecdotes as have been hoarded from childhood in her memory; still, and most scrupulously, not an opinion will be given as Dr. Burney's, either of persons or things, that was not literally his own: and fact will as essentially be the basis of every article, as if its object were still lent to earth, and now listening to this exposition of his posthumous memoirs with her own recollections.

Nevertheless, though nothing is related that does not belong to Dr. Burney and his history, the accounts are not always rigidly confined to his presence, where scenes or traits, still strong in the remembrance of the editor, or still before her eyes in early letters or diaries, invite to any characteristic details of celebrated personages.

Not slight, however, is the embarrassment that struggles with

the pleasure of these mingled reminiscences, from their appearance of personal obtrusion : yet, when it is seen that they are never brought forward but to introduce some incident or speech, that must else remain untold, of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Mrs. Delaney, Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Bruce—nay, Napoleon—and some other high standing names, of recent date to the aged, yet of still living curiosity to the youthful reader—these apparent egotisms may be something more, perhaps, than pardoned.

Where the life has been as private as that of Dr. Burney, its history must necessarily be simple, and can have little further call upon the attention of the world, than that which may belong to a wish of tracing the progress of a nearly abandoned child, from a small village of Shropshire, to a man allowed throughout Europe to have risen to the head of his profession ; and thence, setting his profession aside, to have been elevated to an intellectual rank in society, as a man of letters.

“ Though not first in the very line” with most of the eminent men of his day, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, soaring above any contemporary mark, always, like senior wranglers excepted.

And to this height, to which, by means and resources all his own, he arose, the genius that impelled him to fame, the integrity that established his character, and the amiability that magnetized all hearts,—in the phrase of Dr. Johnson,—*to go forth to meet him*, were the only materials with which he worked his way.

Dr. Burney both began and dropped an introduction to his life, as appears by a marginal note, in the year 1782. This was not continued or resumed, save by occasional memorandums, till the year 1807, when he had reached the age of eighty-one, and was under the dejecting apprehension of paralytic seizure. From that time, nevertheless, he composed sundry

manuscript volumes, of various sizes, containing the history of his life, from his cradle nearly to his grave.

Out of the minute amplitude of this vast mass of matter, it has seemed the duty of his editor and memorialist, to collect all that seemed to offer interest for the general reader; but to commit nothing to the public eye that there is reason to believe the author himself would have withheld from it at an earlier period; or would have obliterated, even at a much later, had he revised his writings after the recovery of his health and spirits.*

* A fourth volume, of Correspondence, is announced by Madame D'Arblay, to appear at some future day.

MEMOIRS OF DOCTOR BURNEY.

CHARLES BURNEY was born at Shrewsbury, on the 12th of April, 1726, and was the issue of a second marriage. Mr. Burney, senior, finally, and with tolerable success, fixed himself to the profession of portrait painting, and quitting Shrewsbury, established himself in the city of Chester.

From what cause is not known, and it is difficult to conceive any that can justify such extraordinary neglect, young Charles was left in Shropshire, upon the removal of his parents to Chester ; and abandoned, not only during his infancy, but even during his boyhood, to the care of an uncultivated and utterly ignorant, but worthy and affectionate old nurse, called Dame Ball, in the rustic village of Andover. His reminiscences upon this period were among the most tenaciously minute, and the most agreeable to his fancy for detail, of any part of his life ; and the uncommon gaiety of his narratory powers, and the frankness with which he set forth the pecuniary embarrassments and provoking mischances to which his thus deserted childhood was exposed, had an ingenuousness, a good humour, and a comicality, that made the subject of Andover not more delectable to himself than entertaining to his hearer.

The education of the subject of these memoirs, when, at length, he was removed from this his first instructress, whom he quitted, as he always protested, with an agony of grief, was begun at the free school at Chester. It can excite no surprise,

his brilliant career through life considered, that his juvenile studies were assiduous, ardent, and successful. He was frequently heard to declare, that he had been once only chastised at school, and that not for slackness, but forwardness in scholastic lore.

His earliest musical instructor was his eldest half-brother, Mr. James Burney, who was then, and for more than half a century afterwards, organist of St. Margaret's, Shrewsbury ; in which city the young musician elect began his professional studies.

He was yet a mere youth, when, while unremittingly studious, he was introduced to Dr. Arne, on the passage of that celebrated musician through the city of Chester, when returning from Ireland ; and this most popular of English composers since the days of Purcel, was so much pleased with the talents of this nearly self-instructed performer, as to make an offer to Mr. Burney, senior, upon such conditions as are usual to such sort of patronage, to complete the musical education of this lively and aspiring young man, and to bring him forth to the world as his favourite and most promising pupil.

To this proposal Mr. Burney, senior, was induced to consent ; and in the year 1774, at the age of seventeen, the eager young candidate for fame rapturously set off, in company with Dr. Arne, for the metropolis.

DR. ARNE.

Arrived in London, young Burney found himself unrestrainedly his own master, save in what regarded his articled agreement with Dr. Arne.

Dr. Arne has been, professionally, fully portrayed by the pupil who, nominally, was under his guidance ; but who, in after times, became the historian of his tuneful art. Eminent, however, in that art, as was Dr. Arne, his eminence was to that art alone confined. Thoughtless, dissipated and careless, he neglected, or rather scoffed at, all other but musical reputation. And he was so little scrupulous in his ideas of propriety, that he took pride rather than shame in being publicly classed, even in the decline of life, as a man of pleasure.

Such a character was ill qualified to form or to protect the morals of a youthful pupil ; and it is probable that not a notion of such a duty ever occurred to Dr. Arne ; so happy was his self complacency in the fertility of his invention and the ease of his compositions, and so dazzled by the brilliancy of his success in his powers of melody, which, in truth, for the English stage were, in sweetness and variety, unrivalled—that, satisfied and flattered by the practical exertions and the popularity of his fancy, he had no ambition, or, rather, no thought concerning the theory of his art.

The depths of science, indeed, were the last that the gay master had any inclination to sound ; and in a very short time, through something that mingled jealousy with ability, the disciple was wholly left to work his own way as he could through the difficulties of his professional progress.

MRS. CIBBER.

Young Burney, now, was necessarily introduced to Dr. Arne's celebrated sister, the most enchanting actress of her day, Mrs. Cibber ; in whose house, in Scotland Yard, he found himself in a constellation of wits, poets, actors, authors, and men of letters.

The most social powers of pleasing, which to the very end of his life endeared him to every circle in which he mixed, were now first lighted up by the sparks of convivial collision which emanate, in kindred minds, from the electricity of conversation. And though, as yet, he was but a gazer himself in the splendour of this galaxy, he had parts of such quick perception, and so laughter-loving a taste for wit and humour, that he not alone received delight from the sprightly sallies, the ludicrous representations, or the sportive mimicries that here, with all the frolic of high-wrought spirits, were bandied about from guest to guest ; he contributed personally to the general enjoyment by the gaiety of his participation ; and appeared, to all but his modest self, to make an integral part of the brilliant society into which he was content, nay charmed, to seem admitted merely as an auditor.

GARRICK.

Conspicuous in this bright assemblage, Garrick, then hardly beyond the glowing dawn of his unparalleled dramatic celebrity, shone forth with a blaze of lustre that struck young Burney with enthusiastic admiration.

With Thomson, the poet, his favoured lot led him to the happiness of early and intimate, though, unfortunately, not of long enduring acquaintance, the destined race of Thomson, which was cut short nearly in the meridian of life, being already almost run.

Burney now set to music the mask of Alfred, and the principal airs in the English burletta called Robin Hood, which was most flatteringly received at the theatre; and he composed the whole of the music of the pantomime of Queen Mab.

He observed at this time the strictest incognito concerning all these productions, though no motive for it is found among his papers. Queen Mab had a run which, at that time, had never been equalled, save by the opening of the Beggar's Opera; and which has not since been surpassed, save by the representation of the Duenna.

The music, when printed, made its appearance in the world as the offspring of *a society of the sons of Apollo*: and Oswald, a famous bookseller, published it by that title, and knew nothing of its real parentage.

Sundry airs, ballads, cantatas, and other light musical productions, were put forth also, as from that imaginary society; but all sprang from the same source, and all were equally unacknowledged.

The sole conjecture to be formed upon a self-denial, to which no virtue seems attached, and from which reason withdraws its sanction, as tending to counteract the just balance between merit and recompense, is, that possibly the articles then in force with Dr. Arne, might disfranchise young Burney from the liberty of publication in his own name.

EARL OF HOLDERNESSE.

The first musical work by the subject of these memoirs that he openly avowed, was a set of six sonatas for two violins and a bass, printed in 1747, and dedicated to the Earl of Holdernesse ; to whose notice the author had been presented by some of the titled friends and protectors to whom he had become accidentally known.

The earl not only accepted with pleasure the music and the dedication, but conceived a regard for the young composer, that soon passed from his talents to his person and character.

FULK GREVILLE.

While connections thus various, literary, classical, noble, and professional, incidentally occurred, combatting the deadening toil of the copyist, and keeping his mind in tune for intellectual pursuits and attainments, new scenes, most unexpectedly, opened to him the world at large, and suddenly brought him to a familiar acquaintance with high life.

Fulk Greville, a descendant of *The Friend of Sir Philip Sydney*, and afterwards author of Characters, Maxims, and Reflections, was then generally looked up to as the finest gentleman about town. His person, tall and well-proportioned, was commanding ; his face, features, and complexion, were striking for masculine beauty ; and his air and carriage were noble with conscious dignity.

He was then in the towering pride of healthy manhood and athletic strength. He excelled in all the fashionable exercises, riding, fencing, hunting, shooting at a mark, dancing, tennis, &c. ; and worked at every one of them with a fury for pre-eminence, not equalled, perhaps, in ardour for superiority in personal accomplishments, since the days of the chivalrous Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

His high birth, and higher expectation—for a coronet at that time, from some uncertain right of heritage, hung almost suspended over his head—with a splendid fortune, wholly unfet-

tered, already in his hands, gave to him a consequence in the circles of modish dissipation that, at the clubs of St. James's street, and on the race ground at Newmarket, nearly crowned him as chief. For though there were many competitors of more titled importance, and more powerful wealth, neither the blaze of their heraldry, nor the weight of their gold, could preponderate, in the buckish scales of the day, over the elegance of equipment, the grandeur, yet attraction of demeanour, the supercilious brow, and the resplendent smile, that marked the lofty yet graceful descendant of Sir Philip Sydney.

This gentleman one morning, while trying a new instrument at the house of Kirkman, the first harpsichord maker of the times, expressed a wish to receive musical instruction from some one who had mind and cultivation, as well as finger and ear ; lamenting, with strong contempt, that, in the musical tribe, the two latter were generally dislocated from the two former ; and gravely asking Kirkman whether he knew any young musician who was fit company for a gentleman.

Kirkman, with honest zeal to stand up for the credit of the art by which he prospered, and which he held to be insulted by this question, warmly answered that he knew many ; but, very particularly, one member of the harmonic corps, who had as much music in his tongue as in his hands, and who was as fit company for a prince as for an orchestra.

Mr. Greville, with much surprise, made sundry and formal inquiries into the existence, situation, and character of what he called so great a phenomenon ; protesting there was nothing he so much desired as the extraordinary circumstance of finding any union of sense with sound.

The replies of the good German were so exciting, as well as satisfactory, that Mr. Greville became eager to see the youth thus extolled ; but charged Mr. Kirkman not to betray a word of what had passed, that the interview might be free from restraint, and seemed to be arranged merely for showing off the several instruments that were ready for sale, to a gentleman who was disposed to purchase one of the most costly.

To this injunction Mr. Kirkman agreed, and conscientiously adhered.

A day was appointed, and the meeting took place.

Young Burney, with no other idea than that of serving Kirkman, immediately seated himself at an instrument, and played various pieces of Geminiani, Corelli, and Tartini, whose compositions were then most in fashion. But Mr. Greville, secretly suspicious of some connivance, coldly and proudly walked about the room ; took snuff from a finely enamelled snuff-box, and looked at some prints, as if wholly without noticing the performance.

He had, however, too much penetration not to perceive his mistake, when he marked the incautious carelessness with which his inattention was returned; for soon conceiving himself to be playing to very obtuse ears, young Burney left off all attempt at soliciting their favour; and only sought his own amusement by trying favourite passages, or practising difficult ones, with a vivacity which showed that his passion for his art rewarded him in itself for his exertions. But coming, at length, to keys of which the touch, light and springing, invited his stay; he fired away in a sonata of Scarlatti's, with an alternate excellence of execution and expression, so perfectly in accord with the fanciful flights of that wild but masterly composer, that Mr. Greville, satisfied no scheme was at work to surprise or win him; but, on the contrary, that the energy of genius was let loose upon itself, and enjoying, without premeditation, its own lively sports and vagaries; softly drew a chair to the harpsichord, and listened, with unaffected earnestness, to every note.

Nor were his ears alone curiously awakened ; his eyes were equally occupied to mark the peculiar performance of intricate difficulties; for the young musician had invented a mode of adding neatness to brilliancy, by curving the fingers, and rounding the hand, in a manner that gave them a grace upon the keys quite new at that time, and entirely of his own devising.

To be easily pleased, however, or to make acknowledgment of being pleased at all, seems derogatory to strong self-importance ; Mr. Greville, therefore, merely said, " You are fond, sir, it seems, of Italian music?"

The reply to this was striking up, with all the varying undulations of the crescendo, the diminuendo, the pealing swell, and

the “dying, dying fall,” belonging to the powers of the pedal, that most popular masterpiece of Handel’s, the Coronation Anthem.

This quickness of comprehension, in turning from Italian to German, joined to the grandeur of the composition and the talents of the performer, now irresistibly vanquished Mr. Greville; who, convinced of Kirkman’s truth with regard to the harmonic powers of this son of Apollo, desired next to sift it with regard to the wit.

Casting off, therefore, his high reserve, with his jealous surmises, he ceased to listen to the music, and started some theme that was meant to lead to conversation.

But as this essay, from not knowing to what the youth might be equal, consisted of such inquiries as, “Have you been in town long, sir?” or, “Does your taste call you back to the country, sir?” &c. &c., his young hearer, by no means preferring this inquisitorial style to the fancy of Scarlatti, or the skill and depth of Handel, slightly answered, “Yes, sir,” or “No, sir;” and, perceiving an instrument not yet tried, darted to it precipitately, and seated himself to play a voluntary.

The charm of genuine simplicity is no where more powerful than with the practised and hackneyed man of the world; for it induces what, of all things, he most rarely experiences, a belief in sincerity.

Mr. Greville, therefore, though thwarted, was not displeased; for in a votary of the art he was pursuing, he saw a character full of talents, yet without guile; and conceived, from that moment, an idea that it was one he might personally attach. He remitted, therefore, to some other opportunity, a further internal investigation.

Mr. Kirkman now came forward to announce, that in the following week he should have a new harpsichord, with double keys, and a deepened bass, ready for examination.

They then parted, without any explanation on the side of Mr. Greville; or any idea on that of the subject of these memoirs, that he and his acquirements were objects of so peculiar a speculation.

At the second interview, young Burney innocently and ea-

gerly flew at once to the harpsichord, and tried it with various recollections from his favourite composers.

Mr. Greville listened complacently and approvingly ; but at the end of every strain, made a speech that he intended should lead to some discussion.

Young Burney, however, more alive to the graces of melody than to the subtleties of argument, gave answers that always finished with full-toned chords, which as constantly modulated into another movement ; till Mr. Greville, tired and impatient, suddenly proposed changing places, and trying the instrument himself.

He could not have devised a more infallible expedient to provoke conversation ; for he thrummed his own chosen bits by memory with so little skill or taste, yet with a pertinacity so wearisome, that young Burney, who could neither hearken to such playing, nor turn aside from such a player, caught with alacrity at every opening to discourse, as an acquittal from the fatigue of mock attention.

This eagerness gave a piquancy to what he said, that stole from him the diffidence that might otherwise have hung upon his inexperience ; and endued him with a courage for uttering his opinions, that might else have faded away under the trammels of distant respect.

In the subject of these memoirs, this effervescence of freedom was clearly that of juvenile artlessness and overflowing vivacity ; and Mr. Greville desired too sincerely to gather the youth's notions and fathom his understanding, for permitting himself to check such amusing spirits, by proudly wrapping himself up, as at less favourable moments he was wont to do, in his own consequence. He grew, therefore, so lively and entertaining, that young Burney became as much charmed with his company as he had been wearied by his music ; and an interchange of ideas took place, as frankly rapid, equal, and undaunted, as if the descendant of *the friend of Sir Philip Sidney* had encountered a descendant of Sir Philip Sidney himself.

This meeting concluded the investigation ; music, singing her gay triumph, took her stand at the helm ; and a similar victory for capacity and information awaited but a few intellectual skir-

mishes, on poetry, politics, morals, and literature,—in the midst of which Mr. Greville, suddenly and gracefully holding out his hand, fairly acknowledged his scheme, proclaimed its success, and invited the unconscious victor to accompany him to Wilbury House.

The amazement of young Burney was boundless; but his modesty, or rather his ignorance that not to think highly of his own abilities merited that epithet, was most agreeably surprised by so complicate a flattery to his character, his endowments, and his genius.

But his articles with Dr. Arne were in full force; and it was not without a sigh that he made known his confined position.

Unaccustomed to control his inclinations himself, or to submit to their control from circumstances, expense, or difficulty, Mr. Greville mocked this puny obstacle; and instantly visiting Dr. Arne in person, demanded his own terms for liberating his Cheshire pupil.

Dr. Arne, at first, would listen to no proposition; protesting that a youth of such promise was beyond all equivalent. But no sooner was a round sum mentioned, than the Doctor, who, in common with all the dupes of extravagance, was evermore needy, could not disguise from himself that he was dolorously out of cash; and the dazzling glare of three hundred pounds could not but play most temptingly in his sight, for one of those immediate, though imaginary wants, that the man of pleasure is always sure to see waving, with decoying allurement, before his longing eyes.

The articles, therefore, were cancelled: and young Burney was received in the house of Mr. Greville as a desired inmate, a talented professor, and a youth of genius: to which appellations, from his pleasantry, gaiety, reading, and readiness, was soon superadded the title—not of a humble, but of a chosen and confidential companion.

Young Burney now moved in a completely new sphere, and led a completely new life. All his leisure nevertheless still was devoted to improvement in his own art, by practice and by composition. But the hours for such sage pursuits were soon curtailed from half the day to its quarter; and again from that

to merely the early morning that preceded any communication with his gay host: for so partial grew Mr. Greville to his new favourite, that, speedily, there was no remission of claim upon his time or his talents, whether for music or discourse.

Nor even here ended the requisition for his presence; his company had a charm that gave a zest to whatever went forward: his opinions were so ingenious, his truth was so inviolate, his spirits were so entertaining, that, shortly, to make him a part of whatever was said or done, seemed necessary to Mr. Greville for either speech or action.

MISS FANNY MACARTNEY.

New scenes, and of deeper interest, presented themselves ere long. A lovely female, in the bloom of youth, equally high in a double celebrity, the most rarely accorded to her sex, of beauty and of wit, and exquisite in her possession of both, made an assault upon the eyes, the understanding, and the heart of Mr. Greville; so potent in its first attack, and so varied in its after stages, that, little as he felt at that time disposed to barter his boundless liberty, his desultory pursuits, and his brilliant, though indefinite expectations, for a bondage so narrow, so derogatory to the swing of his wild will, as that of marriage appeared to him; he was caught by so many charms, entangled in so many inducements, and inflamed by such a whirl of passions, that he soon almost involuntarily surrendered to the besieger; not absolutely at discretion, but very unequivocally from resistless impulse.

This lady was Miss Fanny Macartney, the third daughter of Mr. Macartney, a gentleman of large fortune, and of an ancient Irish family.

In Horace Walpole's *Beauties*, Miss Fanny Macartney was the Flora.

In Greenville's *Maxims, Characters, and Reflections*, she was also Flora, contrasted with Camilla, who was meant for Mrs. Garrick.

Miss Fanny Macartney was of a character which, at least in its latter stages, seems to demand two pencils to delineate; so diversely was it understood, or appreciated.

To many she passed for being pedantic, sarcastic, and supercilious: as such, she affrighted the timid, who shrunk into silence; and braved the bold, to whom she allowed no quarter. The latter, in truth, seemed to stimulate exertions which brought her faculties into play; and which, besides creating admiration in all who escaped her shafts, appeared to offer to herself a mental exercise, useful to her health, and agreeable to her spirits.

Her understanding was truly masculine; not from being harsh or rough, but from depth, soundness, and capacity; yet her fine small features, and the whole style of her beauty, looked as if meant by Nature for the most feminine delicacy: but her voice, which had something in it of a croak; and her manner, latterly at least, of sitting, which was that of lounging completely at her ease, in such curyes as she found most commodious, with her head alone upright; and her eyes commonly fixed, with an expression rather alarming than flattering, in examination of some object that caught her attention; probably caused, as they naturally excited, the hard general notion to her disadvantage above mentioned.

This notion, nevertheless, though almost universally harboured in the circle of her public acquaintance, was nearly reversed in the smaller circles that came more in contact with her feelings. By this last must be understood, solely, the few who were happy enough to possess her favour; and to them she was a treasure of ideas and of variety. The keenest of her satire yielded its asperity to the zest of her good-humour, and the kindness of her heart. Her noble indifference to superior rank, if placed in opposition to superior merit; and her delight in comparing notes with those with whom she desired to balance opinions, established her, in her own elected set, as one of the first of women. And though the fame of her beauty must pass away in the same oblivious rotation which has withered that of her rival contemporaries, the fame of her intellect must ever live, while sensibility may be linked with poetry, and the Ode to Indifference shall remain to show their union.

The various incidents that incited and led to the connection that resulted from this impassioned opening, appertain to the history of Mr. Greville; but, in its solemn ratification, young

Burney took a part so essential, as to produce a striking and pleasing consequence to much of his after life.

The wedding, though no one but the bride and bridegroom themselves knew why, was a stolen one, and kept profoundly secret; which, notwithstanding the bride was under age, was by no means, at that time, difficult, the marriage act having not yet passed. Young Burney, though the most juvenile of the party, was fixed upon to give the lady away,* which evinced a trust and a partiality in the bridegroom, that were immediately adopted by his fair partner; and by her unremittingly sustained, with the frankest confidence, and the sincerest esteem, through the whole of a long and varied life. With sense and taste such as hers, it was not, indeed, likely she should be slack to discern and develop a merit so formed to meet their perceptions.

When the new married pair went through the customary routine of matrimonial elopers, namely, that of returning home to demand pardon and a blessing, Mr. Macartney coolly said: "Mr. Greville has chosen to take a wife out of the window, whom he might just as well have taken out of the door."

The immediate concurrence of the lovely new mistress of Wilbury House, in desiring the society, even more than enjoying the talents, of her lord and master's favourite, occasioned his residence there to be nearly as unbroken as their own. And the whole extensive neighbourhood so completely joined in this kind partiality, that no engagement, no assemblage whatsoever took place, from the most select private, to the most gorgeously public, to which the Grevilles were invited, in which he was not included: and he formed at that period many connections of lasting and honourable intimacy; particularly with Dr. Hawkesworth, Mr. Boone, and Mr. Cox.

They acted, also, sundry proverbs, interludes, and farces, in which young Burney was always a principal personage. In one, amongst others, he played his part with a humour so entertaining, that its nick-name was fastened upon him for many years after its appropriate representation. It would be difficult,

* The bride's sisters, the Misses Macartney, were privately present at this clandestine ceremony.

indeed, not to accord him theatrical talents, when he could perform with success a character so little congenial with his own, as that of a finical, conceited coxcomb, a paltry and illiterate poltroon; namely, Will Fribble, Esq., in Garrick's farce of Miss in her Teens. Mr. Greville himself was Captain Flash, and the beautiful Mrs. Greville was Miss Biddy Bellair; by which three names, from the great diversion their adoption had afforded, they corresponded with one another during several years.

The more serious honour that had been conferred upon young Burney, of personating the part of father to Mrs. Greville, was succeeded, in due season after these gay espousals, by that of personating the part of god-father to her daughter; in standing, as the representative of the Duke of Beaufort, at the baptism of Miss Greville, afterwards the all-admired and indescribably beautiful Lady Crewe.

Little could he then foresee, that he was bringing into the Christian community a permanent blessing for his own after-life, in one of the most cordial, confidential, open-hearted, and unalterable of his friends.

ESTHER.

But not to Mr. Greville alone was flung one of those blissful or baneful darts, that sometimes fix in a moment, and irreversibly, the domestic fate of man; just such another, as potent, as pointed, as piercing, yet as delicious, penetrated, a short time afterwards, the breast of young Burney; and from eyes perhaps as lovely, though not as celebrated; and from a mind perhaps as highly gifted, though not as renowned.

Esther Sleepe, this memorialist's mother, of whom she must now with reverence, with fear, yet with pride and delight, offer the tribute of a description, was small and delicate, but not diminutive, in person. Her face had that sculptural oval form which gives to the air of the head something like the ideal perfection of the poet's imagination. Her fair complexion was embellished by a rosy hue upon her cheeks of Hebe freshness. Her eyes were of the finest azure, and beaming with the

brightest intelligence ; though they owed to the softness of their lustre a still more resistless fascination ; and they were set in her head with such a peculiarity of elegance in shape and proportion, that they imparted a nobleness of expression to her brow and to her forehead, that, whether she were beheld when attired for society ; or surprised under the negligence of domestic avocation ; she could be viewed by no stranger whom she did not strike with admiration ; she could be broken in upon by no old friend who did not look at her with new pleasure.

It was at a dance that she first was seen by young Burney, at the house of his elder brother, in Hatton Garden ; and that first sight was to him decisive, for he was not more charmed by her beauty than enchanted by her conversation.

So extraordinary, indeed, were the endowments of her mind, that, her small opportunity for their attainment considered, they are credible only from having been known upon proof.

Young Burney at this time had no power to sue for the hand, though he had still less to forbear suing for the heart, of this fair creature : not only he had no fortune to lay at her feet, no home to which he could take her, no prosperity which he could invite her to share ; another barrier, which seemed to him still more formidable, stood imperviously in his way—his peculiar position with Mr. Greville.

That gentleman, in freeing the subject of these memoirs from his engagements with Dr. Arne, meant to act with as much kindness as munificence ; for, casting aside all ostentatious parade, he had shown himself as desirous to gain, as to become, a friend. Yet was there no reason to suppose he purposed to rear a vine, of which he would not touch the grapes.

To be liberal, suited at once the real good taste of his character, and his opinion of what was due to his rank in life ; and in procuring to himself the double pleasure of the society and the talents of young Burney, he thought his largess to Dr. Arne well bestowed ; but it escaped his reflections, that the youth whom he made his companion in London, at Wilbury House, at New-market, and at Bath, in quitting the regular pursuit of his destined profession, risked forfeiting the most certain guarantee to prosperity in business, progressive perseverance.

It was then he first felt the torment of uncertain situation ; it was then he appreciated that high male value of self-dependence ; it was then he first conceived, that, though gaiety may be found and followed, and met, and enjoyed abroad, not there, but at home, is happiness ! Yet, from the moment a bosom whisper softly murmured to him the name of Esther, he had no difficulty to believe in the distinct existence of happiness from pleasure ; and, still less to devise where, for him, it must be sought.

When he made known to his fair enslaver his singular position, and entreated her counsel to disentangle him from a net, of which, till now, the soft texture had impeded all discernment of the confinement, the early wisdom with which she preached to him patience and forbearance, rather diminished than augmented his power of practising either, by an increase of admiration that doubled the eagerness of his passion.

Nevertheless, he was fain to comply with her counsel, though less from acquiescence, than from helplessness how to devise stronger measures, while under this nameless species of obligation to Mr. Greville, which he could not satisfy his delicacy in breaking ; nor yet, in adhering to, justify his sense of his own rights.

But a discovery the most painful of the perturbed state of his mind, was soon afterwards impelled by a change of affairs in the Grevilles, which they believed would enchant him with pleasure ; but which they found, to their unspeakable astonishment, overpowered him with affliction.

This was no other than a plan of going abroad for some years, and of including him in their party.

Concealment was instantly at an end. The sudden dismay of his ingenuous countenance, though it told not the cause, betrayed past recall his repugnance to the scheme.

With parts so lively, powers of observation so ready, and a spirit so delighting in whatever was uncommon and curious, they had expected that such a prospect of visiting new countries, surveying new scenes, mingling with new characters, and traversing the foreign world, under their auspices, in all its splendour, would have raised in him a buoyant transport, exhilarating to behold. But the sudden paleness that overspread

his face ; his downcast eye ; the quiver of his lips ; and the unintelligible stammer of his vainly attempted reply, excited interrogatories so anxious and so vehement, that they soon induced an avowal that a secret power had gotten possession of his mind, and sturdily exiled from it all ambition, curiosity, or pleasure, that came not in the form of an offering to its all absorbing shrine.

Every objection and almonition which he had anticipated, were immediately brought forward by this confession ; but they were presented with a lenity that showed his advisers to be fully capable of conceiving, though persuaded that they ought to oppose his feelings.

Disconcerted, as well as dejected, because dissatisfied as well as unhappy in his situation, from mental incertitudes what were its real calls ; and whether or not the ties of interest and obligation were here of sufficient strength to demand the sacrifice of those of love ; he attempted not to vindicate, unreflectingly, his wishes ; and still less did he permit himself to treat them as his intentions. With faint smiles, therefore, but stifled sighs, he heard with civil attention, their opinions ; though, determined not to involve himself in any embarrassing conditions, he would risk no reply ; and soon afterwards, curbing his emotion, he started abruptly another subject.

“They thought him wise, and followed as he led.”

All the anguish, however, that was here suppressed, found vent with redoubled force at the feet of the fair partner in his disappointment : who, while unaffectedly sharing it, resolutely declined receiving clandestinely his hand, though tenderly she clung to his heart. She would listen to no project that might lead him to relinquish such solid friends, at the very moment that they were preparing to give him the strongest proof of their fondness for his society, and of their zeal in his benefit and improvement.

Young Burney was not the less unhappy at this decision from being sensible of its justice, since his judgment could not but thank her, in secret, for pronouncing the hard dictates of his own.

C

All that he now solicited was her picture, that he might wear her resemblance next his heart, till that heart should beat to its responsive original.

With this request she gracefully complied; and she sate for him to Spencer, one of the most famous miniature painters of that day.

Of striking likeness was this performance, of which the head and unornamented hair were executed with the most chaste simplicity: and young Burney reaped from this possession all that had power to afford him consolation; since he now could soften off the pangs of separation, by gliding from company, public places or assemblages, to commune by himself with the countenance of all he held most dear.

Thus solaced, he resigned himself with more courage to his approaching misfortune.

The Grevilles, it is probable, from seeing him apparently revived, imagined that, awakened from his flights of fancy, he was recovering his senses: but when, from this idea, they started, with light raillery, the tender subject, they found their utter mistake.. The most distant hint of abandoning such excellence, save for the moment, and from the moment's necessity, nearly convulsed him with inward disturbance; and so changed his whole appearance, that, concerned as well as amazed, they were themselves glad to hasten from so piercing a topic.

Too much moved, however, to regain his equilibrium, he could not be drawn from a disturbed taciturnity, till shame, conquering his agitation, enabled him to call back his self-command. He forced, then, a laugh at his own emotion; but presently afterwards, seized with an irresistible desire of showing what he thought its vindication, he took from his bosom the cherished miniature, and placed it fearfully, almost awfully, upon a table.

It was instantly and eagerly snatched from hand to hand by the gay couple; and young Burney had the unspeakable relief of perceiving that this impulsive trial was successful. With expansive smiles they examined and discussed the charm of the complexion, the beauty of the features, and the sensibility and sweetness conveyed by their expression: and what was then the joy, the pride of heart, the soul's delight of the subject of these

memoirs, when those fastidious judges, and superior self-possessors of personal attractions, voluntarily and generously united in avowing that they could no longer wonder at his captivation.

As a statue he stood fixed before them ; a smiling one, indeed ; a happy one ; but as breathless, as speechless, as motionless.

Mr. Greville then, with a laugh exclaimed, "But why, Burney, why don't you marry her?"

Whether this were uttered sportively, inadvertently, or seriously, young Burney took neither time nor reflection to weigh ; but, starting forward with transport, called out, " May I ?"

No negative could immediately follow an interrogatory that had thus been invited ; and to have pronounced one in another minute would have been too late ; for the enraptured and ardent young lover, hastily construing a short pause into an affirmative, blithely left them to the enjoyment of their palpable amusement at his precipitancy ; and flew, with extatic celerity, to proclaim himself liberated from all mundane shackles, to her with whom he thought eternal bondage would be a state celestial.

From this period, to that of their exquisitely happy union,

" Galopp'd apace the fiery-footed steeds,"

that urged on time with as much gay delight as prancing rapidity ; for if they had not, in their matrimonial preparations, the luxuries of wealth, neither had they its fatiguing ceremonies ; if they had not the security of future advantage, they avoided the torment of present procrastination ; and if they had but little to bestow upon one another, they were saved, at least, the impatience of waiting for the seals, signatures, and etiquettes of lawyers, to bind down a lucrative prosperity to survivorship.

To the mother of the bride, alone of her family, was confided, on the instant, this spontaneous, this sudden felicity. Little formality was requisite, before the passing of the marriage act, for presenting at the hymeneal altar its destined votaries ; and contracts the most sacred could be rendered indissoluble almost at the very moment of their projection : a strange dearth of foresight in those legislators who could so little weigh the chances of a minor's judgment upon what, eventually, may either suit his taste or form his happiness, for the larger portion of existence that commonly follows his majority.

All plan of going abroad was now, of course, at an end ; and the Grevilles, and their beautiful infant daughter, leaving behind them Benedict the married man, set out, a family trio, upon their tour.

Rarely can the highest zest of pleasure awaken, in its most active votary, a sprightliness of pursuit more gay or more spirited than Mr. Burney now experienced and exhibited in the commonly grave and sober career of business, from the ardour of his desire to obtain self-dependence.

He worked not, indeed, with the fiery excitement of expectation ; his reward was already in his hands : but from the nobler impulse he worked of meriting his fair lot ; while she, his stimulus, deemed her own the highest prize from that matrimonial wheel whence issue bliss or bane to the remnant life of a sensitive female.

It was in the city, in consequence of his wife's connections, that Mr. Burney made his first essay as a housekeeper ; and with a prosperity that left not a doubt of his ultimate success. Scholars, in his musical art, poured in upon him from all quarters of that British meridian ; and he mounted so rapidly into the good graces of those who were most opulent and most influential, that it was no sooner known that there was a vacancy for an organist professor, in one of the fine old fabrics of devotion which decorate religion in the city, and reflect credit on our commercial ancestors, than the Fullers, Hankeys, and all other great houses of the day to which he had yet been introduced, exerted themselves in his service with an activity and a warmth that were speedily successful, and that he constantly recounted with pleasure.

Anxious to improve as well as to prosper in his profession, he also elaborately studied composition, and brought forth several musical pieces. But Mr. Burney, whether from overstrained efforts in business ; or from an application exceeding his physical powers in composition ; or from the changed atmosphere of Cheshire, Shropshire, and Wiltshire, for the confined air of our great and crowded city ; which had not then, as now, by a vast mass of improvement, been made nearly as sane as it is populous ; suddenly fell, from a state of the most vigorous health, to one, the most alarming, of premature decay. And to this de-

falcation of strength was shortly added the seizure of a violent and dangerous fever that threatened his life.

The excellent and able Dr. Armstrong, already the friend of the invalid, was now sent to his aid by the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Home, who had conceived the warmest esteem for the subject of these memoirs. The very sight of this eminent physician was medicinal; though the torture he inflicted by the blister after blister with which he deemed it necessary to almost cover, and almost fay alive, his poor patient, required all the high opinion in which that patient held the doctor's skill for endurance.

The unsparing, but well-poised, prescriptions of this poetical Æsculapius, succeeded, however, in dethroning and extirpating the raging fever, that, perhaps, with milder means, had undermined the sufferer's existence. But a consumptive menace ensued, with all its fearful train of cough, night perspiration, weakness, glassy eyes, and hectic complexion; and Dr. Armstrong, foreseeing an evil beyond the remedies of medicine, strenuously urged an adoption of their most efficient successor, change of air.

The patient, therefore, was removed to Canonbury-house; whence, ere long, by the further advice, nay, injunction, of Dr. Armstrong, he was compelled to retire wholly from London; after an illness by which, for thirteen weeks, he had been confined to his bed.

Most fortunately, Mr. Burney, at this time, had proposals made to him by a Norfolk baronet, Sir John Turner, who was member for Lynn Regis, of the place of organist of that royal borough; of which, for a young man of talents and character, the mayor and corporation offered to raise the salary from twenty to one hundred pounds a year; with an engagement for procuring to him the most respectable pupils from all the best families in the town and its neighbourhood.

Though greatly chagrined and mortified to quit a situation in which he now was surrounded by cordial friends, who were zealously preparing for him all the harmonical honours which the city holds within its patronage; the declining health of the invalid, and the forcibly pronounced opinion of his scientific

medical counsellor, decided the acceptance of this proposal ; and Mr. Burney, with his first restored strength, set out for his new destination.

Mr. Burney was received at Lynn with every mark of favour that could demonstrate the desire of its inhabitants to attach and fix him to that spot. He was introduced by Sir John Turner to the mayor, aldermen, recorder, clergy, physicians, lawyers, and principal merchants, who formed the higher population of the town : and who in their traffic, the wine trade, were equally eminent for the goodness of their merchandize and the integrity of their dealings.

The wife and the babies were soon now in his arms ; and this generous appreciator of the various charms of the one, and kind protector of the infantile feebleness of the other, cast away every remnant of discontent, and devoted himself to his family and profession, with an ardour that left nothing unattempted that seemed within the grasp of industry, and nothing unaccomplished that came within the reach of perseverance.

He had immediately for his pupils the daughters of every house in Lynn, whose chief had the smallest pretensions to belonging to the upper classes of the town ; while almost all persons of rank in its vicinity, eagerly sought the assistance of the new professor for polishing the education of their females : and all alike coveted his society for their own information or entertainment.

With regard to the extensive neighbourhood, Mr. Burney had soon nothing left to desire in hospitality, friendship, or politeness ; and here, as heretofore, he scarcely ever entered a house upon terms of business, without leaving it upon those of intimacy.

At Holcomb, the superb collection of statues, as well as of pictures, could not fail to soon draw thither persons of such strong native taste for all the arts as Mr. Burney and his wife : though, as there were, at that time, which preceded the possession of that fine mansion by the Cokes, neither pupils nor a male chief, no intercourse beyond that of the civilities of reception on a public day, took place with Mr. Burney and the last very ancient lady of the house of Leicester, to whom Holcomb then belonged.

Haughton Hall boasted, at that period, a collection of pictures that not only every lover of painting, but every British patriot in the arts, must lament that it can boast no longer.*

It had, however, in the heir and grandson of its founder, Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford, a possessor of the most liberal cast; a patron of arts and artists: munificent in promoting the prosperity of the first, and blending pleasure with recompense to the second, by the frank equality with which he treated all his guests, and the ease and freedom with which his unaffected good humour and good sense cheered, to all about him, his festal board.

Far, nevertheless, from meriting unqualified praise was this noble peer; and his moral defects, both in practice and example, were as dangerous to the neighbourhood, of which he ought to have been the guide and protector, as the political corruption of his famous progenitor, the statesman, had been hurtful to probity and virtue, in the courtly circles of his day, by proclaiming, and striving to bring to proof, his nefarious maxim, "that every man has his price."

At the head of Lord Orford's table was placed, for the reception of his visitors, a person whom he denominated simply "Patty;" and that so unceremoniously, that all the most intimate of his associates addressed her by the same free appellation.

Those, however, if such there were, who might conclude, from this degrading familiarity, that the Patty of Lord Orford was "every body's Patty," must soon have been undeceived, if tempted to make any experiment upon such a belief. The peer knew whom he trusted, though he rewarded not the fidelity in which he confided; but the fond, faulty Patty loved him with a blindness of passion, that hid alike from her weak perceptions, her own frailties and his seductions.

In all, save that blot, which, on earth, must to a female be ever indelible, Patty was good, faithful, kind, friendly, and praiseworthy.

The table of Lord Orford, then commonly called Arthur's

* The whole of this finest gallery of pictures that, then, had been formed in England, was sold, during some pecuniary difficulties, by its owner, George, Earl of Orford, for £40,000, to Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia.

Round Table, assembled in its circle all of peculiar merit that its neighbourhood, or rather that the county produced, to meet there the great, the renowned, and the splendid, who, from their various villas, or the metropolis, visited Haughton Hall.

Mr. Burney was soon one of those whom the penetrating peer selected for a general invitation to his repasts ; and who here, as at Wilbury House, formed sundry intimacies, some of which were enjoyed by him nearly through life.

Meanwhile, he had made too real an impression on the affections of his first friends, to let absence of sight produce absence of mind. With Mr. and Mrs. Greville he was always in correspondence ; though, of course, neither frequently nor punctually, now that his engagements were so numerous, his obligations to fulfil them so serious, and that his own fireside was so bewitchingly in harmony with his feelings, as to make every moment he passed away from it a sacrifice.

Mr. Greville, now, was assuming a new character—that of an author ; and he printed a work which he had long had in agitation, entitled “Maxims, Characters, and Reflections, Moral, Serious, and Entertaining ;” a title that seemed to announce that England, in its turn, was now to produce, in a man of family and fashion, a La Bruyere, or a La Rochefoucault. And Mr. Greville, in fact, waited for a similar fame with dignity rather than anxiety, because with expectation unclogged by doubt.

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

How singularly Mr. Burney merited encouragement himself, cannot more aptly be exemplified than by portraying the genuine ardour with which he sought to stimulate the exertions of genius in others, and to promote their golden as well as literary laurels.

Mr. Burney was one of the first and most fervent admirers of those luminous periodical essays upon morals, literature, and human nature, that adorned the eighteenth century, and immortalized their author, under the vague and inadequate titles of the Rambler and the Idler. He took them both in ; he read them to all his friends ; and was the first to bring them to

a bookish little coterie that assembled weekly at Mrs. Stephen Allen's.

At Haughton, at Felbrig, at Rainham, at Sir A. Wodehouse's, at Major Mackenzie's, and wherever his judgment had weight, Mr. Burney introduced and recommended these papers. And when, in 1755, the plan of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary reached Norfolk, Mr. Burney, by the zeal with which he spread the fame of that lasting monument of the Doctor's matchless abilities, was enabled to collect orders for a Norfolk packet of half a dozen copies of that noble work.

This empowered him to give some vent to his admiration ; and a letter made the opening to a connection that he always considered as one of the greatest honours of his life.

Within two months of the date of this letter, its writer was honoured with the following answer.

“ To Mr. Burney, in Lynn Regis, Norfolk.

“ SIR,—If you imagine that by delaying my answer I intended to show any neglect of the notice with which you have favoured me, you will neither think justly of yourself nor of me. Your civilities were offered with too much elegance not to engage attention : and I have too much pleasure in pleasing men like you, not to feel very sensibly the distinction which you have bestowed upon me.

“ Few consequences of my endeavours to please or to benefit mankind, have delighted me more than your friendship thus voluntarily offered ; which, now I have it, I hope to keep, because I hope to continue to deserve it.

“ I have no Dictionaries to dispose of for myself ; but shall be glad to have you direct your friends to Mr. Dodsley, because it was by his recommendation that I was employed in the work.

“ When you have leisure to think again upon me, let me be favoured with another letter, and another yet, when you have looked into my Dictionary. If you find faults, I shall endeavour to mend them : if you find none, I shall think you blinded by kind partiality : but to have made you partial in his favour will very much gratify the ambition of, sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

“ Gough-square, Fleet-street, April 8, 1755.”

It was yet some years later, before Mr. Burney found an opportunity of paying his personal respects to Dr. Johnson ; who then, in 1760, resided in chambers at the Temple. No account, unfortunately, remains of this first interview, except an anecdote that relates to Mr. Bewley.

While awaiting the appearance of his revered host, Mr. Burney recollects a supplication from the philosopher of Massingham, to be indulged with some token, however trifling or common, of his friend's admission to the habitation of this great man. Vainly, however, Mr. Burney looked around the apartment for something that he might innoxiously purloin. Nothing but coarse and necessary furniture was in view ; nothing portable—not even a wafer, the cover of a letter, or a split pen, was to be caught ; till at length he had the happiness to espie an old hearth broom in the chimney corner. From this, with hasty glee, he cut off a bristly wisp, which he hurried into his pocket-book ; and afterwards formally folded in silver paper, and forwarded in a frank, to Lord Orford, for Mr. Bewley, by whom the burlesque offering was hailed with good-humoured acclamation, and preserved through life.

In 1760, Mr. Burney, with his wife and young family, returned to London. The new establishment was in Poland-street.

The opening of this new plan of life was as successful to Mr. Burney as its projection had been promising. Pupils of rank, wealth and talents, were continually proposed to him ; and, in a very short time, he had hardly an hour unappropriated to some fair disciple.

ESTHER.

Thus glided away, in peace, domestic joys, improvement, and prosperity, this first—and last! happy year of the new London residence. In the course of the second, a cough, with alarming symptoms, menaced the breast of the life and soul of the little circle ; consisting now of six children, clinging with equal affection around each parent chief.

She rapidly grew weaker and worse. Her tender husband hastened her to Bristol Hotwells, whither he followed her upon

his first possible vacation ; and where, in a short time, he had the extasy to believe that he saw her recover, and to bring her back to her fond little family.

But though hope was brightened, expectation was deceived ! stability of strength was restored no more ; and, in the ensuing autumn, she was seized with an inflammatory disorder, with which her delicate and shaken frame had not force to combat. No means were left unessayed to stop the progress of danger ; but all were fruitless ! and, after less than a week of pain the most terrific, the deadly ease of mortification suddenly, awfully succeeded to the most excruciating torture.

Twelve stated hours of morbid bodily repose became, from that tremendous moment of baleful relief, the counted boundary of her earthly existence.

The wretchedness of her idolizing husband at the development of such a predestined termination to her sufferings, when pronounced by the celebrated Dr. Hunter, was only not distraction. But she herself, though completely aware that her hours now were told, met the irrevocable doom with open, religious, and even cheerful composure ; sustained, no doubt, by the blessed aspirations of mediatory salvation ; and calmly declaring that she quitted the world with perfect tranquillity, save for leaving her tender husband and helpless children. And, in the arms of that nearly frantic husband, who till that fatal epoch had literally believed her existence and his own, in this mortal journey, to be indispensably one—she expired.

When the fatal scene was finally closed, the disconsolate survivor immured himself almost from light and life, through inability to speak or act, or yet to bear witnesses to his misery.

A total chasm ensues of all account of events belonging to the period of this irreparable earthly blast. Not a personal memorandum of the unhappy survivor is left ; not a single document in his handwriting, except of verses to her idea, or to her memory ; or of imitations, adapted to his loss, and to her excellences, from some selected sonnets of Petrarch, whom he considered to have loved, entombed, and bewailed another Esther in his Laura.

From this mournful monotony of life, he was especially, however, called, by reflecting that his eldest daughter was fast ad-

vancing to that age when education is most requisite to improvement; and that, at such a period, the loss of her mother and instructress might be permanently hurtful to her, if no measure should be taken to avert the possible consequences of neglect.

Yet the idea of a governess, who, to him, unless his children were wholly confined to the nursery, must indispensably be a species of companion, was not, in his present desolate state of mind, even tolerable. Nevertheless masters without superintendence, and lessons without practice, he well knew to be nugatory. Projects how to remedy this evil, as fruitless as they were numberless, crossed his mind; till a plan occurred to him, that by combining economy with novelty, and change of scene for himself, with various modes of advantage to his daughters, ripened into an exertion that brought him, about a month after its formation, to the gates of Paris.

PARIS.

Immediately upon his arrival at Paris, Mr. Burney, by singular good fortune, had the honour to be introduced to Lady Clifford, a Roman Catholic dowager, of a character the most benevolent, who resided entirely in France, for the pious purpose of enjoying with facility the rites of her religion, which could not, at that period, be followed in England without peril of persecution.

This lady took the children of Mr. Burney into her kindest favour, and invited their father to consult with her unreservedly upon his projects and wishes: and through such honourable auspices, scarcely ten days elapsed, ere Esther and Susan were placed under the care of Madame St. Mart, a woman of perfect goodness of heart, and of a disposition the most affectionate.

Madame St. Mart was accustomed to the charge of *des jeunes Anglaises*, two daughters of Sir Willoughby Ashton, Selina and Belinda, being then under her roof.

Highly satisfied with this arrangement, Mr. Burney now visited the delightful capital of France; made himself acquainted with its antiquities, curiosities, public buildings, public places, general laws, and peculiar customs; its politics, its resources, its festivities, its arts and its artists: as well as with the arbitrary

tyrannies, and degrading oppressions towards the lower classes, which, at that epoch were, to an English looker-on, incomprehensibly combined, not with murmurs nor discontent, but with the most lively animal spirits, and the freshest glee of national gaiety.

But his chosen haunts were the public libraries, to which an easiness of access, at that time deplorably unknown in England, encouraged, nay, excited, the intelligent visiter, who might be mentally inclined to any literary project, to hit upon some subject congenial to his taste; by rousing in him that spirit of emulation, which ultimately animates the humbly instructed, to soar to the heights that distinguished the luminous instructor.

Collections of books, even the most multitudinous and the most rare, may hold, to the common runner through life, but an ordinary niche in places of general resort; nevertheless, the public libraries, those patrons of the mind, must always be entered with a glow of grateful pleasure, by those who, instinctively, meditate upon the vast mass of thought that they contain.

At the house of the English ambassador, the Earl of Hertford, he became acquainted with the celebrated secretary of his lordship, the justly admired, and justly censured DAVID HUME; who, with the skilful discernment that waited neither name nor fame for its stimulus, took Mr. Burney immediately and warmly into his favour.

Had this powerful and popular author, in his erudite, spirited, and intellectual researches and reflections, given to mankind his luminous talents, and his moral philosophy, for fair, open, and useful purposes, suited to the high character which he bore, not alone for genius, but for worth and benevolence; instead of bending, blending, involving them with missive weapons of baneful sarcasm, insidiously at work to undermine our form of faith; he would have been hailed universally, not applauded partially, as, in every point, one of the first of British writers.

To the world no man is accountable for his thoughts and his ruminations; but for their propagation, if they are dangerous or mischievous, the risks which he may allure others to share, seem impelled by wanton lack of feeling; if not by an ignorant

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yet presumptuous dearth of foresight to the effect he is working to produce : two deficiencies equally impossible to be attributed to a man to whom philanthropy is as unequivocally accorded as philosophy.

Unsolved therefore, perhaps, yet remains, as a problem in the history of human nature, how a being, at once wise and benign, could have refrained from the self-examination of demanding : what—had he been successful in exterminating from the eyes and the hearts of men the lecture and the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures,—would have been achieved? Had he any other more perfect religion to offer? More purifying from evil? more fortifying in misfortune? more consoling in woe?—No!—indubitably no!—Nothing fanatical, or mystic, could cope with judgment such as his. To undermine, not to construct, is all the obvious purpose of his efforts—of which he laments the failure as a calamity!* He leaves, therefore, nothing to conjecture of his motives but what least seems to belong to a character of his sedate equanimity ; a personal desire to proclaim to mankind their folly in their belief, and his sagacity in his infidelity.

LONDON.

Mr. Burney now, greatly lightened, and somewhat brightened in spirits, returned to his country and his home. His mind seemed no longer left in desolating inertness to prey upon itself. Nutriment of an invigorating nature was in view, though not yet of a consistence to afford spontaneous refreshment.

His first actual essay was a trifle, though a pleasing one, from which no real fame could either accrue, or be marred ; it was translating, and adapting to the stage, the little pastoral afterpiece of Rousseau, *Le Divan du Village*.

* In his letters.

GARRICK.

To this he was urged by Garrick; and the execution was appropriate, and full of merit. But though the music, from its simplicity and the sweetness of its melody, was peculiarly fitted to refine the public taste amongst the middle classes; while it could not fail to give passing pleasure even to the highest; the drama was too denuded of intricacy or variety for the amusement of John Bull; and the appearance of only three interlocutors caused a gaping expectation of some followers, that made every new scene begin by inflicting disappointment.

Mr. Garrick, and his accomplished, high-bred, and engaging wife, La Violetta, had been amongst the earliest of the pristine connexions of Mr. Burney, who had sought him, with compassionate kindness, as soon after his heart-breaking loss as he could admit any friends to his sight. The ensuing paragraph on his warm sentiments of this talented and bewitching pair, is copied from one of his manuscript memorandums.

“ My acquaintance, at this time, with Mrs. as well as Mr. Garrick, was improved into a real friendship; and frequently, on the Saturday night, when Mr. Garrick did not act, he carried me to his villa at Hampton, whence he brought me to my home early on Monday morning. I seldom was more happy than in these visits. His wit, humour, and constant gaiety at home; and Mrs. Garrick’s good sense, good breeding, and obliging desire to please, rendered their Hampton villa, on these occasions, a terrestial paradise.”

“ Mrs. Garrick had every faculty of social judgment, good taste, and steadiness of character, which he wanted. She was an excellent appreciator of the fine arts; and attended all the last rehearsals of new or of revived plays, to give her opinion of effects, dresses, scenery, and machinery. She seemed to be his real other half; and he, by his intelligence and accomplishments, seemed to complete the *Hydroggyrus*. ”

This eminent couple paid their court to Mr. Burney in the manner that was most sure to be successful, namely, by their endearing and good-natured attentions to his young family; frequently giving them, with some chaperon of their father’s ap-

pointing, the lightsome pleasure of possessing Mrs. Garrick's private box at Drury Lane Theatre; and that, from time to time, even when the incomparable Roscius acted himself.

Mr. Garrick possessed not only every possible inflection of voice, save for singing, but also of countenance; varying his looks into young, old, sick, vigorous, downcast, or frolicsome, at his personal volition; as if his face, and even his form, had been put into his own hands to be worked upon like Man a Machine.

Mr. Garrick, about this time, warmly urged the subject of these memoirs to set to music an English opera called *Orpheus*; but while, for that purpose, Mr. Burney was examining the drama, he was informed that it had been put into the hands of Mr. Barthelemon, who was preparing it for the stage.

Astonished, and very much hurt, Mr. Burney hastily returned the copy with which he had been entrusted, to Mr. Johnstone, the prompter; dryly, and without letter or comment, directing him to deliver it to Mr. Garrick.

Mr. Garrick, with the utmost animation, instantly wrote to Johnstone an apology rather than a justification; desiring that the opera should be withdrawn from Mr. Barthelemon, and consigned wholly to the subject of these memoirs; for whom Mr. Garrick declared himself to entertain a friendship that nothing should dissolve.

But Mr. Burney, conceiving that Barthelemon, who had offended no one, and who bore a most amiable character, might justly resent so abrupt a discharge, declined setting the opera: and never afterwards composed for the theatres.

This trait, however trifling, cannot but be considered as biographical, at least for Mr. Garrick; as it so strongly authenticates the veracity of the two principal lines of the epitaph designed for Roscius, many years afterwards, by that acute observer of every character—save his own!—Dr. Goldsmith.

“He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he would, he could whistle them back.”

Whether negligence, mistake, or caprice, had occasioned this double nomination to the same office, is not clear; but Garrick, who loved Mr. Burney with real affection, lost no time, and spared no blandishment, to reinstate himself in the confidence

which this untoward accident had somewhat shaken. And he had full success, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Burney, and joy of his family; who all rapturously delighted in the talents and society of the immortal Roscius.

Mr. Greville now was greatly altered, from the large and larger strides which he had made, and was making, into the dangerous purlieus of horse-racing and play; into whose precincts, from the delusive difference of their surface from their foundation, no incursions can be hazarded without as perilous a shake to character and disposition, as to fortune and conduct. And Mr. Greville, who, always honourable, was almost necessarily a frequent loser, was evidently on the high road to turn from a man of pleasure to a man of spleen; venting his wrath at his failures upon the turf and at the clubs, by growing fastidious and cavilling in general society. Mr. Crisp, therefore, bent to maintain the dear bought quiet of his worldly sacrifices as unmixed with the turbulent agitations of querulous debate, as with the restless solicitudes of active life, shunned the now pertinacious disputant almost with dread.

Yet Mr. Greville, about this period, was rescued, for a while, from this hovering deterioration, through the exertions of his friends in the government, by whom he was named minister plenipotentiary to the court of Bavaria; in the hope that such an appointment, with its probable consequences, might re-establish his affairs.

No change, however, of situation, caused any change in Mr. Greville to his early *protege* and attached and attaching friend, Mr. Burney, to whom he still showed himself equally eager to communicate his opinions and reveal his proceedings.

In mingling again with the world upon its common terms of cultivating what was good, and supporting what was evil, Mr. Burney now, no longer bewitched by beauty, nor absorbed by social sympathies, found literature and its pursuits without rival in his estimation; yet, in missing those vanished delights, he deemed that he had the world to re-begin: for, though prosperity met his professional toils with heightened reputation and reward, they were joyless, however essential, since participation was gone!

The time had arrived, and now was passed, for the long settled project of Mr. Burney of conveying to Paris his second and, then, youngest daughters, Frances and Charlotte, to replace his eldest and his third, Esther and Susanna; now both returned thence, with every improvement that a kind parent could reasonably desire.

The time had arrived—and was passed. But if no man can with certainty pronounce what at any stated period he will perform, how much less is he gifted with foreknowledge of what, at any stated period, he may wish!

Six heartless, nearly desolate, years of lonely conjugal chasm, had succeeded to double their number of nearly unparalleled conjugal enjoyment—and the void was still fallow and hopeless!—when the yet very handsome, though no longer in her bloom, Mrs. Stephen Allen, of Lynn, now become a widow, decided, for promoting the education of her eldest daughter, to make London her winter residence.

Mr. Burney was, of course, applied to for assistance in the musical line; and not less called upon as the most capable judge and counsellor in every other.

The loss that had been sustained by Mrs. Allen was that of a worthy man, whom she esteemed, but to whom she had been married by her parents early in life, without either choice or aversion. In her situation, therefore, and that of Mr. Burney, there was no other affinity than that each had been widowed by the hand of death.

Highly intellectual, and fond even to passion of books, Mrs. Allen delighted in the conversation of Mr. Burney; and the hour for his instructions to Miss Allen was fixed to be that of tea time; to the end that, when he was liberated from the daughter, he might be engaged with the mother.

The superior grief of Mr. Burney, as deep as it was acute, was not more prominent than the feeling admiration that it inspired in Mrs. Allen: and if, moved by his sorrows while charmed by his merit, Mrs. Allen saw him with daily increasing interest, Mr. Burney was not less moved by her commiseration, nor less penetrated by her sympathy; and insensibly he became solaced, while involuntarily she grew grateful, upon observing her rising influence over his spirits.

The angel whom Mr. Burney had lost—for an angel both without and within she had seemed to him—had the generous disinterestedness, on the bed of death, to recommend to her miserable husband that he would marry again; well knowing that the tenderness of female friendship would come nearest,—however distant,—to the softness of consolation: and, materially weighing, no doubt, that a well-chosen partner might prove a benediction to her poor children. And this injunction, though heard at the time with agony scarcely supportable, might probably, and strongly, influence his future conduct when the desperation of hopelessness was somewhat worn away by all-subduing time, joined to forced exertions in business.

His Esther had even named to him the lady whom she thought most capable to suit him as a companion, and most tenderly disposed to becoming a mother to his children,—Miss Dorothy Young, who was her most valued friend. Mrs. Allen, Dorothy's nearest competitor, was not then a widow. But Mr. Burney, sacred as he held the opinions and wishes of his Esther, was too ardent an admirer of beauty to dispense, in totality, with that attractive embellishment of the female frame. He honoured and esteemed, with a brother's affection, the excellent Dorothy Young: but those charms which awaken softer sensations, were utterly and unhappily denied to that estimable woman, through her peculiarly unfortunate personal defects.

Not early, and not easily, did Mr. Burney and Mrs. Allen reveal their mutual partiality. The wounded heart of Mr. Burney recoiled from such anodyne as demanded new vows to a new object: and Mrs. Allen, at that period, lived in a state of affluence that made such a marriage require severe worldly sacrifices. Only, however, transiently; for, by an unfortunate trust in an unfortunate though honourable speculatist, Dr. King, she completely lost all that, independently, was at her own disposal of fortune. And the noble disinterestedness of Mr. Burney upon this occasion, rivetted to him her affections, with the highest esteem.

Yet even when these scruples were mutually overwhelmed by increasing force of regard, so many unlooked for obstacles stood in the way of their union, that, wearied by delays that seemed at once captious and interminable, Mr. Burney earnestly

entreathed that an immediate private marriage might avert, at least, a final breach of their engagement; solemnly promising, at the same time, that they should keep the alliance secret, and still live apart, till all prudential exactions should be satisfied.

As they were each wholly independent, save from the influence of opinion,—which, however, is frequently more difficult to subdue than that of authority,—Mrs. Allen saw no objection of sufficient force to counteract her pleasure in compliance.

Their plan was confided to four persons, indispensably requisite for its execution: Mrs., afterwards Lady Strange, Miss Young, Mr. Crisp, and the Rev. Mr. Pugh, curate of St. James's church.

Mr. Pugh, who was of very long standing a friend of Mr. Burney, aided personally in promoting such measures as secured secrecy with success; and in St. James's church Mr Pugh tied that indissoluble knot, which, however fairly promising, is inevitably rigorous, since it can be loosened only by crime or death; but which, where it binds the destinies of those whose hearts are already knit together by reciprocated regard, gives a charm to captivity that robs liberty of regret.

At the porch of St. James's Church, Mrs. Strange and Mr. Pugh whispered their congratulations to the new married couple, as they entered a prepared post-chaise; which, in a very few hours, galloped them to the obscure skirts of the then pathless, and nearly uninhabited, Chesington Common; where Mr. Crisp had engaged for them a rural and fragrant retreat, at a small farm-house in a little hamlet, a mile or two from Chesington Hall.

The secret, as usual in matrimonial concealments, was faithfully preserved, for a certain time, by scrupulous discretion in the parties, and watchful circumspection in the witnesses: but, as usual also, error and accident were soon at work to develop the transaction; and the loss of a letter, through some carelessness of conveyancee, revealed suddenly, but irrevocably, the state of the connexion.

This circumstance, however, though at the time cruelly distressing, served ultimately but to hasten their own views, as the discovery was necessarily followed by the personal union for which their hands had been joined.

Mrs. Burney,—now no longer Mrs. Stephen Allen,—came openly to town to inhabit, for a while, a house in Poland street, a few doors from that of her husband; while alterations, paintings and embellishments, were progressively preparing the way for her better reception at his home.

The Paris scheme for the two daughters, who were to have followed the route of their sisters, long remitted, from the fluctuating affairs and feelings of Mr. Burney, was now finally abandoned. The youngest daughter, Charlotte, was sent to a school in Norfolk. The second, Frances, was the only one of Mr. Burney's family who never was placed in any seminary, and never was put under any governess or instructor whatsoever. Merely and literally self-educated, her sole emulation for improvement, and sole spur for exertion, were her unbounded veneration for the character, and affection for the person, of her father; who, nevertheless, had not, at the time, a moment to spare for giving her any personal lessons; or even for directing her pursuits.*

SIR ROBERT AND LADY STRANGE.

The worthy, as well as eminent, Sir Robert Strange, the first engraver of his day, with his extraordinary wife and agreeable family, were, from the time of the second marriage, amongst the most familiar visitors of the Burney house.

The term extraordinary is not here applied to Lady Strange to denote any singularity of action, conduct, or person: it is simply limited to her conversational powers; which, for mother wit in brilliancy of native ideas, and readiness of associating analogies, placed her foremost in the rank of understanding females, with whom Mr. Burney delighted to reciprocate sportive yet deeply reflective discourse. For though the education

* No truth can be more simply exact than that which is conveyed in four lines of the stanzas which she addressed to him in the secret dedication of her first work, *Evelina*, viz.

If in my heart the love of virtue glows,
 'Twas kindled there by an unerring rule;
 From thy *example* the pure flame arose,
 Thy *life* my precept; thy *good works* my school.

of Lady Strange had not been cultivated by scholastic lore, she might have said, with the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, "My books are men, and I read them very currently." And in that instinctive knowledge of human nature which penetration develops, and observation turns to account, she was a profound adept.

Yet, with these high-seasoned powers of exhilaration for others, she was palpably far from happy herself; and sometimes, when felicitated upon her delightful gaiety, she would smile through a face of woe, and, sorrowfully shaking her head, observe how superficial was judgment upon the surface of things, and how wide from each other might be vivacity and happiness! the one springing only from native animal spirits; the other being always held in subjection by the occurrences that meet or that mar our feelings. And often, even in the midst of the lively laugh that she had sent around her, there would issue quite aloud, from the inmost recesses of her breast, a sigh so deep it might rather be called a groan.

Very early in life, she had given away her heart and her hand without the sanction of a father whom, while she disobeyed, she ardently loved. And though she was always, and justly, satisfied with her choice, and her deserving mate, she could never so far subdue her retrospective sorrow, as to regain that inward serenity of mind that has its source in reflections that have never been broken by jarring interests and regrets.

No production had as yet transpired publicly from the pen of Dr. Burney, his new connexion having induced him to consign every interval of leisure to domestic and social circles, whether in London, or at the dowry-house of Mrs. Burney, in Lynn Regis, to which the joint families resorted in the summer.

A wish, and a design, energetic, though vague, of composing some considerable work on his own art, had long roved in his thoughts, and flattered his fancy: and he now began seriously to concentrate his meditations, and arrange his schemes to that single point. And the result of these cogitations, when no longer left wild to desultory wanderings, produced his enlightened and scientific plan for a

GENERAL HISTORY OF MUSIC.

This project was no sooner fixed than, transiently, it appeared to him to be executed; so quick was the rush upon his imagination of illuminating and varying ideas; and so vast, so prolific, the material which his immense collection of notes, abridgments, and remarks, had amassed, that it seemed as if he had merely to methodise his manuscripts, and entrust them to a copyist, for completing his purpose.

Thus finally fixed to an enterprise which, in this country, at least, was then new, he gave to it all the undivided energies of his mind; and, urged by the spur of ambition, and glowing with the vivacity of hope, he determined to complete his materials before he consigned them to their ultimate appropriations, by making a scientific musical tour through France and Italy.

Through various of his friends amongst persons in power, he procured recommendatory letters to the several ambassadors and ministers from our court, who were stationed in the countries through which he meant to travel.

And, through the yet more useful services of persons of influence in letters and in the arts, he obtained introductions, the most felicitous for his enterprise, to those who, then, stood highest in learning, in the sciences, and in literature.

None in this latter class so eminently advanced his undertaking as Mr. Garrick; whose solicitations in his favour were written with a warmth of friendship, and an animation of genius, that carried all before them.

Here stops, for this period, the pen of the memorialist.

From the month of June 1770, to that of January 1771, the life of Dr. Burney is narrated by himself, in his "Tour to France and Italy."

And few who have read, or who may read that tour, but will regret that the same pen, while in its full, fair vigour, had not drawn up what preceded, and what will follow this epoch.

Such, however, not being the case, the memorialist must resume her pen where that of Dr. Burney, in his narrative, drops, —namely, upon his regaining the British shore.

With all the soaring feelings of the first sun-beams of hope

that irradiate from a bright, though distant glimpse of renown ; untamed by difficulties, superior to fatigue, and springing over the hydra-headed monsters of impediment that every where jutted forth their thwarting obstacles to his enterprise, Dr. Burney came back to his country, his friends, his business and his pursuits, with the vigour of the first youth in spirits, expectations, and activity.

He was received by his longing family, enlivened by the presence of Mr. Crisp, in a new house, purchased in his absence by Mrs. Burney, at the upper end of Queen-square ; which was then beautifully open to a picturesque view of Hampstead and Highgate.

This new possession, however, Dr. Burney could as yet scarcely even view, from his eagerness to bring out the journal of his tour. No sooner, therefore, had he made arrangements for a prolongation of leisure, than he hastened to Cheshington and to Mr. Crisp ; where he exchanged his toils and labours for the highest delights of friendship ; and a seclusion the most absolute, from the noisy vicissitudes, and unceasing, though often unmeaning persecution, of trivial interruptions.

Here he prepared his French and Italian musical tours for the press ; omitting all that was miscellaneous of observation or of anecdote, in deference to the opinions of the Earl of Holderness, Mr. Mason and Mr. Garrick ; who conjointly believed that books of general travels were already so numerous, and so spread, that their merits were overlooked from their multiplicity.

The work was entitled :—The Present State of Music in France and Italy : or the Journal of a Tour through those countries, undertaken to collect materials for a General History of Music. By Charles Burney, Mus. D.

The reception of this first acknowledged call for public attention from Dr. Burney, was of the most encouraging description ; for though no renown had yet been fastened upon his name, his acquirements and his character, wherever he had been known, had excited a general goodwill that prepared the way to kindly approbation for this, and indeed for every work that issued from his pen.

There was, in truth, something so spirited and uncommon, yet of so antique a cast, in the travels, or pilgrimage, that he

had undertaken, in search of materials for the history of his art, that curiosity was awakened to the subject, and expectation was earnest for its execution: and it was no sooner published, than orders were received, by most of the great booksellers of the day, for its purchase; and no sooner read, than letters the most flattering, from the deepest theorists of the science, and the best judges of the practice of the art of music, reached the favoured author; who was of too modest a character to have been robbed of the pleasure of praise by presumptuous anticipation; and of too natural a one to lose any of its gratification by an apathetic suppression of its welcome. And the effect, impulsive and unsophisticated, of his success, was so ardent an encouragement to his purpose, that while, mentally, it animated his faculties to a yet more forcible pursuit of their decided object, it darted him, corporeally, into a travelling vehicle, which rapidly wheeled him back again to Dover; where, with new spirit and eagerness, he set sail upon a similar musical tour, in the Low Countries and in Germany, to that which he had so lately accomplished in France and Italy.

With respect to the French and Italian tour, the restraint from all but its professional business, was much lamented by the friends to whom the sacrifice of the miscellaneous matter was communicated.

Upon the German tour not a comment will be offered; it is before the public with an approvance that has been stamped by the sanction of time. At the period of its publication, Dr. Burney, somewhat assured, though incapable of being rendered arrogant by favour, ventured to listen only to the voice of his first friend and monitor, who exhorted him to mingle personal anecdotes with his musical information.

The consequence was such as his sage adviser prognosticated; for both the applause and the sale of this second and more diffuse social diary, greatly surpassed those of its more technical predecessor.

Nevertheless, the German tour, though thus successful for narration to the public, terminated for himself in sickness, fatigue, exorbitant expense, and poignant bodily suffering.

While yet far away from his country, and equally distant

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from accomplishing the purpose of his travels, his solicitude not to leave it incomplete, joined to his anxiety not to break his professional engagements, led him to overwork and over-hurry his mental powers, at the same time that he inflicted a similar harass upon his corporeal strength. And while thus doubly overwhelmed, he was assaulted, during his precipitated return, by the rudest fierceness of wintry elemental strife; through which, with bad accommodations and innumerable accidents, he became a prey to the merciless pangs of the acutest spasmodic rheumatism; which barely suffered him to reach his home, ere, long and piteously, it confined him, a tortured prisoner, to his bed.

Such was the check that almost instantly curbed, though it could not subdue, the rising pleasure of his hopes of entering upon a new species of existence, that of an approved man of letters; for it was on the bed of sickness, exchanging the light wines of France, Italy, and Germany, for the black and loathsome potions of the Apothecaries' Hall; writhed by darting stitches, and burning with fiery fever; that he felt the full force of that sublunary equipoise, that seems evermore to hang suspended over the attainment of long-sought and uncommon felicity, just as it is ripening to burst forth into enjoyment!

Again he retired to Chesington, to his care-healing, heart-expanding, and head-informing Mr. Crisp: and there, under the auspices of all that could soothe or animate him; and nursed with incessant assiduity by his fondly-attached wife and daughters, he repaired his shattered frame; to fit it once again for the exercise of those talents and faculties which illumine, in their expansive effects, the whole race of mankind; long after the apparent beings whence they have issued, seem faded, dissolved away; leaving not, visibly, a track behind.

In Dr. Burney, disease was no sooner conquered, than the vigour of his character brought back to him pleasure and activity, through the spirited wisdom with which he dismissed regret for anticipation.

There are few things in which his perfect good humour was more playfully demonstrated, than by the looks, arch yet reproachful, and piteous though burlesque, with which he was wont to recount a most provoking and painful little incident



that occurred to him in his last voyage home : but of which he was well aware that the relation must excite irresistible risibility in even the most friendly of his auditors.

After travelling by day and by night to expedite his return, over mountains, through marshes, by cross-roads, on horseback, on mules, in carriages, of any and every sort that could but hurry him on, he reached Calais in a December so dreadfully stormy, that not a vessel of any kind could set sail for England. Repeatedly he secured his hammock, and went on board to take possession of it ; but as repeatedly was driven back by fresh gales, during the space of nine fatiguing days and tempestuous nights. And when, at last, the passage was effected, so nearly annihilating had been his sufferings from sea-sickness, that it was vainly he was told he might now, at his pleasure, arise, go forth, and touch English ground ; he had neither strength nor courage to move, and earnestly desired to be left awhile to himself.

Exhaustion, then, with tranquillity of mind, cast him into a sound sleep.

From this repose, when, much refreshed, he awoke, he called to the man who was in waiting, to help him up, that he might get out of the ship.

“Get out of the ship, sir?” repeated the man. “Good lauk ! you’ll be drowned !”

“Drowned?—What’s to drown me? I want to go ashore.”

“Ashore, sir?” again repeated the man; “why you’re in the middle of the sea! There ar’n’t a bit of ground for your toe nail.”

“What do you mean?” cried the Doctor, starting up; “the sea? did you not tell me we were safe in at Dover?”

“O lauk! that’s good two hours ago, sir! I could not get you up then, say what I would. You fell downright asleep, like a top. And so I told them. But that’s all one. You may go, or you may stay, as you like; but them pilots never stops for nobody.”

Filled with alarm, the Doctor now rushed up to the deck, where he had the dismay to discover that he was half-way back to France.

And he was forced to land again at Calais; where again, with

the next mail, and a repetition of his sea-sickness, he re-embarked for Dover.

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On quitting Chesington, upon his recovery, for re-entering his house in Queen-Square, the Doctor compelled himself to abstain from his pen, his papers, his new acquisitions in musical lore, and all that demanded study for the subject that nearly engrossed his thoughts, in order to consecrate the whole of his time to his family and his affairs.

He renewed, therefore, his wonted diurnal course, as if he had never diverged from it; and attended his young pupils as if he had neither ability nor taste for any superior occupation: and he neither rested his body, nor liberated his ideas, till he had reinstated himself in the professional mode of life, upon which his substantial prosperity, and that of his house, depended.

But, this accomplished, his innate propensities sprang again into play, urging him to snatch at every instant he could purloin, without essential mischief, from these sage regulations; with a redundancy of vivacity for new movement, new action, and elastic procedure, scarcely conceivable to those who, balancing their projects, their wishes, and their intentions, by the opposing weights of time, of hazard, and of trouble, undertake only what is obviously to their advantage, or indisputably their duty. His fancy was his dictator; his spirit was his spur; and whatever the first started, the second pursued to the goal.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Again he returned to his History of Music; and now, indeed, he went to work with all his might. The capacious table of his small but commodious study, exhibited, in what he called his chaos, the countless increasing stores of his materials. Multitudinous, or, rather, innumerable blank books, were severally adapted to concentrating some peculiar portion of the work. Theory, practice; music of the ancients; music in parts; national music; lyric, church, theatrical, warlike music; universal biography of composers and performers, of patrons and of professors; and histories of musical institutions, had all their destined blank volumes.

And he opened a widely circulating correspondence, foreign and domestic, with various musical authors, composers, and students, whether professors or dilettante.

And for all this mass of occupation, he neglected no business, he omitted no devoir. The system by which he obtained time that no one missed, yet that gave to him lengthened life, independent of longevity from years, was through the skill with which, indefatigably, he profitted from every fragment of leisure.

Every sick or failing pupil bestowed an hour upon his pen. Every holiday for others, was a day of double labour to his composition. Even illness took activity only from his body, for his mind refused all relaxation. He had constantly, when indisposed, one of his daughters by his side, as an amanuensis ; and such was the vigour of his intellect, than even when keeping his bed from acute rheumatism, spasmodic pains, or lurking fever, he caught at every little interval of ease to dictate some illustrative reminiscence ; to start some new ideas, or to generalise some old ones ; which never failed to while away, partially at least, the pangs of disease, by lessening their greatest torment to a character of such energy, irreparable loss of time.

The plan, with proposals for printing the history by subscription, was no sooner published, than the most honourable lists of orders were sent to his booksellers, from various elegant classic scholars, and from all general patrons of new enterprises and new works.

But that which deserves most remark, is a letter from two eminent merchants of the city, Messieurs Chandler and Davis, to acquaint the doctor that a gentleman, who wished to remain concealed, had authorised them to desire, that Dr. Burney would not suffer any failure in the subscription, should any occur, to induce him to drop the work ; as this gentleman solemnly undertook to be himself responsible for every set within the five hundred of the doctor's stipulation, that should remain unsubscribed for on the ensuing Christmas. And Messrs. Davis and Chandler were invested with full powers to give any security that might be demanded for the fulfilment of this engagement.

Dr. Burney wrote his most grateful thanks to this munificent protector of his project; but declined all sort of tie upon the event. And the subscription filled so voluntarily, that this generous unknown was never called forth. Nor did he ever present himself; nor was he ever discovered. But the incident helped to keep warmly alive the predilection which the doctor had early imbibed, in favour of the noble spirit of liberality of the city and the citizens of his native land, for whatever seems to have any claim to public character.

✓ Dr. Burney, now, without a single black ball, was elected a fellow of the Royal Society; of which honour his first notice was received through the amiable and zealous Miss Phipps, who, knowing the day of election, had impatiently gathered the tidings of its success from her brother, Sir Constantine Phipps: and before either the president, or the friend who had nominated the Doctor for a candidate, could forward the news, she sportively anticipated their intelligence, by sending to Queen-square a letter directed in large letters, "For Dr. Burney, F. R. S."*

From this period, the profession of Dr. Burney, however highly he was raised in it, seemed but of secondary consideration for him in the world; where, now, the higher rank was assigned him of a man of letters, from the general admiration accorded to his Tours; of which the climax of honour was the award of Dr. Johnson, that Dr. Burney was one of the most agreeable writers of travels of the age. And Baretti, to whom Dr. Johnson uttered this praise, was commissioned to carry it to Dr. Burney, who heard it with the highest gratification; though, since his bereavement of his Esther, he had ceased to follow up the intercourse he had so enthusiastically begun. Participation there had been so animated, that the charm of the connexion seemed, for awhile, dissolved by its loss.

Letters now daily arrived from persons of celebrity, with praises of the Tours, encouragement for the History, or musical information for its advantage.

* Mr. Seward, author of Biographiana, was wont to say, that those three initial letters stood for a Fellow Remarkably Stupid.

The Doctor held, also, a continental correspondence, enlightening and flattering, with the Baron d'Holbach, Diderot, the Abbé Morellet, M. Suard, M. Monnet, and Jean Jacques Rousseau himself.

* * * * *

DR. HAWKESWORTH.

At Haughton Hall the Doctor met a large assembled party, of which the Earl of Sandwich, then first lord of the admiralty, was at the head. The whole conversation at the table turned upon what then was the whole interest of the day, the first voyage round the world of Captain Cooke, which that great circumnavigator had just accomplished. The Earl of Sandwich mentioned that he had all the papers relating to the voyage in his hands; with the circumnavigations preceding it of Wallace and Byron; but that they were mere rough drafts, quite unarranged for the public eye; and that he was looking out for a proper person to put them into order, and to re-write the voyages.

Dr. Burney, ever eager upon any question of literature, and ever foremost to serve a friend, ventured to recommend Dr. Hawkesworth; who though, from his wise and mild character, contented with his lot, Dr. Burney knew to be neither rich enough for retirement, nor employed enough to refuse any new and honourable occupation. The *Adventurer* was in every body's library; but the author was less generally known: yet the account now given of him was so satisfactory to Lord Sandwich, that he entrusted Dr. Burney with the commission of sending Dr. Hawkesworth to the admiralty.

Most gladly this commission was executed. The following is the first paragraph of Dr. Hawkesworth's answer to its communication:

"Many, many thanks for your obliging favour, and the subject of it. There is nothing about which I would so willingly be employed as the work you mention. I would do my best to make it another Anson's Voyage."

Lord Sandwich, upon their meeting, was extremely pleased with Dr. Hawkesworth, to whom the manuscripts were imme-

dately made over; and who thus expressed his satisfaction in his next letter to Dr. Burney.

"I am now happy in telling you, that your labour of love is not lost; that I have all the journals of the Dolphin, the Swallow, and the Endeavour in my possession; that the government will give me the cuts, and the property of the work will be my own.

"Is it impossible I should give you my hand, and the thanks of my heart, here? *i. e.* at Bromley."

CAPTAIN COOKE.

Some time afterwards, Dr. Burney was invited to Hinchinbroke, the seat of the Earl of Sandwich, to meet Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Dr. Hawkesworth, and the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cooke himself.

It was the earnest request of James, the eldest son of Dr. Burney, to be included in the approaching second expedition of this great seaman; a request which Lord Sandwich easily, and with pleasure, accorded to Dr. Burney; and the young naval officer was invited to Hinchinbroke, and presented to his new commander, with a recommendation that he should stand foremost on the list of promotion, should any occasion of change occur during the voyage.

The following note upon Captain Cooke, is copied from a memorandum book of Dr. Burney's.

"In February I had the honour of receiving the illustrious Captain Cooke to dine with me in Queen-square, previously to his second voyage round the world.

"Observing upon a table Bougainville's *Voyage autour du Monde*, he turned it over, and made some curious remarks on the illiberal conduct of that circumnavigator towards himself, when they met and crossed each other; which made me desirous to know, in examining the chart of M. de Bougainville, the several tracks of the two navigators; and exactly where they had crossed or approached each other.

"Captain Cooke instantly took a pencil from his pocket-book, and said he would trace the route; which he did in so clear and scientific a manner, that I would not take fifty pounds for the

book. The pencil marks having been fixed by skim milk, will always be visible."

This truly great man appeared to be full of sense and thought; well mannered, and perfectly unpretending; but studiously wrapped up in his own purposes and pursuits; and apparently under a pressure of mental fatigue when called upon to speak, or stimulated to deliberate, upon any other.

The opportunity which thus powerfully had been prepared of promotion for the Doctor's son, occurred early in the voyage. Mr. Shanks, the second lieutenant of the Discovery, was taken ill at the Cape of Good Hope, and obliged to leave the ship. "In his place," Captain Cooke wrote to Lord Sandwich, "I have appointed Mr. Burney, whom I have found very deserving."

DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

Dr. Goldsmith, now in the meridian of his late-earned, but most deserved prosperity, was projecting an English Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, upon the model of the French Encyclopædia. Sir Joshua Reynolds was to take the department of painting; Mr. Garrick, that of acting; Dr. Johnson, that of ethics; and no other class was yet nominated, when Dr. Burney was applied to for that of music, through the medium of Mr. Garrick.

Justly gratified by a call to make one in so select a band, Dr. Burney willingly assented; and immediately drew up the article "Musician;" which he read to Mr. Garrick; from whom it received warm plaudits.

The satisfaction of Dr. Goldsmith in this acquisition to his forces, will be seen by the ensuing letter to Mr. Garrick; by whom it was enclosed, with the following words to Dr. Burney:

"*June 11, 1773.*

"**MY DEAR DOCTOR,**—I have sent you a letter from Dr. Goldsmith. He is proud to have your name among the elect. Love to all your fair ones. Ever yours,

D. GARRICK."

Temple, January 10, 1773.

To David Garrick, Esq.

“DEAR SIR,—“To be thought of by you, obliges me; to be served by you, still more. It makes me very happy to find that Dr. Burney thinks my scheme of a Dictionary useful: still more that he will be so kind as to adorn it with any thing of his own. I beg you, also, will accept my gratitude for procuring me so valuable an acquisition.

“I am, dear sir, your most affectionate servant,

“OLIVER GOLDSMITH.”

This work, however, was never accomplished, and its project sunk away to nothing; sincerely to the regret of those who knew what might be expected from that highly qualified writer, on a plan that would eminently have brought forth all his various talents; and which was conceived upon so grand a scale, and was to be supported by such able coadjutors. And deeply was public regret heightened that it was by the hand of death that this noble enterprise was cut short; death, which seemed to have awaited the moment of the reversal of poverty and hardship into prosperity and fame, for striking that blow which, at an earlier period, might frequently, for Dr. Goldsmith, have taken away a burthen rather than a blessing. But such is the mysterious construction of life—that mere harbinger of death!—always obedient to the fatal knell he tolls, though always longing to implore that he would toll it a little—little later.

DOCTOR HAWKESWORTH.

The sincere satisfaction that Dr. Burney had experienced in having influenced the nomination of Dr. Hawkesworth to be editor of the first voyage of Captain Cooke round the world, together with the revisal and arrangement of the voyages of Captain Wallace and Admiral Byron, was soon overcast by sorrow, through circumstances as impossible to have foreseen as not to lament.

Dr. Hawkesworth, though already in a delicate state of health, was so highly animated by his election to this office, and with the vast emolument which, with scarcely any labour, pro-

mised to give the dignity of ease and comfort to the rest of his life, that he performed his task, and finished the narratory compilation, with a rapidity of pleasure, resulting from a promise of future independence, that filled him with kind gratitude to Dr. Burney, and seemed to open his heart, temper and manners, to the most cordial feelings of happiness.

But the greatness of his recompense for the smallness of his trouble, immediately disposed all his colleagues in the road of renown to censure; and all his competitors in that of profit, to jealousy and ill will. Unfortunately, in his Introduction to the Voyages, he touched upon some controversial points of religious persuasion, which proved a fatal opening to malignity for the enemies of his success; and other enemies, so upright was the man, it is probable he had none. His reasoning here, unhappily, was seized upon with avidity by his infuriated enviers: and the six thousand pounds which flowed into his coffers, brought six millions of pungent stings to his peace, by arraigning his principles.

A war so ungenial to his placid nature, and hitherto honoured life, breaking forth, with the offensive enmity of assumed superior piety, in calumnious assertions, that strove to blacken the purity of his faith and doctrine; occurring at the moment when he had thought all his worldly cares blown away, to be succeeded by soft serenity and easy affluence; made the attack so unexpected, that its shock was enervating; and his wealth lost its charms, from a trembling susceptibility that detached him from every pleasure it could procure—save that of a now baneful leisure for framing answers to his traducers.

In his last visit, as it proved, to Queen-square, where he dined and spent the evening, Dr. Burney was forcibly struck with concern at sight of the evident, though uncomplaining invalid; so changed, thin, and lived was his appearance.

He conversed freely upon the subject of his book, and the abuse which it had heaped upon him, with the doctor; who strongly exhorted him to repel such assaulters with the contempt that they deserved: adding, “They are palpably the offsprings of envy at your success. Were you to become a bankrupt, they would all turn to panegyrists; but now, there is hardly a needy man in the kingdom, who has ever held a pen in his

hand for a moment, who, in pondering upon the six thousand pounds, does not think he could have done the work better."

Dr. Hawkesworth said that he had not yet made any answer to the torrent of invective poured upon him, except to Dalrymple, who had attacked him by name; for a lawsuit was then impending upon Parkinson's publication, and he would write nothing that might seem meant to influence justice: but when that law suit, by whatever result, should be decided, he would bring out a full and general reply to all the invidious aspersions that so cruelly and wantonly had been cast upon him, since the publication of the Voyages.

He then further, and confidentially, opened to Dr. Burney upon his past life and situation: "Every thing that I possess," he cried, "I have earned by the most elaborate industry, except this last six thousand pounds! I had no education, and no advantage but such as I sedulously worked to obtain for myself; but I preserved my reputation and my character as unblemished as my principles—till this last year!"

After a visit, long, and deeply interesting, he left his friend very anxious about his health, and very impatient for his promised pamphlet: but, while still waiting, with strong solicitude, the appearance of a vindication that might tranquillise the author's offended sensibility, the melancholy tidings arrived, that a slow fever had robbed the invalid of sleep and of appetite; and had so fastened upon his shattered nerves, that, after lingering a week or two, he fell a prey to incurable atrophy; and sunk to his last earthly rest exactly a month after the visit to Dr. Burney, the account of which has been related.

Dr. Burney now, in the intervals of his varied, but never ceasing occupations, gently, yet gaily enjoyed their fruits. All classes of authors offered to him their services, or opened to him their stores. The first musical performers then in vogue, Millico, Giardini, Fischer, Cervetto, Crosdill, Barthelemon, Dupont, Celestini, Parke, Corri, the blind Mr. Stanley, La Bacelli, and that composer for the heart in all its feelings, Sacchini; with various others, were always eager to accept his invitations, whether for concerts, which occasionally he gave to his friends and acquaintance, or to private meetings for the regale of himself and family.

OMIAH.

But his most serious gratification of this period, was that of receiving in safety and honour, James, his eldest son, the lieutenant of Captain Cooke, on the return from his second voyage round the world, of that super-eminent navigator.

The admiralty immediately confirmed the nomination of Captain Cooke; and further, in consideration of the character and services of the young naval officer, promoted him to the rank of master and commander.

The voyagers were accompanied back by Omiah, a native of Ulitea, one of the Otaheitan islands. Captain Burney, who had studied the language of this stranger during the voyage home, and had become his particular favourite, was anxious to introduce the young South-Sea islander to his father and family; who were at least equally eager to behold a native of a country so remote, and of such recent discovery.

A time was quickly fixed for his dining and spending the day in Queen-square; whither he was brought by Mr., afterwards Sir Joseph, Banks, and Dr. Solander; who presented him to Dr. Burney.

The behaviour of this young Otaheitean, whom it would be an abuse of all the meaning annexed to the word, to call a savage, was gentle, courteous, easy, and natural; and showed so much desire to please, and so much willingness to be pleased himself, that he astonished the whole party assembled to receive him; particularly Sir Robert Strange and Mr. Hayes; for he rather appeared capable to bestow, than requiring to want, lessons of conduct and etiquette in civilized life.

He had a good figure, was tall and well made; and though his complexion was swarthy and dingy, it was by no means black; and though his features partook far more of the African than of the European cast, his eyes were lively and agreeable, and the general expression of his face was good-humoured and pleasing.

He was full dressed on this day, in the English costume, hav-

ing just come from the house of lords, whither he had been taken by Sir Joseph Banks, to see, rather than to hear, for he could not understand it, the king deliver his speech from the throne. He had also been admitted to a private audience of his majesty, whom he had much entertained.

A bright Manchester velvet suit of clothes, lined with white satin, in which he was attired, sat upon him with as much negligence of his finery, as if it had been his customary dress from adolescence.

But the perfect ease with which he wore and managed a sword, which he had had the honour to receive from the king, and which he had that day put on for the first time, in order to go to the house of lords, had very much struck, Sir Joseph said, every man by whom it had been observed; since, by almost every one, the first essay of that accoutrement had been accompanied with an awkwardness and inconvenience ludicrously risible; which this adroit Otaheitean had marvellously escaped.

Captain Burney had acquired enough of the Otaheitean language to be the ready interpreter of Omiah with others, and to keep him alive and in spirits himself, by conversing with him in his own dialect. Omiah understood a little English, when addressed in it slowly and distinctly, but could speak it as yet very ill; and with the peculiarity, whether adopted from the idiom of his own tongue, or from the apprehension of not being clearly comprehended, of uttering first affirmatively, and next negatively, all the little sentences that he attempted to pronounce.

Thus, when asked how he did, he answered, "Ver well; not ver ill." Or how he liked any think, "Ver nice; not ver nasty." Or what he thought of such a one, "Ver dood; not ver bad."

On being presented by Capt. Burney to the several branches of the family, when he came to this memorialist, who, from a bad cold, was enveloped in muslin wrappings, he inquired into the cause of her peculiar attire; and upon hearing that she was indisposed, he looked at her for a moment with concern, and then, recovering to a cheering nod, said, "Ver well to-morrow morrow?"

In the currency of this intercourse, remarks were incessantly excited upon the powers of nature unassisted by art, compared with those of art unassisted by nature; and of the equal necessity of some species of innate aptness, in civilized as well as in savage life, for obtaining success in personal acquirements.

The dissenters on the instruction of youth were just then peculiarly occupied by the letters of Lord Chesterfield; and Mr. Stanhope, their object, was placed continually in a parallel line with Omiah: the first, beginning his education at a great public school; taught from an infant all attainable improvements; introduced, while yet a youth, at foreign courts; and brought forward into high life with all the favour that care, expense, information, and refinement could furnish; proved, with all these benefits, a heavy, ungainly, unpleasing character: while the second, with neither rank nor wealth, even in his own remote island, and with no tutor but nature; changing, in full manhood, his way of life, his dress, his country, and his friends; appeared, through a natural facility of observation, not alone unlike a savage, but with the air of a person who had devoted his youth to the practice of those graces, which the most elaborately accomplished of noblemen had vainly endeavoured to make the ornament of his son.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET.

The house in Queen-square had been relinquished from difficulties respecting its title; and Mrs. Burney assiduously and skilfully purchased and prepared another, during the Doctor's illness, that was situated in St. Martin's street, Leicester-fields.

If the house in Queen-square had owed a fanciful part of its value to the belief that, formerly, in his visits to Alderman Barber, it had been inhabited occasionally by Dean Swift, how much higher a local claim, was vested in imagination, for a mansion that had decidedly been the dwelling of the immortal Sir Isaac Newton!

MR. BRUCE.

This new residence was opened by the distinction of a new acquaintance, who was then as much the immediate lion of the day, as had been the last new acquaintance, Omiah, who had closed the annals of the residence in Queen-square.

This personage was no other than the famous Mr. Bruce, who was just returned to England, after having been wandering, and thought to be lost, during four years, in the deserts and sands of the hitherto European-untrodden territory of Africa, in search of the source, or sources, of the Nile.

The narrations, and even the sight of Mr. Bruce, were at this time vehemently sought, not only by all London, but, as far as written intercourse could be stretched, by all Europe.

The tales, spread far and wide, first of his extraordinary disappearance from the world, and next of his unexpected re-appearance in the heart of Africa, were so full of variety, as well as of wonder, that they raised equal curiosity in the most refined and the most uncultivated of his cotemporaries.

Amongst these multifarious rumours, there was one that aroused in Dr. Burney a more eager desire to see and converse with this eminent traveller, than was felt even by the most ardent of the inquirers who were pressing upon him, in successive throngs, for intelligence.

The report here alluded to, asserted, that Mr. Bruce had discovered, and personally visited, the long-famed city of Thebes; and had found it such as Herodotus had described: and that he had entered and examined its celebrated temple; and had made, and brought home, a drawing of the Theban harp, as beautiful in its execution as in its form, though copied from a model of at least three thousand years old.

Mr. Bruce had brought, also, from Egypt, a drawing of an Abyssinian lyre in present use.

The assiduity of Dr. Burney in devising means of introduction to whosoever could increase, or ameliorate, the materials of his history, was not here put to any proof. Mr. Bruce had been an early friend of Mrs. Strange, and of her brother, Mr.

Lumisden ; and that zealous lady immediately arranged a meeting between the parties at her own house.

This celebrated narrator made the opening of his career as an author, in the History of Music of Dr. Burney ; to the eclat of which, on its first appearance, he not slightly contributed, by bestowing upon it the two admirable original drawings above-mentioned, with a letter historically descriptive of their authenticity.

With fresh pleasure and alacrity, Dr. Burney now went on with his work. So unlooked for a reinforcement of his means could not have arrived more seasonably. Every discovery, or development, relative to early times, was not only of essential service to the Dissertation on the Music of the Ancients, upon which, now, he was elaborately engaged, but excited general curiosity in all lovers of antiquity.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Amongst other new friends that this new neighbourhood procured, or confirmed, to Dr. Burney, there was one of so congenial, so Samaritan, a sort, that neighbour he must have been to the Doctor from the time of their first acquaintance, had his residence been in Dorset-square, or at Botolph's wharf; instead of Leicester-square, and scarcely twenty yards from the Doctor's own short street.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, this good Samaritan, was, like Dr. Burney, though well-read and deeply studious, as easy and natural in discourse as if he had been merely a man of the world; and though his own art was his passion, he was open to the warmest admiration of every other: and again, like the Doctor, he was gay though contemplative, and flew from indolence, though he courted enjoyment. There was a striking resemblance in the general amenity of their intercourse, that not only made them, at all times, and with all persons, free from any approach to envy, peevishness, or sarcasm themselves, but seemed to spread around them a suavity that dissolved those angry passions in others.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua had a maiden sister, Mrs. Frances Reynolds; a woman of worth and understanding, but of a singular character; who, unfortunately for herself, made, throughout life, the great mistake of nourishing that singularity which was her bane, as if it had been her blessing.

She lived with Sir Joshua at this time, and stood high in the regard of his firm and most honoured friend, Dr. Johnson; who saw and pitied her foible, but tried to cure it in vain. It was that of living in a habitual perplexity of mind, and irresolution of conduct, which to herself was restlessly tormenting, and to all around her was teasingly wearisome.

Whatever she suggested, or planned, one day, was reversed the next; though resorted to on the third, as if merely to be again rejected on the fourth; and so on, almost endlessly; for she rang not the changes in her opinions and designs in order to bring them into harmony and practice; but waveringly to stir up new combinations and difficulties; till she found herself in the midst of such chaotic obstructions as could chime in with no given purpose; but must needs be left to ring their own peal, and to begin again just where they began at first.

This lady was a no unfrequent visiter in St. Martin's street; where, for her many excellent qualities, she was much esteemed.

Mrs. Frances Reynolds desired to paint Dr. Burney's portrait, that she might place it among certain other worthies of her choice, already ornamenting her dressing-room. The Doctor had little time to spare; but had too natively the spirit of the old school, to suffer No! and a lady, to pair off together.

During his sittings, one trait of her tenacious humour occurred, that he was always amused in relating. While she was painting his hair, which was remarkably thick, she asked him, very gravely, whether he could let her have his wig some day to work at, without troubling him to sit.

“My wig?” repeated he, much surprised.

“Yes;” she answered; “have not you more than one? can’t you spare it?”

"Spare it?—Why what makes you think it a wig? It's my own hair."

"O then, I suppose," said she with a smile, "I must not call it a wig?"

"Not call it a wig?—why what for, my dear madam, should you call it a wig?"

"Nay, sir," replied she, composedly, "if you do not like it, I am sure I won't."

And he protested, that though he offered her every proof of twisting, twitching, and twirling that she pleased, she calmly continued painting, without heeding his appeal for the hairy honours of his head; and only coolly repeating, "I suppose, then, I must not call it a wig?"

GARRICK.

An appointment having been arranged by Dr. Burney for presenting his friend Mr. Twining to Mr. Garrick, the two former, in happy conference, were enjoying the society of each other, while awaiting the promised junction with Mr. Garrick, when a violent rapping at the street door, which prepared them for his welcome arrival, was followed by a demand, through the footman, whether the Doctor could receive Sir Jeremy Hillsborough; a baronet who was as peculiarly distasteful to both the gentlemen, as Mr. Garrick was the reverse.

"For heaven's sake, no!" cried Mr. Twining; and the Doctor echoing "No! No! No!" was with eagerness sending off a hasty excuse, when the footman whispered, "Sir, he's at my heels! he's close to the door! he would not stop!" And, strenuously flinging open the library door himself in a slouching hat, an old-fashioned blue rocolo, over a great-coat of which the collar was turned up above his ears, and a silk handkerchief, held as if from the tooth-ache, to his mouth, the forbidden guest entered; slowly, lowly, and solemnly bowing his head as he advanced; though, quaker-like, never touching his hat, and not uttering a word.

The Doctor, whom Sir Jeremy had never before visited, and to whom he was hardly known, save by open dissimilarity upon some literary subjects; and Mr. Twining, to whom he was only

less a stranger to be more obnoxious, from having been at variance with his family; equally concluded, from their knowledge of his irascible character, that the visit had no other view than that of demanding satisfaction for some offence supposed to have been offered to his high self-importance. And, in the awkwardness of such a surmise, they could not but feel disconcerted, nay abashed, at having proclaimed their averseness to his sight in such unqualified terms, and immediately within his hearing.

For a minute or two, with a silence like his own, they awaited an explanation of his purpose; when, after some hesitation, ostentatiously waving one hand, while the other still held his handkerchief to his mouth, the unwelcome intruder, to their utter astonishment, came forward, and composedly seated himself in an arm-chair near the fire, filling it broadly, with an air of domineering authority.

The gentlemen now looked at each other, in some doubt whether their visiter had not found his way to them from the vicinity of Moorfields, where then stood the Bethlem Hospital.

The pause that ensued was embarrassing, and not quite free from alarm; when the intruder, after an extraordinary nod or two, of a palpably threatening nature, suddenly started up, threw off his slouched hat and old rocola, flung his red silk handkerchief into the ashes, and displayed to view, lustrous with vivacity, the gay features, the sparkling eyes, and laughing countenance of Garrick,—the inimitable imitator, David Garrick.

Dr. Burney, delighted at this development, clapped his hands, as if the scene had been represented at a theatre: and all his family present joined rapturously in the plaudit: while Mr. Twining, with the happy surprise of a sudden exchange from expected disgust to accorded pleasure, eagerly approached the arm-chair, for a presentation which he had longed for nearly throughout his life.

Mr. Garrick then, with many hearty reciprocations of laughter, expounded the motive to the seat which he had enacted.

He had awaked, he said, that morning, under the formidable impression of an introduction to a profound Greek scholar, that was almost awful; and that had set him to pondering upon the egregious loss of time and pleasurable that hung upon all formalities in making new acquaintances; and he then set his

wits to work at devising means for skipping at once, by some slight of hand, into abrupt cordiality. And none occurred that seemed so promising of spontaneous success, as presenting himself under the aspect of a person whom he knew to be so desperately unpleasant to the scholiast, that, at the very sound of his name, he would inwardly ejaculate,

“Take any form but that!”

Here, in a moment, Mr. Garrick was in the centre of the apartment, in the attitude of Hamlet at the sight of the ghost.

This burlesque frolic over, which gave a playful vent that seemed almost necessary to the superabundant animal spirits of Mr. Garrick, who, as Dr. Johnson has said of Shakspeare, “was always struggling for an occasion to be comic,” he cast away farce and mimicry; and became for the rest of the visit, a judicious, intelligent, and well informed, though ever lively and entertaining converser and man of letters: and Mr. Twining had not been more amused by his buffoonery, than he grew charmed by his rationality.

In the course of the conversation, the intended Encyclopedia of Dr. Goldsmith being mentioned, and the Doctor’s death warmly regretted, a description of the character as well as works of that charming author was brought forward; and Mr. Garrick named, what no one else in his presence could have hinted at, the poem of *Retaliation*.

Mr. Garrick had too much knowledge of mankind to treat with lightness so forcible an attack upon the stability of his friendships, however it might be softened off by the praise of his talents.* But he had brought it, he said, upon himself, by an unlucky lampoon, to which he had irresistibly been led by the absurd blunders, and the inconceivable inferiority between the discourse and the pen of this singular man; who, one evening at the club, had been so outrageously laughable, that Mr. Garrick had been betrayed into asserting, that no man could possibly draw the character of Oliver Goldsmith, till poor Oliver was under ground; for what any one would say after an

* “He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he would, he could whistle them back.”

hour's reading him, would indubitably be reversed, after an hour's chat. "And then," Mr. Garrick continued, "one risible folly bringing on another, I voted him to be dead at that time, that I might give his real character in his epitaph. And this," he added, "produced this distich."

"Attend, passer by, for here lies old Noll;
Who wrote like an angel—but talked like poor Poll!"

Goldsmith, immeasurably piqued, vowed he would retaliate; but never ready with his tongue in public, though always ready with his pen in private, he hurried off in a pet; and, some time after, produced that best, if not only, satirical poem that he ever wrote—"Retaliation."

This was Dr. Goldsmith's final work, and did not come out till after his death. And it was still unfinished; the last line, which was upon Sir Joshua Reynolds, being left half written:

"By flattery unspoil'd—"^{*}*

To a very general regret, Dr. Johnson had not yet been named. Probably he was meant to form the climax of the piece. His character, drawn by a man of such acute discrimination, who had prospered from his friendship, yet smarted from his wit—who feared, dreaded, and envied, yet honoured, admired, and loved him—would doubtless have been sketched with as fine a pencil of splendid praise, and pointed satire, as has marked the characteristic distiches upon Mr. Burke and Mr. Garrick.

CONCERTS.

In the private narrative of a historian of the musical art, it may not be improper to insert some account of the concerts which he occasionally gave to invited friends and acquaintances at his own house; as they biographically mark his style of life, and the consideration in which he was held by the musical world.

The company was always small, as were the apartments in which it was received; but always select, as the name, fame, and

* This last circumstance was communicated to the editor by Sir Joshua himself.

travels of the Doctor, by allowing him a choice of guests, enabled him to limit admission to real lovers of music.

He had never any formal band; though it is probable that there was hardly a musician in England who, if called upon, would have refused his services. But they were not requisite to allure those whom the Doctor wished to please or oblige; and a crowd in a private apartment he thought as inimical to harmony as to conversation.

It was, primarily, to gratify Mr. Crisp that, while yet in Poland-street, he had begun these little musical assemblages; which, in different forms, and with different parties, he continued, or renewed, through life.

The simplicity of the entertainment had, probably, its full share in the incitement to its participation. A request to or from the master of the house, was the sole ticket of entrance. And the urbanity of the Doctor upon these occasions, with the warmth of his praise to excellence, and the candour of his indulgence to failure, made his reception of his visitors dispense a pleasure so unconstrained, so varied, so good-humoured, that his concerts were most sought as a favour by those whose presence did them the most honour.

To style them, however, concerts, may be conferring on them a dignity to which they had not any pretension. There was no bill of fare: there were no engaged subalterns, either to double, or aid, or contrast, with the principals. The performances were promiscuous; and simply such as suited the varying humours and desires of the company; a part of which were always assistants as well as auditors.

Some details of these harmonical coteries, which were written at the moment by this memorialist to Mr. Crisp, will be selected from amongst those which contain characteristic traits of persons of celebrity; as they may more pointedly display their cast and nature, than any merely descriptive reminiscences.

No apology will be pleaded for the careless manner in which these accounts are recorded; Mr. Crisp prohibited all form or study in his epistolary intercourse with his young correspondent.

"*To Samuel Crisp, Esq., Chesington, Kingston, Surrey.*

"Let me now try, my dear Mr. Crisp, if I cannot have the pleasure to make you dolorously repent your inexorability to coming to town. We have had such sweet music!—But let me begin with the company, according to your orders.

"They all arrived early, and staid the whole evening.

"The Baron de Deiden, the Danish ambassador.

"The Baroness, his wife; a sweet woman, indeed; young, pretty, accomplished, and graceful. She is reckoned the finest *dilettante* performer on the piano-forte in Europe.

"I might be contented, you will perhaps say, to have given her this precedence in England and in Denmark; *i. e.* in her own country and in ours: but Europe sounds more noble!

"The Honourable Miss Phipps, who came with her, or rather, I believe, was brought by her, for they are great friends; and Miss Phipps had already been with us in Queen-square. Miss Phipps is a daughter of Lord Mulgrave, and sister to the famous Polar captain. She seems full of spirit and taste.

"Sir James and Lady Lake; Sir Thomas Clarges; Mrs. and Miss Ord; and a good many others, agreeable enough, though too tedious to mention, having nothing either striking or odd in them. But the pride of the evening, as neither you, my dear Mr. Crisp, nor Mr. Twining, could be with us, was Mr. HARRIS, of *Salisbury*, author of the three treatises on Poetry, Music, and Painting; Philosophical Arrangements; *Hermes*, &c. He brought with him Mrs. Harris, and his second daughter, Miss Louisa, a distinguished and high-bred lady-musician. Miss Harris, the eldest, a cultivated and high-bred character, is, I believe, with her brother, our minister at Pittsburgh.

"Hettina,* Mr. Burney, and our noble selves, bring up the rear.

"There was a great deal of conversation previous to the music. But as the party was too large for a general *chatterment*, every body that had not courage to stroll about and please themselves, was obliged to take up with their next neighbour. What think you, then, of my good fortune, when I tell you I happened

* The Doctor's eldest daughter.

to sit by Mr. Harris? and that so happening, joined to my being at home,—however otherwise insignificant,—gave me the intrepidity to abandon my yea and nay responses, when he was so good as to try whether I could make any other. His looks, indeed, are so full of benignity, as well as of meaning and understanding, and his manners have a suavity so gentle, so encouraging, that, notwithstanding his high name as an author, all fear from his renown was wholly whisked away by delight in his discourse and his countenance.

“ My father was in excellent spirits, and walked about from one to another, giving pleasure to all whom he addressed.

“ As we had no violins, basses, flutes, &c., we were forced to cut short the formality of any overture, and to commence by the harp. Mr. Jones had a very sweet instrument, with new pedals, constructed by Merlin. He plays very well, and with very neat execution.

“ Mr. Burney, then, at the request of the Baroness de Deiden, went to the harpsichord, where he fired away with his usual genius. He first played a concerto of Schobert’s; and then, as the baroness would not let him rise, another of my father’s.

“ When Mr. Burney had received *the compliments of the nobility and gentry*, my father solicited the baroness to take his place.

“ ‘ O no! ’ she cried, ‘ I cannot hear of such a thing! It is out of the question! It would be a figurante to dance a *pas seul* after Mademoiselle Heinel.’

“ However, her animated friend, Miss Phipps, joined so earnestly with my father in entreaty, that, as the baron looked strongly his sanction to their wishes, she was prevailed upon to yield; which she did most gracefully; and she then played a difficult lesson of Schobert’s remarkably well, with as much meaning as execution. She is, besides, so modest, so unassuming, and so pretty, that she was the general object of admiration.

“ When my father went to thank her, she said she had never been so frightened before in her life.

“ My father then begged another German composition from her, which he had heard her play at Lord Mulgrave’s. She was going, most obligingly, to comply, when the baron, in a half

whisper, and pointing to my sister Burney, said, ‘*Après, ma chère!*’

“*Eh bien oui!*” cried Miss Phipps, in a lively tone, ‘*après Madame* Burney ! come, Mrs. Burney, pray indulge us.’

“The baroness, with a pleased smile, most willingly made way ; and your Hettina, unaffectedly, though not quite unflattered, took her seat ; and, to avoid any air of emulation, with great propriety began with a slow movement, as the baroness had played a piece of execution.

“For this purpose, she chose your favourite bit of Echard ; and I never heard her play it better, if so well. Merlin’s new pedals made it exquisite ; and the expression, feeling, and taste with which she performed it, raised a general murmur of applause.

“Mr. Harris inquired eagerly the name of the composer. Every body seemed to be struck, nay enchanted : and charmed into such silence of attention, that if a pin had dropt, it would have caused a universal start.

“I should be ashamed not to give you a more noble metaphor, or simile, or comparison, than a pin ; only I know how cheap you hold all attempts at fine writing ; and that you will like my poor simple pin, just as well as if I had stunned you with a cannon ball.

“Miss Louisa Harris then consented to vary the entertainment by singing. She was accompanied by Mr. Harris, whose soul seems all music, though he has made his pen amass so many other subjects into the bargain. She has very little voice, either for sound or compass ; yet, which is wonderful, she gave us all extreme pleasure ; for she sings in so high a style, with such pure taste, such native feeling, and such acquired knowledge of music, that there is not one fine voice in a hundred I could listen to with equal satisfaction. She gave us an unpublished air of Sacchini’s, introduced by some noble recitative of that delicious composer.

“She declared, however, she should have been less frightened to have sung at a theatre, than to such an audience. But she was prevailed with to give us, afterwards, a sweet flowing rondeau of Rauzzini’s, from his opera of Piramis and Thisbe. She is extremely unaffected and agreeable.

"Then followed what my father called the great gun of the evening, Muthel's duet for two harpsichords; which my father thinks the noblest composition of its kind in the world.

"Mr. Burney and Hettina now came off with flying colours indeed; nothing could exceed the general approbation. Mr. Harris was in an extasy that played over all his fine features; Sir James Lake, who is taciturn and cold, was surprised even into loquacity in its praise; Lady Lake, more prone to be pleased, was delighted to rapture; the fine physiognomy of Miss Phipps was lighted up to an animation quite enlivening to behold; and the sweet Baroness de Deiden repeatedly protested she had never been at so singularly agreeable a concert before.

"She would not listen to any entreaty, however, to play again; and all instrumental music was voted to be out of the question for that night. Miss Louisa Harris then, with great good breeding, as well as good nature, was won by a general call to give us a finale, in a fine bravura air of Sacchini's, which she sung extremely well, though under evident and real affright.

"There was then a good deal of chat, very gay and pleasing; after which the company went away, in all appearance, uncommonly gratified: and we who remained at home, were, in all reality, the same.

"But how we wished for our dear Mr. Crisp! Do pray, now, leave your gout to itself, and come to our next music meeting. Or if it needs must cling to you, and come also, who knows but that music, which has

'Charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak—'

may have charms also, To soften Gout, and *Unbend Knotted Fingers?*"

Previously to any further perusal of these juvenile narrations, it is necessary to premise, that there were, at this period, three of the most excelling singers that ever exerted rival powers at the same epoch, who equally and earnestly sought the acquaintance and suffrage of Dr. Burney; namely,

Miss Cecilia Davies, detta l'Inglesina. La Signora Agujari, detta la Bastardella. And the far-famed Signora Gabrielli.

CECILIA DAVIES, DETTA L'INGLESINA.

Miss Cecilia Davies, during a musical career, unfortunately as brief as it was splendid, had, at her own desire, been made known to Dr. Burney in a manner as peculiar as it was honourable, for it was through the medium of Dr. Johnson; a medium which ensured her the best services of Dr. Burney, and the esteem of all his family.

Her fame and talents are proclaimed in the History of Music, where it is said, "Miss Davies had the honour of being the first English woman who performed the female parts in several great theatres in Italy; to which extraordinary distinction succeeded that of her becoming the first woman at the great opera theatre of London."

And in this course of rare celebrity, her unimpeachable conduct, her pleasing manners, and her engaging modesty of speech and deportment, fixed as much respect on her person and character, as her singularly youthful success had fastened upon her professional abilities.

But, unfortunately, no particulars can be given of any private performance of this our indigenous brilliant ornament at the house of Dr. Burney; for though she was there welcomed, and was even eager to oblige him, the rigour of her opera articles prohibited her from singing even a note, at that time, to any private party.*

The next abstract, therefore, refers to

AGUJARI, DETTA LA BASTARDELLA.

"To Samuel Crisp, Esq.

"**MY DEAR MR. CRISP,**—My father says I must write you every thing of every sort about Agujari, that you may get ready, well or ill, to come and hear her. So pray make haste,

* This early celebrated performer, now in the decline of life, after losing her health, and nearly outliving her friends, is reduced, not by faults but misfortunes, to a state of pecuniary difficulties, through which she must long since have sunk, but for the generous succour of some personages as high in benevolence as in rank.

and never mind such common obstacles as health or sickness upon such an occasion.

"La Signora Agujari has been nick-named, my father says, in Italy, from some misfortune attendant upon her birth—but of which she, at least, is innocent—La Bastardella. She is now come over to England, in the prime of her life and her fame, upon an engagement with the proprietors of the Pantheon, to sing two songs at their concert, at one hundred pounds a night! My father's tour in Italy has made his name and his historical design so well known there in the musical world, that she immediately desired his acquaintance on her arrival in London; and Dr. Maty, one of her protectors in this country, was deputed to bring them together; which he did, in St. Martin's-street, last week.

"Dr. Maty is pleasing, intelligent, and well bred; though formal, precise, and a rather affected little man. But he stands very high, they say, in the classes of literature and learning; and, moreover, of character and worthiness.

"He handed the Signora, with much pompous ceremony, into the drawing-room, where—trumpets not being at hand—he introduced her to my father with a fine flourish of compliments, as a phenomenon now first letting herself down to grace this pigmy island.

"This style of lofty grandeur seemed perfectly accordant with the style and fancy of the Signora; whose air and deportment announced deliberate dignity, and a design to strike all beholders with awe, as well as admiration.

"She is a handsome woman, of middle stature, and seems to be about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age; with a very good and healthy complexion, becomingly and not absurdly rouged; a well-shaped nose, a well-cut mouth, and very prominent, rolling, expressive, and dyingly languishing eyes.

"She was attended by Signor Colla, her maestro, and, as some assert, her husband; but, undoubtedly her obsequious and inseparable companion. He is tall, thin, almost fiery when conversing; and tolerably well furnished with gesture and grimace; *id est*, made up of nothing else.

"The talk was all French or Italian, and almost all between

the two doctors, Burney and Maty; we rest, being only auditors, except when something striking was said upon music, or upon some musician; and then the hot, thin Italian, who is probably a Neapolitan, jumped up, and started forth into an abrupt rhapsody, with such agitation of voice and manner, that every limb seemed at work almost as nimbly as his tongue.

"But la Signora Agujari sat always in placid, majestic silence, when she was not personally addressed.

"Signor Colla expressed the most unbounded veneration for il Signor Dottore Borni; whose learned character, he said, in Italy, had left him there a name that had made it an honour to be introduced to *un si célébre homme*. My father retorted the compliment upon the Agujari; lamenting that he had missed hearing her abroad, where her talents, then, were but rising into renown.

"Nevertheless, though he naturally concluded that this visit was designed for granting him that gratification, he was somewhat diffident how to demand it from one who, in England, never quavers for less than fifty guineas an air. To pave, therefore, the way to his request, he called upon Mr. Burney and the Hettina to open the concert with a duet.

"They readily complied; and the Agujari now relinquished a part of her stately solemnity, to give way, though not without palpably marvelling that it could be called for, to the pleasure that their performance excited; for pleasure in music is a sensation that she seems to think ought to be held in her own gift. And, indeed, for vocal music, Gabrielli is, avowedly, the only exception to her universal disdain.

"As Mr. Burney and the Hettini, however, attempted not to invade her excluding prerogative, they first escaped her supercilious contempt, and next caught her astonished attention; which soon, to our no small satisfaction, rose to open, lively, and even vociferous rapture. In truth, I believe, she was really glad to be surprised out of her fatiguing dumb grandeur.

"This was a moment not to be lost, and my father hinted his wishes to Dr. Maty; Dr. Maty hinted them to Signor Colla; but Signor Colla did not take the hint of hinting them to La Bastardella. He shrugged, and became all gesticulation, and

answered that the Signora would undoubtedly sing to the Signor Dottore Borni ; but that, at this moment, she had a slight sore throat ; and her desire, when she performed to il Signor Dottore Borni was, *si possible*, he added, to surpass herself.

" We were all horribly disappointed ; But Signor Colla made what amends he could, by assuring us that we had never yet known what singing was ! ' car c'est une prodige, Messieurs et Mesdames, que la Signora Agujari. '

" My father bowed his acquiescence ; and then inquired whether she had been at the opera ?

" ' O no ; ' Signor Colla answered ; ' she was too much afraid of that complaint which all her countrymen who travelled to England had so long lamented, and which the English call catch-cold, to venture to a theatre. '

" Agujari then condescended to inquire whether *il Signor Dottore* had heard the Gabrielli ?

" ' Not yet,' he replied ; ' he waited her coming to England. He had missed her in Italy, from her having passed that year in Sicily. '

" ' Ah Diable ! ' exclaimed the Bastardini, ' mais c'est dommage ! '

" This familiar ' Diable ! ' from such majestic loftiness, had a very droll effect.

" ' Et vous, Signora, l'avez-vous entendue ? '

" ' O que non ! ' answered she, quite bluffly, ' cela n'est pas possible ! '

" And we were alarmed to observe that she looked highly affronted ; though we could not possibly conjecture why, till Signor Colla, in a whisper, represented the error of the inquiry, by saying, that two first singers could never meet.

" ' True ! ' Dr. Maty cried ; ' two suns never light us at once. '

" The Signora, to whom this was repeated in Italian, presently recovered her placid dignity by the blaze of these two suns ; and, before she went away, was in such perfect amity with *il Signor Dottore*, that she voluntarily declared she would come again, when her sore throat was over, and *chanter comme il faut.*"

* * * * *

“MY DEAR MR. CRISP,—My father now bids me write for him—which I do with joy and pride, for now, now, thus instigated, thus authorized, let me present to you the triumphant, the unique Agujari!

“O how we all wished for you when she broke forth in her vocal glory! The great singers of olden times, whom I have heard you so emphatically describe, seem to have all their talents revived in this wonderful creature. I could compare her to nothing I have ever heard, but only to what you have heard; your Carestini, Farinelli, Senesino, alone are worthy to be ranked with the Bastardini.

“She came with the Signor Maestro Colla, very early, to tea.

“I cannot deign to mention our party,—but it was small and good:—though by no means bright enough to be enumerated in the same page with Agujari.

“She frightened us a little, at first, by complaining of a cold. How we looked at one another! Mr. Burney was called upon to begin; which he did with even more than his usual spirit; and then—without waiting for a petition—which nobody, not even my dear father, had yet gathered courage to make, Agujari, the Bastardella, arose, voluntarily arose, to sing!

“We all rose too! we seemed all ear. There was no occasion for any other part to our persons. Had a fan,—for I won’t again give you a pin,—fallen, I suppose we should have taken it for at least a thunder-clap. All was hushed and rapt attention.

“Signor Colla accompanied her. She began with what she called a little minuet of his composition.

“Her cold was not affected, for her voice at first was not quite clear; but she acquitted herself charmingly. And, little as she called this minuet, it contained difficulties which I firmly believe no other singer in the world could have executed.

“But her great talents, and our great astonishment, were reserved for her second song, which was taken from Metastasio’s opera of Didone, set by Colla, ‘*Non hai ragione, ingrato!*’

“As this was an *aria parlante*, she first, in a voice softly melodious, read us the words, that we might comprehend what she had to express.

“It is nobly set; nobly! ‘Bravo, il Signor Maestro!’” cried

my father, two or three times. She began with a fullness and power of voice that amazed us beyond all our possible expectations. She then lowered it to the most expressive softness—in short, my dear Mr. Crisp, she was sublime! I can use no other word without degrading her.

“This, and a second great song from the same opera, *Son Regina*, and *Son Amante*, she sang in a style to which my ears have hitherto been strangers. She unites to her surprising and incomparable powers of execution, and luxuriant facility and compass of voice, an expression still more delicate—and, I had almost said, equally feeling with that of my darling Millico, who first opened my sensations to the melting and boundless delights of vocal melody. In fact, in Millico it was his own sensibility that excited that of his hearers; it was so genuine, so touching! It seemed never to want any spur from admiration, but always to owe its excellence to its own resistless pathos.

“Yet, with all its vast compass, and these stupendous sonorous sounds, the voice of Agujari has a mellowness, a sweetness, that are quite vanquishing. One can hardly help falling at her feet while one listens! Her shake, too, is so plump, so true, so open! and, to display her various abilities to my father, she sang in twenty styles—if twenty there may be; for nothing is beyond her reach. In songs of execution, her divisions were so rapid, and so brilliant, they almost made one dizzy from breathless admiration: her cantabiles were so fine, so rich, so moving, that we could hardly keep the tears from our eyes. Then she gave us some accompanied recitative, with a nobleness of accent, that made every one of us stand erect out of respect! Then, how fascinatingly she condescended to indulge us with a rondeau! though she holds that simplicity of melody beneath her; and therefore rose from it to chaunt some church music, of the Pope’s Chapel, in a style so nobly simple, so grandly unadorned, that it penetrated to the inmost sense. She is just what she will: she has the highest taste, with an expression the most pathetic; and she executes difficulties the most wild, the most varied, the most incredible, with just as much ease and facility as I can say—My dear Mr. Crisp.

“Now don’t you die to come and hear her? I hope you do. O, she is indescribable!

"Assure yourself my father joins in all this, though perhaps, if he had time to write for himself, he might do it more Lady Grace like, 'soberly.' I hope she will fill up at least half a volume of his history. I wish he would call her, The Heroine of Music!"

"We could not help regretting that her engagement was at the Pantheon, as her evidently fine ideas of acting are thrown away at a mere concert."

"At this, she made faces of such scorn and derision against the managers, for not putting her upon the stage, that they altered her handsome countenance almost to ugliness; and, snatching up a music book, and opening it, and holding it full broad in her hands, she dropt a formal courtesy, to take herself off at the Pantheon, and said, '*Oui! j'y suis là comme une statue! comme une petite écolière!*' And afterwards she contemptuously added: '*Mais, on n'aime guerre ici que les rondeaux!—Moi—j'abhorre ces misères là!*'"

"One objection, however, and a rather serious one, against her walking the stage, is that she limps.

"Do you know what they assert to be the cause of this lameness? It is said that, while a mere baby, and at nurse in the country, she was left rolling on the grass one evening, till she rolled herself round and round to a pigsty; where a hideous hog welcomed her as a delicious repast, and mangled one side of the poor infant most cruelly, before she was missed and rescued. She was recovered with great difficulty; but obliged to bear the insertion of a plate of silver, to sustain the parts where the terrible swine had made a chasm; and thence she has been called—I forget the Italian name, but that which has been adopted here is Silver-sides.

"You may imagine that the wags of the day do not let such a circumstance, belonging to so famous a person, pass unmriegalled: Foote, my father tells us, has declared he shall impeach the custom-house officers, for letting her be smuggled into the kingdom contrary to law; unless her sides have been entered at the stamp office. And Lord Sandwich has made a catch, in dialogue and in Italian, between the infant and the hog, where the former, in a plaintive tone of soliciting mercy, cries; *Caro,*

mio porco!" The hog answers by a grunt. Her piteous entreaty is renewed in the softest, tenderest treble. His sole reply is expressed in one long note of the lowest, deepest bass. Some of her highest notes are then ludicrously imitated to vocalize little shrieks; and the hog, in finale, grunts out, '*Ah! che bel mangiar!*'

"Lord Sandwich, who showed this to my father, had, at least, the grace to say, that he would not have it printed, lest it should get to her knowledge, till after her return to Italy."

The radical and scientific merits of this singular personage, and astonishing performer, are fully expounded in the History of Music. She left England with great contempt for the land of rondeaux; and never desired to visit it again.

LA GABRIELLI.

Of the person and performance of Gabrielli, the History of Music contains a full and luminous description. She was the most universally renowned singer of her time; for Agujari died before her high and unexampled talents had expanded their truly wonderful supremacy.

Yet here, also, no private detail can be written of the private performance, or manners, of La Gabrielli, as she never visited at the house of Dr. Burney; though she most courteously invited him to her own; in which she received him with flattering distinction. And, as she had the judgment to set aside, upon his visits, the airs, caprices, coquettices, and gay insolences, of which the boundless report had preceded her arrival in England, he found her a high-bred, accomplished, and engaging woman of the world; or rather, he said, woman of fashion; for there was a winning ease, nay, captivation, in her look and air, that could scarcely, in any circle, be surpassed. Her great celebrity, however, for beauty and eccentricity, as well as for professional excellence, had raised such inordinate expectations before she came out, that the following juvenile letters upon the appearance of so extraordinary a musical personage, will be curious,—or, at least, diverting, to lovers of musical anecdote.

"To Samuel Crisp, Esq., Chesington.

"October, 1755.

"**M**Y DEAR MR. CRISP,—'Tis so long since I have written, that I suppose you conclude we are all gone fortune-hunting to some other planet; but, to skip apologies, which I know you scoff, I shall atone for my silence, by telling you that my dear father returned from Buxton in quite restored health, I thank God! and that his first volume is now rough-sketched quite to the end, preface and dedication inclusive.

"But you are vehement, you say, to hear of Gabrielli.

"Well, so is every body else; but she has not yet sung.

"She is the subject of inquiry and discussion wherever you go. Every one expects her to sing like a thousand angels, yet to be as ridiculous as a thousand imps. But I believe she purposes to astonish them all in a new way; for imagine how sober and how English she means to become, when I tell you that she has taken a house in Golden-square, and put a plate upon her door, on which she has had engraven, 'Mrs. Gabrielli.'

"If John Bull is not flattered by that, he must be John Bear.

"Rauzzini, meanwhile, who is to be the first serious singer, has taken precisely the other side; and will have nothing to do with his Johnship at all; for he has had his apartment painted a beautiful rose-colour, with a light myrtle sprig border; and has ornamented them with little knic-knacs and trinkets, like a fine lady's dressing-room.

"My father dined with them both the other day, at the managers', Mrs. Brookes, the author, and Mrs. Yates, the *ci-devant* actress. Rauzzini sang a great many sweet airs, and very delightfully; but Gabrielli not a note! Neither did any one presume to ask for such a favour. Her sister was of the party also, who they say cannot sing at all; but Gabrielli insisted upon having her engaged, and advantageously, or refused peremptorily to come over.

"Nothing can exceed the impatience of people of all ranks, and all ways of thinking, concerning this so celebrated singer. And if you do not come to town to hear her, I shall conclude you

lost to all the Saint Cecilian powers of attraction; and that you are become as indifferent to music, as to dancing or to horse-racing. For my own part, if any thing should unfortunately prevent my hearing her first performance, I shall set it down in my memory ever after, as a very serious misfortune. Don't laugh so, dear daddy, pray!"

Written the week following.

"How I rejoice, for once, in your hard-heartedness! how ashamed I should have been if you had come, dearest sir, to my call! The Gabrielli did not sing! And she let all London, and all the country too, I believe, arrive at the theatre before it was proclaimed that she was not to appear! Every one of our family, and of every other family that I know,—and that I don't know besides, were at the opera house at an early hour. We, who were to enter at a private door, per favour of Mrs. Brookes, rushed past all handbills, not thinking them worth heeding. Poor Mr. Yates, the manager, kept running from one outlet to another, to relate the sudden desperate hoarseness of la Signora Gabrielli; and, supplicate patience, and, moreover, credence,—now from the box openings, now from the pit, now from the galleries. Had he been less active, or less humble, it is thought the theatre would have been pulled down; so prodigious was the rage of the large assemblage; none of them in the least believing that Gabrielli had the slightest thing the matter with her.

"My father says people do not think that singers have the capacity of having such a thing as a cold!

"The murmurs, 'What a shame!'—'How scandalous!'—'What insolent airs!'—kept Mr. Yates upon the alert from post to post, to the utmost stretch of his ability, though his dolorous countenance painted his full conviction that he himself was the most seriously to be pitied of the party; for it was clear that he said, in soliloquy, upon every one that he sent away: 'There goes half a guinea!—or, at the least, three shillings,—if not five, out of my pocket!'

"We all returned home in horrible ill humour; but solacing ourselves with a candid determination, taken in a true spirit of

liberality, that though she should sing even better than Agujari, we would not like her!

“ My father called upon the managers to know what all this meant; and Mrs. Brookes then told him, that all that had been reported of the extraordinary wilfulness of this spoilt child of talent and beauty, was exceeded by her behaviour. She only sent them word that she was out of voice, and could not sing, one hour before the house must be opened! They instantly hurried to her to expostulate, or rather to supplicate, for they dare neither reproach nor command; and to represent the utter impossibility of getting up any other opera so late; and to acknowledge their terror, even for their property, from the fury of an English audience, if disappointed so blantly at the last moment.

To this she answered very coolly, but with smiles and politeness, that if *le monde* expected her so eagerly, she would dress herself, and let the opera be performed; only, when her songs came to their symphony, instead of singing, she would make a courtesy, and point to her throat.

“ You may imagine, Doctor,” said Mrs. Brookes, ‘whether we could trust John Bull with so easy a lady! and at the very instant his ears were opening to hear her so vaunted performance!’

* * * * *

“ Well, my dear Mr. Crisp, now for Saturday, and now for the real opera. We all went again. There was a prodigious house; such a one, for fashion at least, as, before Christmas, never yet was seen. For, though every body was afraid there would be a riot, and that Gabrielli would be furiously hissed, from the spleen of the late disappointment, nobody could stay away; for her whims and eccentricities only heighten curiosity for beholding her person.

“ The opera was Metastasio’s Didone, and the part for Gabrielli was new set by Sacchini.

“ In the first scene, Rauzzini and Sestini appeared with la Signora Francesca, the sister of Gabrielli. They prepared us for the approach of the blazing comet that burst forth in the second.

“ Nothing could be more noble than her entrance. It seemed

instantaneously to triumph over her enemies, and conquer her threateners. The stage was open to its furthest limits, and she was discerned at its most distant point; and for a minute or two there dauntlessly she stood; and then took a sweep, with a firm, but accelerating step; and a deep, finely flowing train, till she reached the orchestra. There she stopt, amidst peals of applause, that seemed as if they would have shaken the foundations of the theatre.

"What think you now of John Bull?

"I had quite quivered for her, in expectation of cat-callings and hissing; but the intrepidity of her appearance and approach quashed all his resentment into surprised admiration.

"She is still very pretty, though not still very young. She has small, intelligent, sparkling features; and though she is rather short, she is charmingly proportioned, and has a very engaging figure. All her motions are graceful, her air is full of dignity, and her walk is majestic.

"Though the applause was so violent, she seemed to think it so simply her due, that she deigned not to honour it with the slightest mark of acknowledgment, but calmly began her song.

"John Bull, however, enchain'd, as I believe, by the reported vagaries of her character, and by the high delight he expected from her talents, clapped on—clap, clap, clap!—with such assiduous noise, that not a note could be heard, nor a *notion* be started that any note was sung. Unwilling, then,

'To waste her sweetness on the clamorous air,'

and perhaps growing a little gratified to find she could 'soothe the savage breast,' she condescended to make an Italian courtesy, *i. e.* a slight, but dignified bow.

"Honest John, who had thought she would not accept his homage, but who, through the most abrupt turn from resentment to admiration, had resolved to bear with all her freaks, was so enchanted by this affability, that clapping he went on, till, I have little doubt, the skin of his battered hands went off; determining to gain another salutation, whether she would or not, as an august sign that she was not displeased with him for being so smitten, and so humble.

"After this he suffered the orchestra to be heard.

"Gabrielli, however, was not flattered into spoiling her flatterers. Probably she liked the spoiling too well to make it over to them. Be that as it may, she still kept expectation on the rack, by giving us only recitative, till every other performer had tired our reluctant attention.

"At length, however, came the grand bravura, '*Son Regina, e sono Amante.*'

"Here I must stop!—Ah, Mr. Crisp! why would she take words that had been sung by Agujari?

"Opinions are so different, you must come and judge for yourself. Praise and censure are bandied backwards and forwards, as if they were two shuttlecocks between two battledores. The *Son Regina* was the only air of consequence that she even attempted: all else were but bits; pretty enough, but of no force or character for a great singer.

"How unfortunate that she should take the words, even though to other music, that we had heard from Agujari!—Oh! she is no Agujari!

"In short, and to come to the truth, she disappointed us all egregiously.

"However, my dear father, who beyond any body tempers his judgment with indulgence, pronounces her a very capital singer.

"But she visibly took no pains to exert herself, and appeared so impertinently easy, that I believe she thought it condescension enough for us poor savage islanders to see her stand upon the stage, and let us look at her. Yet it must at least be owned, that the tone of her voice, though feeble, is remarkably sweet; that her action is judicious and graceful, and that her style and manner of singing are masterly."

* * * * *

"My dear Mr. Crisp,—I must positively talk to you again of the sweet Baroness Deiden, though I am half afraid to write you any more details of our Duet Concerts, lest they should tire your patience as much as my fingers. But you will be pleased to hear that they are still *à-la-mode*. We have just had another at the request of M. le Comte de Guignes, the French ambassador, delivered by Lady Edgecumbe; who not only came

again her lively self, but brought her jocose and humorous lord; who seems as sportive and as fond of a *hoax* as any tar who walks the quarter-deck; and as cleverly gifted for making, as he is gaily disposed for enjoying one. They were both full of good humour and spirits, and we liked them amazingly. They have not a grain of what you style the torpor of the times.

“Lady Edgecumbe was so transported by Muthel, that when her lord emitted a cough, though it did not vent till he had stifled himself to check it, she called out, ‘What do you do here, my lord, coughing? we don’t want that accompaniment.’ I wish you could have seen how drolly he looked. I am sure he was full primed with a ready repartee. But her ladyship was so intently in extasy, and he saw us all round so intently admiring her enthusiasm, that I verily believe he thought it would not be safe to interrupt the performance, even with the best witticism of his merry imagination.

“We had also, for contrast, the new Groom of the Stole, Lord Ashburnham, with his key of gold dangling from his pocket. He is elegant and pleasing, though silent and reserved; and just as scrupulously high-bred as Lord Edgecumbe is frolicsomely facetious.

“But, my dear Mr. Crisp, we had again the bewitching Danish ambassadress, the Baroness Deiden, and her polite husband, the baron. She is really one of the most delightful creatures in this lower world, if she is not one of the most deceitful. We were more charmed with her than ever. I wonder whether Ophelia was like her? or, rather, I have no doubt but she was just such another. So musical, too! The Danish court was determined to show us that our great English bard knew what he was about, when he drew so attractive a Danish female. The baron seems as sensible of her merits as if he were another Hamlet himself—though that is no man I ever yet saw! She speaks English very prettily; as she can’t help, I believe, doing whatever she sets about. She said to my father, ‘How good you were, sir, to remember us! We are very much obliged, indeed.’ And then to my sister, ‘I have heard *no music* since I was here last!’

“We had also Lord Barrington, brother to my father’s good

friend Daines, and to the excellent Bishop of Salisbury. His lordship, as you know, is universally reckoned clever, witty, penetrating, and shrewd. But he bears this high character anywhere rather than in his air and look, which by no means pronounce his superiority of their own accord. Doubtless, however, he has ‘that within which passeth show;’ for there is only one voice as to his talents and merit.

“His honor, Mr. Brudenel,—but I will not again run over the names of the duplicates from the preceding concerts. I will finish my list with Lord Sandwich.

“And most welcome he made himself to us, in entering the drawing-room, by giving intelligence that he had just heard from the circumnavigators, and that our dear James was well.

“Lord Sandwich is a tall, stout man, and looks as furrowed and weather-proof as any sailor in the navy ; and like most of the old set of that brave tribe, he has good nature and joviality marked in every feature. I want to know why he is called Jemmy Twitcher in the newspapers? Do pray tell me that.

“But why do I prepare for closing my account, before I mention him for whom it was opened? namely, M. le Comte de Guignes, the French ambassador.

“He was looked upon, when he first came over, as one of the handsomest of men, as well as one of the most gallant; and his conquests amongst the fair dames of the court were in proportion with those two circumstances. I hope, therefore, now,—as I am no well-wisher to these sort of conquerors,—that his defeats, in future, will counterbalance his victories; for he is grown so fat, and looks so sleek and supine, that I think the tender tribe will henceforward be in complete safety, and may sing in full chorus, while viewing him,

“‘Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more! ’

“He was, however, very civil, and seemed well entertained; though he left an amusing laugh behind him from the pomposity of his exit; for not finding, upon quitting the music-room, with an abrupt *French leave*, half a dozen of our lackeys waiting to anticipate his orders; half a dozen of those gentlemen not being positively at hand; he indignantly and impatiently called out

aloud: '*Mes gens! où sont mes gens? Que sont ils donc devenu?* *Mes gens! Je dis! Mes gens!*'

"Previously to this, the duet had gone off with its usual eclat.

"Lord Sandwich then expressed an earnest desire to hear the baroness play: but she would not listen to him, and seemed vexed to be entreated, saying to my sister Hettina, who joined his lordship in the solicitation, 'Oh yes! it will be very pretty, indeed, after all this so fine music, to see me play a little minuet!'

"Lord Sandwich applied to my father to aid his petition; but my father, though he wished himself to hear the baroness again, did not like to tease her, when he saw her modesty of refusal was real; and consequently, that overcoming it would be painful. I am sure I could not have pressed her for the world! But Lord Sandwich, who, I suppose, is heart of oak, was not so scrupulous, and hovered over her, and would not desist; though turning her head away from him, and waving her hand to distance him, she earnestly said: 'I beg—I beg, my lord!—'

"Lord Barrington then, who, we found, was an intimate acquaintance of the ambassador, attempted to seize the waving hand; conjuring her to consent to let him lead her to the instrument.

"But she hastily drew in her hand, and exclaimed: 'Fie, fie, my lord Barrington!—so ill-natured—I should not think was you! Besides, you have heard me so often.'

"'Madame la Baronne,' replied he, with vivacity, 'I want you to play precisely because Lord Sandwich has not heard you, and because I have!'

"All, however, was in vain, till the baron came forward, and said to her, '*Ma chere*—you had better play something—anything—than give such a trouble.'

"She instantly arose, saying with a little reluctant shrug, but accompanied by a very sweet smile, 'Now this looks just as if I was like to be so much pressed!'

"She then played a slow movement of Abel's, and a minuet of Schobert's, most delightfully, and with so much soul and ex-

pression, that your Hettina could hardly have played them better.

"She is surely descended in a right line from Ophelia! only, now I think of it, Ophelia dies unmarried. That is horribly unlucky. But, oh Shakspeare!—all-knowing Shakspeare!—how came you to picture just such female beauty and sweetness and harmony in a Danish court, as was to be brought over to England so many years after, in a Danish ambassadress?

MRS. SHERIDAN.

But highest, at this season, in the highest circles of society, from the triple bewitchment of talents, beauty, and fashion, stood the fair Linley Sheridan; who now gave concerts at her own house, to which entrance was sought not only by all the votaries of taste, and admirers of musical excellence, but by all the leaders of *ton*, and their numerous followers, or slaves; with an ardour for admittance that was as eager for beholding as for listening to this matchless warbler; so astonishingly in concord were the charms of person, manners, and voice, for the eye and for the ear, of this resistless syren.

To these concerts Dr. Burney was frequently invited; where he had the pleasure, while enjoying the spirit of her conversation, the winning softness of her address, and the attraction of her smiles, to return her attention to him by the delicacy of accompaniment with which he displayed her vocal perfection.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

In the midst of this energetic life of professional exertion, family avocations, worldly prosperity and fashionable distinction, Dr. Burney lost not one moment that he could purloin either from its pleasures or its toils, to dedicate to what had long become the principal object of his cares,—his musical work.

Music, as yet, whether considered as a science or as an art, had been written upon only in partial details, to elucidate particular points of theory or of practice; but no general plan, or history of its powers, including its rise, progress, uses, and changes,

in all the known nations of the world, had ever been attempted : though, at the time Dr. Burney set out upon his tours, to procure or to enlarge materials for such a work, it singularly chanced that there started up two fellow-labourers in the same vineyard, one English, the other Italian, who were working in their studies upon the same idea—namely, Sir John Hawkins and Padre Martini. A French musical historian, also, M. de La Borde, took in hand the same subject, by a striking coincidence, nearly at the same period.

Each of their labours has now been long before the public ; and each, as usual, has received the meed of pre-eminence, according to the sympathy of its readers with the several views of the subject given by the several authors.

The impediments to all progressive expedition that stood in the way of this undertaking with Dr. Burney, were so completely beyond his controul, that, with his utmost efforts and skill, it was not till the year 1776, which was six years after the publication of his plan, that he was able to bring forth his History of Music.

And even then, it was the first volume only that he could publish ; nor was it till six years later followed by the second.

Greatly, however, to a mind like his, was every exertion repaid by the honour of its reception. The subscription, by which he had been enabled to sustain its numerous expences in books, travels, and engravings, had brilliantly been filled with the names of almost all that were most eminent in literature, high in rank, celebrated in the arts, or leading in the fashion of the day. And while the lovers of music received with eagerness every account of that art in which they delighted ; scholars, and men of letters in general, who hitherto had thought of music but as they thought of a tune that might be played or sung from imitation, were astonished at the depth of research, and almost universality of observation, reading, and meditation, which were now shown to be requisite for such an undertaking : while the manner in which, throughout the work, such varied matter was displayed, was so natural, so spirited, and so agreeable, that the History of Music not only awakened respect and admiration for its composition ; it excited, also, an animated desire, in almost the whole body of its readers, to make acquaintance with its author.

The History of Music was dedicated, by permission, to her majesty, Queen Charlotte ; and was received with even peculiar graciousness when it was presented, at the drawing-room, by the author. The queen both loved and understood the subject ; and had shown the liberal exemption of her fair mind from all petty nationality, in the frank approbation she had deigned to express of the Doctor's tours ; notwithstanding they so palpably displayed his strong preference of the Italian vocal music to that of the German.

So delighted was Doctor Burney by the condescending manner of the queen's acceptance of his musical offering, that he never thenceforward failed paying his homage to their majesties, upon the two birth-day anniversaries of those august and beloved sovereigns.

STREATHAM.

Fair was this period in the life of Dr. Burney. It opened to him a new region of enjoyment, supported by honours, and exhilarated by pleasures supremely to his taste : honours that were literary, pleasures that were intellectual. Fair was this period, though not yet was it risen to its acme : a fairer still was now advancing to his highest wishes, by free and frequent intercourse with the man in the world to whose genius and worth united, he looked up the most reverentially—Dr. Johnson.

And this intercourse was brought forward through circumstances of such infinite agreeability, that no point, however flattering, of the success that led him to celebrity, was so welcome to his honest and honourable pride, as being sought for at Streatham, and his reception at that seat of the muses.

Mrs. Thrale, the lively and enlivening lady of the mansion, was then at the height of the glowing renown which, for many years, held her in stationary superiority on that summit.

It was professionally that Dr. Burney was first invited to Streatham, by the master of that fair abode. The eldest daughter of the house was in the progress of an education fast advancing in most departments of juvenile accomplishments, when the idea of having recourse to the chief in “music's power

divine,"—Dr. Burney,—as her instructor in harmony, occurred to Mrs. Thrale.

So interesting was this new engagement to the family of Dr. Burney, which had been born and bred to a veneration of Dr. Johnson; and which had imbibed the general notion that Streatham was a coterie of wits and scholars, on a par with the blue assemblages in town of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey; that they all flocked around him, on his return from his first excursion, with eager inquiry whether Dr. Johnson had appeared; and whether Mrs. Thrale merited the brilliant plaudits of her panegyrists.

Dr. Burney, delighted with all that had passed, was as communicative as they could be inquisitive. Dr. Johnson had indeed appeared; and from his previous knowledge of Dr. Burney, had come forward to him zealously, and wearing his mildest aspect.

Twenty-two years had now elapsed since first they had opened a correspondence, that to Dr. Burney had been delightful, and of which Dr. Johnson retained a warm and pleased remembrance. The early enthusiasm for that great man, of Dr. Burney, could not have hailed a more propitious circumstance for promoting the intimacy to which he aspired, than what hung on this recollection; for kind thoughts must instinctively have clung to the breast of Dr. Johnson, towards so voluntary and disinterested a votary; who had broken forth from his own modest obscurity to offer homage to Dr. Johnson, long before his stupendous Dictionary, and more stupendous character, had raised him to his subsequent towering fame.

Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Burney had beheld as a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of female wits; surpassing, rather than equalizing, the reputation which her extraordinary endowments, and the splendid fortune which made them conspicuous, had blazoned abroad; while her social and easy good humour allayed the alarm excited by the report of her spirit of satire; which, nevertheless, he owned she unsparingly darted around her, in sallies of wit and gaiety, and the happiest spontaneous epigrams.

Mr. Thrale, the Doctor had found a man of sound sense, good

parts, good instruction, and good manners; with a liberal turn of mind, and an unaffected taste for talented society. Yet though it was every where known that Mrs. Thrale sportively, but very decidedly, called and proclaimed him her master, the Doctor never perceived in Mr. Thrale any overbearing marital authority; and soon remarked, that while, from a temper of mingled sweetness and carelessness, his wife never offered him any opposing opinion, he was too wise to be rallied, by a sarcastic nick-name, out of the rights by which he kept her excess of vivacity in order. Composedly, therefore, he was content with the appellation; though from his manly character, joined to his real admiration of her superior parts, he divested it of its commonly understood imputation of tyranny, to convert it to a mere simple truism.

But Dr. Burney soon saw that he had but little chance of aiding his young pupil in any very rapid improvement. Mrs. Thrale, who had no passion but for conversation, in which her eminence was justly her pride, continually broke into the lesson to discuss the news of the times; politics, at that period, bearing the complete sway over men's minds. But she intermingled what she related, or what she heard, with sallies so gay, so unexpected, so classically erudite, or so vivaciously entertaining, that the tutor and the pupil were alike drawn away from their studies, to an enjoyment of a less laborious, if not a less profitable description.

Dr. Johnson, who had no ear for music, had accustomed himself, like many other great writers who have had that same, and frequently sole, deficiency, to speak slightly both of the art and of its professors. And it was not till after he had become intimately acquainted with Dr. Burney and his various merits that he ceased to join in a jargon so unworthy of his liberal judgment, as that of excluding musicians and their art from celebrity.

The first symptom that he showed of a tendency to conversion upon this subject, was upon hearing the following paragraph read, accidentally, aloud by Mrs. Thrale, from the preface to the History of Music, while it was yet in manuscript.

"The love of lengthened tones and modulated sounds, seems a passion implanted in human nature, throughout the globe; as

we hear of no people, however wild and savage in other particulars, who have not music of some kind or other, with which they seem greatly delighted."

"Sir," cried Dr. Johnson, after a little pause, "this assertion I believe may be right." And then, see-sawing a minute or two on his chair, he forcibly added: "All animated nature loves music—except myself!"

Some time later, when Dr. Burney perceived that he was generally gaining ground in the house, he said to Mrs. Thrale, who had civilly been listening to some favourite air that he had been playing: "I have yet hopes, madam, with the assistance of my pupil, to see your's become a musical family. Nay, I even hope, sir," turning to Dr. Johnson, "I shall some time or other make you, also, sensible of the power of my art."

"Sir," answered the Doctor, smiling, "I shall be very glad to have a new sense put into me!"

The Tour to the Hebrides being then in hand, Dr. Burney inquired of what size and form the book would be. "Sir," he replied, with a little bow, "you are my model!"

Impelled by the same kindness, when the Doctor lamented the disappointment of the public in Hawkesworth's Voyages,—"Sir," he cried, "the public is always disappointed in books of travels;—except yours!"

And afterwards, he said that he had hardly ever read any book quite through in his life; but added: "Chamier and I, sir, however, read all your travels through;—except, perhaps, the description of the great pipes in the organs of Germany and the Netherlands!"

Mr. Thrale had lately fitted up a rational, readable, well-chosen library. It were superfluous to say that he had neither authors for show, nor bindings for vanity, when it is known, that while it was forming, he placed merely one hundred pounds in Dr. Johnson's hands for its completion; though such was his liberality, and such his opinion of the wisdom as well as knowledge of Dr. Johnson in literary matters, that he would not for a moment have hesitated to subscribe to the highest estimate that the Doctor might have proposed.

One hundred pounds, according to the expensive habits of the

present day, of decorating books like courtiers and coxcombs, rather than like students and philosophers, would scarcely purchase a single row for a book-case of the length of Mr. Thrale's at Streatham; though, under such guidance as that of Dr. Johnson, to whom all finery seemed foppery, and all foppery futility, that sum, added to the books naturally inherited, or already collected, amply sufficed for the unsophisticated reader, where no peculiar pursuit, or unlimited spirit of research, demanded a collection for reference rather than for instruction and enjoyment.

This was no sooner accomplished, than Mr. Thrale resolved to surmount these treasures for the mind by a similar regale for the eyes, in selecting the persons he most loved to contemplate, from amongst his friends and favourites, to preside over the literature that stood highest in his estimation.

And, that his portrait painter might go hand in hand in judgment with his collector of books, he fixed upon the matchless Sir Joshua Reynolds to add living excellence to dead perfection, by giving him the personal resemblance of the following elected set; every one of which occasionally made a part of the brilliant society of Streatham.

Mrs. Thrale and her eldest daughter were in one piece, over the fire-place, at full length.

The rest of the pictures were all three-quarters.

Mr. Thrale was over the door leading to his study.

The general collection then began by Lord Sandys and Lord Westcote, two early noble friends of Mr. Thrale.

Then followed,

Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Baretti, Sir Robert Chambers, and Sir Joshua Reynolds himself,—all painted in the highest style of the great master, who much delighted in this his Streatham gallery.

There was place left but for one more frame, when the acquaintance of Dr. Burney began at Streatham; and the charm of his conversation and manners, joined to his celebrity in letters, so quickly won upon the master as well as the mistress of the mansion, that he was presently selected for the honour of

filling up this last chasm in the chain of Streatham worthies. To this flattering distinction, which Dr. Burney always recognized with pleasure, the public owe the engraving of Bartolozzi, which is prefixed to the History of Music.

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

The friendship and kindness of heart of Dr. Johnson, were promptly brought into play by this renewed intercourse. Richard, the youngest son of Dr. Burney, born of the second marriage, was then preparing for Winchester school, whither his father purposed conveying him in person. This design was no sooner known at Streatham, where Richard, at that time a beautiful as well as clever boy, was in great favour with Mrs. Thrale, than Dr. Johnson volunteered an offer to accompany the father to Winchester, that he might himself present the son to Dr. Warton, the then celebrated master of that ancient receptacle for the study of youth.

Dr. Burney, enchanted by such a mark of regard, gratefully accepted the proposal; and they set out together for Winchester, where Dr. Warton expected them with ardent hospitality. The acquaintance of Dr. Burney he had already sought with literary liberality, having kindly given him notice, through the medium of Mr. Garrick, of a manuscript treatise on music in the Winchester collection. There was, consequently, already an opening to pleasure in their meeting: but the master's reception of Dr. Johnson, from the high-wrought sense of the honour of such a visit, was rather rapturous than glad. Dr. Warton was always called an enthusiast by Dr. Johnson, who, at times, when in gay spirits, and with those with whom he trusted their ebullition, would take off Dr. Warton with the strongest humour: describing, almost convulsively, the extasy with which he would seize upon the person nearest to him, to hug in his arms, lest his grasp should be eluded, while he displayed some picture, or some prospect; and indicated, in the midst of contortions and gestures that violently and ludicrously shook, if they did not affright his captive, the particular point of view, or of design, that he wished should be noticed.

This Winchester visit, besides the permanent impression made by its benevolence, considerably quickened the march of intimacy of Dr. Burney with the great lexicographer, by the *tête à tête* journey to and from Winchester; in which there was not only the ease of companionability, to dissipate the modest awe of intellectual super-eminence, but also the certitude of not being obtrusive; since, thus coupled in a post-chaise, Dr. Johnson had no choice of occupation, and no one else to whom to turn.

Far, however, from Dr. Johnson, upon this occasion, was any desire of change, or any requisition for variety. The spirit of Dr. Burney, with his liveliness of communication, drew out the mighty stores which Dr. Johnson had amassed upon nearly every subject, with an amenity that brought forth his genius in its very essence, cleared from all turbid dregs of heated irritability; and Dr. Burney never looked back to this Winchester tour but with recollected pleasure.

Nor was this the sole exertion in favour of Dr. Burney, of this admirable friend. He wrote various letters to his own former associates, and to his newer connections at Oxford, recommending to them to facilitate, with their best power, the researches of the musical historian. And some time afterwards, he again took a seat in the chair of Dr. Burney, and accompanied him in person to that university; where every head of college, professor, and even general member, vied one with another in coupling, in every mark of civility, their rising approbation of Dr. Burney, with their established reverence for Dr. Johnson.

Most willingly, indeed, would this great and excellent man have made, had he seen occasion, far superior efforts in favour of Dr. Burney; an excursion almost any where being, in fact, so agreeable to his taste, as to be always rather a pleasure to him than a fatigue.

His vast abilities, in truth, were too copious for the small scenes, objects, and interests of the little world in which he lived;* and frequently must he have felt both curbed and

* This has reference wholly to Bolt-court, where he constantly retained his home: at Streatham, continually as he there resided, it was always as a guest.

damped by the utter insufficiency of such minor scenes, objects, and interests, to occupy powers such as his of conception and investigation. To avow this he was far too wise, lest it should seem a scorn of his fellow-creatures; and, indeed, from his internal humility, it is possible that he was not himself aware of the great chasm that separated him from the herd of mankind, when not held to it by the ties of benevolence or of necessity.

To talk of humility and Dr. Johnson together, may, perhaps, make the few who remember him smile, and the many who have only heard of him stare. But his humility was not that of thinking more lowlily of himself than of others; it was simply that of thinking so lowlily of others, as to hold his own conscious superiority of but small scale in the balance of intrinsic excellence.

After these excursions, the intercourse of Dr. Burney with Streatham became so friendly, that Mrs. Thrale desired to make acquaintance with the Doctor's family, and Dr. Johnson, at the same time, requested to examine the Doctor's books; while both wished to see the house of Sir Isaac Newton.

An account of this beginning connection with St. Martin's street was drawn up by the present editor, at the earnest desire of the revered Chesington family friend, Mr. Crisp; whom she had just, and most reluctantly, quitted a day or two before this first visit from Streatham took place.

This little narration she now consigns to these memoirs, as naturally belonging to the progress of the friendship of Dr. Burney with Dr. Johnson; and not without hope that this genuine detail of the first appearance of Dr. Johnson in St. Martin's street, may afford to the reader some share of the entertainment which it afforded to the then young writer.

“To Samuel Crisp, Esq., Chesington, near Kingston, Surrey.

“ My Dearest Mr. Crisp,—My father seemed well pleased at my returning to my time; so that is no small consolation and pleasure to me for the pain of quitting you. So now to our Thursday morning and Dr. Johnson, according to my promise.

“ We were all—by we, I mean Suzette, Charlotte, and I,—for my mother had seen him before, as had my sister Burney;

but we three were all in a twitter; from violent expectation and curiosity for the sight of this monarch of books and authors.

“Mrs. and Miss Thrale, Miss Owen, and Mr. Seward, came long before Lexiphanes. Mrs. Thrale is a pretty woman still, though she has some defect in the mouth that looks like a cut, or sear; but her nose is very handsome, her complexion very fair; she has the *embonpoint charmant*, and her eyes are blue and lustrous. She is extremely lively and chatty, and showed none of the supercilious or pedantic airs, so freely, or, rather, so scoffingly attributed, by you envious lords of the creation, to women of learning or celebrity; on the contrary, she is full of sport, remarkably gay, and excessively agreeable. I liked her in every thing except her entrance into the room, which was rather florid and flourishing, as who should say, ‘It’s I!—No less a person than Mrs. Thrale!’ However, all that ostentation wore out in the course of the visit, which lasted the whole morning; and you could not have helped liking her, she is so very entertaining—though not simple enough, I believe, for quite winning your heart.

“Miss Thrale seems just verging on her teens. She is certainly handsome, and her beauty is of a peculiar sort; fair, round, firm, and cherubimical; with its chief charm exactly where lies the mother’s failure—namely, in the mouth. She is reckoned cold and proud; but I believe her to be merely shy and reserved; you, however, would have liked her, and called her a girl of fashion; for she was very silent, but very observant; and never looked tired, though she never uttered a syllable.

“Miss Owen, who is a relation of Mrs. Thrale, is good-humoured and sensible enough. She is a sort of butt, and as such is a general favourite; though she is a willing, and not a mean butt; for she is a woman of family and fortune. But those sort of characters are prodigiously popular, from their facility of giving liberty of speech to the wit and pleasantry of others, without risking for themselves any return of the ‘retort courteous.’

“Mr. Seward, who seems to be quite at home among them, appears to be a penetrating, polite, and agreeable young man. Mrs. Thrale says of him, that he does good to every body, but speaks well of nobody.

"The conversation was supported with a great deal of vivacity, as usual when il Signor Padrone is at home; but I can write you none of it, as I was still in the same twitter, twitter, twitter, I have acknowledged, to see Dr. Johnson. Nothing could have heightened my impatience—unless Pope could have been brought to life again—or, perhaps, Shakspeare!

"This confab. was broken up by a duet between your Hettina, and, for the first time to company-listeners, Suzette; who, however, escaped much fright, for she soon found she had no musical critics to encounter in Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Seward, or Miss Owen; who know not a flat from a sharp, nor a crotchet from a quaver. But every knowledge is not given to every body—except to two gentle wights of my acquaintance: the one commonly hight il Padre, and the other il Dadda. Do you know any such sort of people, sir?

"In the midst of this performance, and before the second movement was come to a close,—Dr. Johnson was announced!

"Now, my dear Mr. Crisp, if you like a description of emotions and sensations—but I know you treat them all as burlesque—so let's proceed.

"Every body rose to do him honour; and he returned the attention with the most formal courtesy. My father, then, having welcomed him with the warmest respect, whispered to him that music was going forward; which he would not, my father thinks, have found out; and placing him on the best seat vacant, told his daughters to go on with the duet; while Dr. Johnson, intently rolling towards them one eye—for they say he does not see with the other—made a grave nod, and gave a dignified motion with one hand, in silent approvance of the proceeding.

"But now, my dear Mr. Crisp, I am mortified to own, what you, who always smile at my enthusiasm, will hear without caring a straw for—that he is, indeed, very ill-favoured! Yet he has naturally a noble figure; tall, stout, grand, and authoritative: but he stoops horribly; his back is quite round: his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; he has a singular method of twirling his fingers, and twisting his hands: his vast body is in constant agitation,

see-sawing backwards and forwards: his feet are never a moment quiet; and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from his chair to the floor.

"Since such is his appearance to a person so prejudiced in his favour as I am, how must I more than ever reverence his abilities, when I tell you that, upon asking my father why he had not prepared us for such uncouth, untoward strangeness, he laughed heartily, and said he had entirely forgotten that the same impression had been, at first, made upon himself; but had been lost even on the second interview—

"How I long to see him again, to lose it, too!—for, knowing the value of what would come out when he spoke, he ceased to observe the defects that were out while he was silent.

"But you always charge me to write without reserve or reservation, and so I obey as usual. Else, I should be ashamed to acknowledge having remarked such exterior blemishes in so exalted a character.

"His dress, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on all his *best becomes*, for he was engaged to dine with a very fine party at Mrs. Montagu's, was as much out of the common road as his figure. He had a large, full, bushy wig, a snuff-colour coat, with gold buttons (or, peradventure, brass), but no ruffles to his doughty fists; and not, I suppose, to be taken for a blue, though going to the Blue Queen, he had on very coarse black worsted stockings.

"He is shockingly near-sighted; a thousand times more so than either my Padre or myself. He did not even know Mrs. Thrale, till she held out her hand to him, which she did very engagingly. After the first few minutes, he drew his chair close to the piano-forte, and then bent down his nose quite over the keys, to examine them, and the four hands at work upon them; till poor Hetty and Susan hardly knew how to play on, for fear of touching his phiz; or, which was harder still, how to keep their countenances; and the less, as Mr. Seward, who seems to be very droll and shrewd, and was much diverted, ogled them slyly, with a provoking expression of arch enjoyment of their apprehensions.

"When the duet was finished, my father introduced your

Hettina to him as an old acquaintance, to whom, when she was a little girl, he had presented his *Idler*.

“ His answer to this was imprinting on her pretty face—not a half touch of a courtly salute—but a good, real, substantial, and very loud kiss.

“ Every body was obliged to stroke their chins, that they might hide their mouths.

“ Beyond this chaste embrace, his attention was not to be drawn off two minutes longer from the books, to which he now strided his way; for we had left the drawing-room for the library, on account of the piano-forte. He pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost brushing them with his eye-lashes from near examination. At last, fixing upon something that happened to hit his fancy, he took it down, and standing aloof from the company, which he seemed clean and clear to forget, he began, without further ceremony, and very composedly, to read to himself; and as intently as if he had been alone in his own study.

“ We were all excessively provoked: for we were languishing, fretting, expiring to hear him talk—not to see him read!—what could that do for us?

“ My sister then played another duet, accompanied by my father, to which Miss Thrale seemed very attentive; and all the rest quietly resigned. But Dr. Johnson had opened a volume of the *British Encyclopedia*, and was so deeply engaged, that the music, probably, never reached his ears.

“ When it was over, Mrs. Thrale, in a laughing manner, said: ‘ Pray, Dr. Burney, will you be so good as to tell me what that song was, and whose, which Savoi sung last night at Bach’s concert, and which you did not hear?’

“ My father confessed himself by no means so able a diviner, not having had time to consult the stars, though he lived in the house of Sir Isaac Newton. But anxious to draw Dr. Johnson into conversation, he ventured to interrupt him with Mrs. Thrale’s conjuring request relative to Bach’s concert.

“ The Doctor, comprehending his drift, good-naturedly put away his book, and see-sawing, with a very humorous smile, drolly repeated, ‘ Bach, sir?—Bach’s concert?—And pray, sir, who is Bach?—Is he a piper?’

" You may imagine what exclamations followed such a question.

" Mrs. Thrale gave a detailed account of the nature of the concert, and the fame of Mr. Bach ; and the many charming performances she had heard, with all their varieties, in his rooms.

" When there was a pause, ' Pray, madam,' said he, with the calmest gravity, ' what is the expense for all this ? '

" ' O,' answered she, ' the expense is—much trouble and solicitation to obtain a subscriber's ticket—or else, half-a-guinea,'

" ' Trouble and solicitation,' he replied, ' I will have nothing to do with !—but, if it be so fine,—I would be willing to give,' —he hesitated, and then finished with—' eighteen pence.'

" Ha! ha!—Chocolate being then brought, we returned to the drawing-room ; and Dr. Johnson, when drawn away from the books, freely, and with social good humour, gave himself up to conversation.

" The intended dinner of Mrs. Montagu being mentioned, Dr. Johnson laughingly told us that he had received the most flattering note that he had ever read, or that any body else had ever read, of invitation from that lady.

" ' So have I, too,' cried Mrs. Thrale. ' So, if a note from Mrs. Montagu is to be boasted of, I beg mine may not be forgotten.'

" ' Your note, madam,' cried Dr. Johnson, smiling, ' can bear no comparison with mine ; for I am at the head of all the philosophers—she says.'

" ' And I,' returned Mrs. Thrale, ' have all the muses in my train.'

" ' A fair battle !' cried my father ; ' come ! compliment for compliment ; and see who will hold out longest.'

" ' I am afraid of Mrs. Thrale,' said Mr. Seward ; ' for I know that Mrs. Montagu exerts all her forces, when she sings the praises of Dr. Johnson.'

" ' O yes ?' cried Mrs. Thrale, ' she has often praised him till he has been ready to faint.'

" ' Well,' said my father, ' you two ladies must get him fairly between you to-day, and see which can lay on the paint the thickest, Mrs. Montagu or Mrs. Thrale.'

"‘I had rather,’ said the Doctor, very composedly, ‘go to Bach’s concert!’

“Ha! ha! What a compliment to all three!

“After this, they talked of Mr. Garrick, and his late exhibition before the king; to whom, and to the queen and the royal family, he has been reading *Lethe* in character; *c'est à dire*, in different voices, and theatrically.

“Mr. Seward gave an amusing account of a fable which Mr. Garrick had written by way of prologue, or introduction, upon this occasion. In this he says, that a blackbird, grown old and feeble, droops his wings, &c. &c., and gives up singing; but, upon being called upon by the eagle, his voice recovers its powers, his spirits revive, and he sets age at defiance, and sings better than ever.

“‘There is not,’ said Dr. Johnson, again beginning to see-saw, ‘much of the spirit of fabulosity in this fable; for the call of an eagle never yet had much tendency to restore the warbling of a blackbird!’ Tis true, the fabulists frequently make the wolves converse with the lambs; but then, when the conversation is over, the lambs are always devoured! And, in that manner, the eagle, to be sure, may entertain the blackbird—but the entertainment always ends in a feast for the eagle.’

“‘They say,’ cried Mrs. Thrale, ‘that Garrick was extremely hurt by the coldness of the king’s applause; and that he did not find his reception such as he had expected.’

“‘He has been so long accustomed,’ said Mr. Seward, ‘to the thundering acclamation of a theatre, that mere calm approbation must necessarily be insipid, nay, dispiriting to him.’

“‘Sir,’ said Dr. Johnson, ‘he has no right, in a royal apartment, to expect the hallooing and clamour of the one shilling gallery. The king, I doubt not, gave him as much applause as was rationally his due. And, indeed, great and uncommon as is the merit of Mr. Garrick, no man will be bold enough to assert that he has not had his just proportion both of fame and profit. He has long reigned the unequalled favourite of the public; and therefore nobody, we may venture to say, will mourn his hard lot, if the king and the royal family were not transported into rapture upon hearing him read *Lethe*! But

yet, Mr. Garrick will complain to his friends ; and his friends will lament the king's want of feeling and taste. But then—Mr. Garrick will kindly excuse the king. He will say that his majesty—might, perhaps, be thinking of something else !—That the affairs of America might, possibly, occur to him—or some other subject of state, more important—perhaps—than Lethe. But though he will candidly say this himself,—he will not easily forgive his friends if they do not contradict him !'

"But now, that I have written you this satire of our immortal Roscius, it is but just, both to Mr. Garrick and to Dr. Johnson, that I should write to you what was said afterwards, when, with equal humour and candour, Mr. Garrick's general character was discriminated by Dr. Johnson.

"‘Garrick,’ he said, ‘is accused of vanity ; but few men would have borne such unremitting prosperity with greater, if with equal, moderation. He is accused, too, of avarice, though he lives rather like a prince than an actor. But the frugality he practiced when he first appeared in the world, has put a stamp upon his character ever since. And now, though his table, his equipage, and his establishment, are equal to those of persons of the most splendid rank, the original stain of avarice still bloats his name ! And yet, had not his early, and perhaps necessary economy, fixed upon him the charge of thrift, he would long since have been reproached with that of luxury.’

“Another time he said of him, ‘Garrick never enters a room, but he regards himself as the object of general attention, from whom the entertainment of the company is expected. And true it is, that he seldom disappoints the expectation : for he has infinite humour, a very just proportion of wit, and more convivial pleasantry than almost any man living. But then, off as well as on the stage—he is always an actor ! for he holds it so incumbent upon him to be sportive, that his gaiety, from being habitual, is become mechanical : and he can exert his spirits at all times alike, without any consultation of his disposition to hilarity.’

“I can recollect nothing more, my dear Mr. Crisp. So I beg your benediction, and bid you adieu.”

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The accession of the musical historian to the Streatham coterie, was nearly as desirable to Dr. Johnson himself, as it could be to its new member ; and, with reciprocated vivacity in seeking the society of each other, they went thither, and returned thence to their homes, in *tête à tête* junctions, by every opportunity.

In his chronological doggrel list of his friends and his feats, Dr. Burney has inserted the following lines upon the Streatham connection.

“ 1776.

“ This year I acquaintance began with the Thrales,
Where I met with great talents 'mongst females and males :
But the best thing that happened from that time to this,
Was the freedom it gave me to sound the abyss,
At my ease and my leisure, of Johnson's great mind,
Where new treasures unnumbered I constantly find.
Huge Briareus's head, if old bards have not blundered,
Amounted in all to the sum of one hundred ;
And Johnson,—so wide his intelligence spreads,
Has the brains of—at least—the same number of heads.”

DR. JOHNSON AND THE GREVILLES.

A few months after the Streathamite morning visit to St. Martin's street that has been narrated, an evening party was arranged by Dr. Burney, for bringing thither again Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, at the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Greville, and Mrs. Crewe ; who wished, under the quiet roof of Dr. Burney, to make acquaintance with those celebrated personages.

This meeting, though more fully furnished with materials, produced not the same spirit or interest as its predecessor ; and it owed, unfortunately, its miscarriage to the anxious efforts of Dr. Burney for heightening its success.

To take off, as he hoped, what might be stiff or formidable in an appointed encounter between persons of such highly famed conversational powers, who, absolute strangers to one another, must emulously, on each side, wish to shine with superior lustre, he determined

To mingle sweet discourse with music sweet;

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and to vary, as well as soften, the energy of intellectual debate, by the science and the sweetness of instrumental harmony. But the lovers of music, and the adepts in conversation, are rarely in true unison. Exceptions only form, not mar a rule; as witness Messieurs Crisp, Twining, and Bewley, who were equally eminent for musical and for mental melody: but, in general, the discourse-votaries think time thrown away, or misapplied, that is not devoted exclusively to the powers of reason; while the votaries of harmony deem pleasure and taste discarded, where precedence is not accorded to the melting delight of modulated sounds.

The party consisted of Dr. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Crewe, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Thrale; Signor Piozzi, Mr. Charles Burney, the Doctor, his wife, and four of his daughters.

Mr. Greville, in manner, mien, and high personal presentation, was still the superb Mr. Greville of other days; though from a considerable diminution of the substantial possessions which erst had given him pre-eminence at the clubs and on the turf, the splendour of his importance was now superseded by newer and richer claimants. And even in *ton* and fashion, though his rank in life kept him a certain place, his influence, no longer seconded by fortune, was on the wane.

Mrs. Greville, whose decadence was in that very line in which alone her husband escaped it,—personal beauty,—had lost, at an early period, her external attractions, from the excessive thinness that had given to her erst fine and most delicate small features, a cast of sharpness so keen and meagre, that, joined to the shrewdly intellectual expression of her countenance, made her seem fitted to sit for a portrait, such as might have been delineated by Spencer, of a penetrating, puissant, and sarcastic fairy queen. She still, however, preserved her early fame; her Ode to Indifference having twined around her brow a garland of wide-spreading and unfading fragrance.

Mrs. Crewe seemed to inherit from both parents only what was best. She was still in a blaze of beauty that her happy and justly poised *embonpoint* preserved, with a roseate freshness,

that eclipsed even juvenile rivalry, not then alone, but nearly to the end of a long life.

With all the unavoidable consciousness of only looking, only speaking, only smiling, to give pleasure and receive homage, Mrs. Crewe, even from her earliest days, had evinced an intuitive eagerness for the sight of whoever or whatever was original, or peculiar, that gave her a lively taste for acquiring information; not deep, indeed, nor scientific; but intelligent, communicative, and gay. She had earnestly, therefore, availed herself of an opportunity thus free from parade or trouble, of taking an intimate view of so celebrated a philosopher as Dr. Johnson; of whom she wished to form a personal judgment, confirmatory or contradictory, of the rumours, pro and contra, that had instigated her curiosity.

Mr. Thrale, also, was willing to be present at this interview, from which he flattered himself with receiving much diversion, through the literary skirmishes, the pleasant retorts courteous, and the sharp-pointed repartees, that he expected to hear reciprocated between Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Thrale, and Dr. Johnson: for though entirely a man of peace, and a gentleman in his character, he had a singular amusement in hearing, instigating, and provoking a war of words, alternating triumph and overthrow, between clever and ambitious colloquial combatants, where, as here, there was nothing that could inflict disgrace upon defeat.

And this, indeed, in a milder degree, was the idea of entertainment from the meeting that had generally been conceived. But the first step taken by Dr. Burney for social conciliation, which was calling for a cantata from Signor Piozzi, turned out, on the contrary, the herald to general discomfiture; for it cast a damp of delay upon the mental gladiators, that dimmed the brightness of the spirit with which, it is probable, they had meant to vanquish each other.

Piozzi, a first-rate singer, whose voice was deliciously sweet, and whose expression was perfect, sung in his very best manner, from his desire to do honour to *il Capo di Casa*; but *il Capo di Casa* and his family alone did justice to his strains; neither the Grevilles nor the Thrales heeded music beyond what belonged to it as fashion: the expectations of the Greville's

were all occupied by Dr. Johnson ; and those of the Thrales by the authoress of the Ode to Indifference. When Piozzi, therefore, arose, the party remained as little advanced in any method or pleasure for carrying on the evening, as upon its first entrance into the room.

Mr. Greville, who had been curious to see, and who intended to examine this leviathan of literature, as Dr. Johnson was called in the current pamphlets of the day, considered it to be his proper post to open the campaign of the *conversatione*. But he had heard so much, from his friend Topham Beauclerk, whose highest honour was that of classing himself as one of the friends of Dr. Johnson ; not only of the bright intellect with which the Doctor brought forth his wit and knowledge ; and of the splendid talents with which he displayed them when they were aptly met ; but also of the overwhelming ability with which he dismounted and threw into the mire of ridicule and shame, the antagonist who ventured to attack him with any species of sarcasm, that he was cautious how to encounter so tremendous a literary athletic. He thought it, therefore, most consonant to his dignity to leave his own character as an author in the back ground ; and to take the field with the aristocratic armour of pedigree and distinction. Aloof, therefore, he kept from all ; and, assuming his most supercilious air of distant superiority, planted himself, immovable as a noble statue, upon the hearth, as if a stranger to the whole set.

Mrs. Greville would willingly have entered the lists herself, but that she naturally concluded Dr. Johnson would make the advances.

And Mrs. Crewe, to whom all this seemed odd and unaccountable, but to whom, also, from her love of any thing unusual, it was secretly amusing, sat perfectly passive in silent observance.

Dr. Johnson, himself, had come with the full intention of passing two or three hours, with well chosen companions, in social elegance. His own expectations, indeed, were small—for what could meet their expansion? his wish, however, to try all sorts and all conditions of persons, as far as belonged to their intellect, was unqualified and unlimited ; and gave to him nearly

as much desire to see others, as his great fame gave to others to see his eminent self. But his signal peculiarity in regard to society, could not be surmised by strangers; and was as yet unknown even to Dr. Burney. This was that, notwithstanding the superior powers with which he followed up every given subject, he scarcely ever began one himself; or to use the phrase of Sir W. W. Pepys, originated; though the masterly manner in which, as soon as any topic was started, he seized it in all its bearings, had so much the air of belonging to the leader of the discourse, that this singularity was unnoticed and unsuspected, save by the experienced observation of long years of acquaintance.

Not, therefore, being summoned to hold forth, he remained silent; composedly at first, and afterwards abstractedly.

Dr. Burney now began to feel considerably embarrassed; though still he cherished hopes of ultimate relief from some auspicious circumstance that, sooner or later, would operate, he hoped, in his favour, through the magnetism of congenial talents.

Vainly, however, he sought to elicit some observations that might lead to dissenting discourse; all his attempts received only quiet, acquiescent replies, "signifying nothing." Every one was awaiting some spontaneous opening from Dr. Johnson; Mrs. Thrale, of the whole coterie, was alone at her ease. She feared not Dr. Johnson; for fear made no part of her composition; and with Mrs. Greville, as a fair rival genius, she would have been glad, from curiosity, to have had the honour of a little tilt, in full carelessness of its event; for though triumphant when victorious, she had spirits so volatile, and such utter exemption from envy or spleen, that she was gaily free from mortification when vanquished. But she knew the meeting to have been fabricated for Dr. Johnson; and, therefore, though not without difficulty, constrained herself to be passive.

When, however, she observed the sardonic disposition of Mr. Greville to stare around him at the whole company in curious silence, she felt a defiance against his aristocracy beat in every pulse; for, however grandly he might look back to the long ancestry of the Brookes and the Grevilles, she had a glow-

ing consciousness that her own blood, rapid and fluent, flowed in her veins from Adam of Saltsberg; and, at length, provoked by the dullness of a taciturnity that in the midst of such renowned interlocutors, produced as narcotic a torpor as could have been caused by a dearth the most barren of human faculties; she grew tired of the music, and yet more tired of remaining, what as little suited her inclinations as her abilities, a mere cipher in the company; and, holding such a position, and all its concomitants, to be ridiculous, her spirits rose rebelliously above her controul; and, in a fit of utter recklessness of what might be thought of her by her fine new acquaintance, she suddenly, but softly, arose, and stealing on tip-toe behind Signor Piozzi, who was accompanying himself on the piano-forte to an animated *aria parlante*, with his back to the company, and his face to the wall; she ludicrously began imitating him by squaring her elbows, elevating them with ecstatic shrugs of the shoulders, and casting up her eyes, while languishingly reclining her head; as if she were not less enthusiastically, though somewhat more suddenly, struck with the transports of harmony than himself.

This grotesque ebullition of ungovernable gaiety was not perceived by Dr. Johnson, who faced the fire with his back to the performer and the instrument. But the amusement which such an unlooked for exhibition caused to the party, was momentary; for Dr. Burney, shocked lest the poor Signor should observe, and be hurt by this mimicry, glided gently round to Mrs. Thrale, and, with something between pleasantry and severity, whispered to her, "Because, madam, you have no ear yourself for music, will you destroy the attention of all who, in that one point, are otherwise gifted?"

It was now that shone the brightest attribute of Mrs. Thrale, sweetness of temper. She took this rebuke with a candour, and a sense of its justice the most amiable; she nodded her approbation of the admonition; and, returning to her chair, quietly sat down, as she afterwards said, like a pretty little miss, for the remainder of one of the most humdrum evenings that she had ever passed.

Strange, indeed, strange and most strange, the event considered, was this opening intercourse between Mrs. Thrale and

Signor Piozzi. Little could she imagine that the person she was thus called away from holding up to ridicule, would become, but a few years afterwards, the idol of her fancy and the lord of her destiny! And little did the company present imagine, that this burlesque scene was but the first of a drama the most extraordinary of real life, of which these two persons were to be the hero and the heroine: though, when the catastrophe was known, this incident, witnessed by so many, was recollected and repeated from coterie to coterie throughout London, with comments and sarcasms of endless variety.

The most innocent person of all that went forward was the laurelled chief of the little association, Dr. Johnson; who, though his love for Dr. Burney made it a pleasure to him to have been included in the invitation, marvelled, probably, by this time, since uncalled upon to distinguish himself, why he had been bidden to the meeting. But, as the evening advanced, he wrapt himself up in his own thoughts, in a manner it was frequently less difficult to him to do than to let alone, and became completely absorbed in silent ruminations: sustaining, nevertheless, a grave and composed demeanour, with an air by no means wanting in dignity any more than in urbanity.

Very unexpectedly, however, ere the evening closed, he showed himself alive to what surrounded him, by one of those singular starts of vision, that made him seem at times,—though purblind to things in common, and to things inanimate,—gifted with an eye of instinct for espying any action or position that he thought merited reprobation: for, all at once, looking fixedly on Mr. Greville, who, without much self-denial, the night being very cold, pertinaciously kept his station before the chimney-piece, he exclaimed: “If it were not for depriving the ladies of the fire,—I should like to stand upon the hearth myself.”

A smile gleamed upon every face at this pointed speech. Mr. Greville tried to smile himself, though faintly and scoffingly. He tried, also, to hold to his post, as if determined to disregard so cavalier a liberty: but the sight of every eye around him cast down, and every visage struggling vainly to appear serious, disconcerted him; and though, for two or three minutes, he disdained to move, the awkwardness of a général pause im-

pelled him, ere long, to glide back to his chair ; but he rang the bell with force as he passed it, to order his carriage.

It is probable that Dr. Johnson had observed the high air and mien of Mr. Greville, and had purposely brought forth that remark to disenchant him from his self-consequence.

The party then broke up ; and no one from amongst it ever asked, or wished for its repetition.

If the mode of the first queen of the *Bas Bleu* Societies, Mrs. Vesey, had there been adopted, for destroying the formality of the circle, the party would certainly have been less scrupulously ceremonious ; for if any two of the gifted persons present had been jostled unaffectedly together, there can be little doubt that the plan and purpose of Dr. Burney would have been answered by a spirited conversation. But neither then, nor since, has so happy a confusion to all order of etiquette been instituted, as was set afloat by that remarkable lady ; whose amiable and intelligent simplicity made her follow up the suggestions of her singular fancy, without being at all aware that she did not follow those of common custom.

LADY MARY DUNCAN.

Lady Mary Duncan, the great patroness of Pacchierotti, was one of the most singular females of her day, for parts utterly uncultivated, and mother wit completely untrammelled by the etiquettes of custom. She singled out Dr. Burney from her passion for his art ; and attached herself to his friendship from her esteem for his character ; joined to their entire sympathy in taste, feeling and judgment, upon the merits of Pacchierotti.

This lady displayed in conversation a fund of humour, comic and fantastic in the extreme, and more than bordering on the burlesque, through the extraordinary grimaces with which she enforced her meaning ; and the risible abruptness of a quick transition from the sternest authority to the most facetious good fellowship, with which she frequently altered the expression of her countenance while in debate.

Her general language was a jargon entirely her own, and so enveloped with strange phrases, ludicrously ungrammatical, that

it was hardly intelligible, till an exordium or two gave some insight into its peculiarities; but then it commonly unfolded into sound, and even sagacious panegyric of some favourite; or sharp sarcasm, and extravagant mimicry, upon some one who had incurred her displeasure. Her wrath, however, once promulgated, seemed to operate by its utterance as a vent that disburthened her mind of all its angry workings; and led her cordially to join her laugh with that of her hearers; without either inquiry, or care, whether that laugh were at her sayings or at herself.

She was constantly dressed according to the costume of her early days, in a hoop, with a long pointed stomacher and long pointed ruffles; and a fly cap. She had a manly courage, a manly stamp, and a manly hard-featured face: but her heart was as invariably generous and good, as her manners were original and grotesque.

EVELINA;

OR, A YOUNG LADY'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD.

A subject now propels itself forward that might better, it is probable, become any pen than that on which it here devolves. It cannot, however, be set aside in the memoirs of Dr. Burney, to whom, and to the end of his life, it proved a permanent source of deep and bosom interest; and the editor, with less unwillingness, though with conscious awkwardness, approaches this egotistic history, from some recent information that the obscurity in which its origin was encircled, has left, even yet, a spur to curiosity and conjecture.

It seems, therefore, a devoir due to the singleness of truth, to cut short any future vague assertion on this small subject, by an explicit narration of a simple, though rather singular tale; which, little as in itself it can be worthy of particular attention, may not wholly, perhaps, be unamusing, from the celebrated characters that must necessarily be involved in its relation; at the head of which, at this present moment, she is tempted to disclose, in self-defence!—a proud self-defence!—

of this personal obtrusion, the LIVING* names of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Rogers, who, in a visit with which they favoured her in 1826, repeated some of the fabrications to which this mystery of her early life still gave rise; and condescended to solicit a recital of the real history of Evelina's *Entrance into the World*.

This she instantly communicated; though so incoherently, from the embarrassment of the subject, and its long absence from her thoughts, that, having since collected documents to refresh her memory, she ventures, in gratefully dedicating the little incident to these illustrious inquisitors, to insert its details in these memoirs—to which, parentally, it in fact belongs.^t

FRANCES, the second daughter of Dr. Burney, was during her childhood the most backward of all his family in the faculty of receiving instruction. At eight years of age she was ignorant of the letters of the alphabet; though at ten, she began scribbling, almost incessantly, little works of invention; but always in private; and in scrawling characters, illegible, save to herself.

One of her most remote remembrances, previously to this writing mania, is that of hearing a neighbouring lady recom-

* This was written in the year 1828.

† The first volume of this work was nearly printed, when the editor had the grief of hearing that Sir Walter Scott was no more. In the general sorrow that his loss has spread throughout the British Empire, she presumes not to speak of her own; but she cannot persuade herself to annul the little tribute, by which she had meant to demonstrate to him her sense of the vivacity with which he had sought out her dwelling; invited her to the hospitality of his daughters at Abbotsford; and courteously, nay, eagerly offered to do the honours of Scotland to her himself, from that celebrated abode.

In a subsequent visit with which he honoured and delighted her in the following year, she produced to him the scraps of documents and fragments which she had collected from ancient diaries and letters, in consequence of his inquiries. Pleased he looked: but told her that what already she had related, already—to use his own word—he had "noted;" adding, "And most particularly, I have not forgotten your mulberry tree!"

This little history, however, was so appropriately his own, and was written so expressly with a view to its dedication, that still, with veneration—though with sadness instead of gladness—she leaves the brief exordium of her intended homage in its original state. And the less reluctantly, as the companion of his kindness and his interrogatories will still—she hopes—accept, and not unwillingly, his own share in the small offering.

mend to Mrs. Burney, her mother, to quicken the indolence, or stupidity, whichever it might be, of the little dunce, by the chastening ordinances of Solomon. The alarm, however, of that little dunce, at a suggestion so wide from the maternal measures that had been practised in her childhood, was instantly superseded by a joy of gratitude and surprise that still rests upon her recollection, when she heard gently murmured in reply, "No, no,—I am not uneasy about her!"

But, alas! the soft music of those encouraging accents had already ceased to vibrate on human ears, before these scrambling pot-hooks had begun their operation of converting into elegies, odes, plays, songs, stories, farces,—nay, tragedies and epic poems, every scrap of white paper that could be seized upon without question or notice; for she grew up, probably through the vanity-annihilating circumstances of this conscious intellectual disgrace, with so affrighted a persuasion that what she scribbled, if seen, would but expose her to ridicule, that her pen, though her greatest, was only her clandestine delight.

To one confidant, indeed, all was open; but the fond partiality of the juvenile Susanna made her opinion of little weight; though the affection of her praise rendered the stolen moments of their secret readings the happiest of their adolescent lives.

From the time, however, that she attained her fifteenth year, she considered it her duty to combat this writing passion as illaudable, because fruitless. Seizing, therefore, an opportunity, when Dr. Burney was at Chesington, and the then Mrs. Burney, her mother-in-law, was in Norfolk, she made over to a bonfire, in a paved play-court, her whole stock of prose goods and chattels; with the sincere intention to extinguish for ever in their ashes her scribbling propensity. But Hudibras too well says—

"He who complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still."

This grand feat, therefore, which consumed her productions, extirpated neither the invention nor the inclination that had given them birth; and, in defiance of all the projected heroism of the sacrifice, the last of the little works that was immolated,

which was the history of Carolina Evelyn, the mother of Evelina, left upon the mind of the writer so animated an impression of the singular situations to which that Caroline's infant daughter,—from the unequal birth by which she hung suspended between the elegant connections of her mother, and the vulgar ones of her grandmother,—might be exposed ; and presented contrasts and mixtures of society so unusual, yet, thus circumstanced, so natural, that irresistible and almost unconsciously, the whole of *A Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, was pent up in the inventor's memory ere a paragraph was committed to paper.

Writing, indeed, was far more difficult to her than composing; for that demanded what she rarely found attainable—secret opportunity : while composition, in that hay-day of imagination, called only for volition.

When the little narrative, however slowly, from the impediments that always annoy what requires secrecy, began to assume a “questionable shape;” a wish—as vague, at first, as it was fantastic—crossed the brain of the writer, to “see her work in print.”

She communicated, under promise of inviolable silence, this idea to her sisters ; who entered into it with much more amusement than surprise, as they well knew her taste for quaint sport ; and were equally aware of the sensitive affright with which she shrank from all personal remark.

She now copied the manuscript in a feigned hand ; for as she was the Doctor's principal amanuensis, she feared her common writing might accidentally be seen by some compositor of the History of Music, and lead to detection.

She grew weary, however, ere long, of an exercise so merely manual ; and had no sooner completed a copy of the first and second volumes, than she wrote a letter without any signature, to offer the unfinished work to a bookseller ; with a desire to have the two volumes immediately printed, if approved ; and a promise to send the sequel in the following year.

This was forwarded by the London post, with a desire that the answer should be directed to a coffee-house. .

Her younger brother—the elder, Captain James, was “over

the hills and far away,"—her younger brother, afterwards the celebrated Greek scholar, gaily, and without reading a word of the work, accepted a share in so whimsical a frolic, and joyously undertook to be her agent at the coffee-house with her letters, and to the bookseller with the manuscript.

After some consultation upon the choice of a bookseller, Mr. Dodsley was fixed upon; for Dodsley, from his father's,—or perhaps grandfather's,—well chosen collection of fugitive poetry, stood foremost in the estimation of the juvenile set.

Mr. Dodsley, in answer to the proposition, declined looking at any thing that was anonymous.

The party, half-amused, half-provoked, sat in full committee upon this lofty reply; and came to a resolution to forego the *eclat* of the west end of the town, and to try their fortune with the urbanity of the city.

Chance fixed them upon the name of Mr. Lowndes.

The city of London here proved more courtly than that of Westminster; and, to their no small delight, Mr. Lowndes desired to see the manuscript.

And what added a certain pride to the author's satisfaction in this assent was, that the answer opened by

"Sir,"—

which gave her an elevation to manly consequence, that had not been accorded to her by Mr. Dodsley, whose reply began "Sir, or madam."

The young agent was muffled up now, by the laughing committee, in an old great coat, and a large old hat, to give him a somewhat antique as well as vulgar disguise; and was sent forth in the dark of the evening with the two first volumes to Fleet-street, where he left them to their fate.

In trances of impatience the party awaited the issue of the examination.

But they were all let down into the very "Slough of Despond," when the next coffee-house letter coolly declared, that Mr. Lowndes could not think of publishing an unfinished book; though he liked the work, and should be "ready to purchase and print it when it should be finished."

There was nothing in this unreasonable; yet the disappointed

L

author, tired of what she deemed such priggish punctilio, gave up, for awhile, and in dudgeon, all thought of the scheme.

Nevertheless, to be thwarted on the score of our inclination acts more frequently as a spur than as a bridle; the third volume, therefore, which finished the "Young Lady's Entrance into the World," was, ere another year could pass away, almost involuntarily completed and copied.

But while the scribe was yet wavering whether to abandon or to prosecute her enterprise, the chasm caused by this suspense to the workings of her imagination, left an opening from their vagaries to a mental interrogatory, whether it were right to allow herself such an amusement, with whatever precautions she might keep it from the world, unknown to her father?

She had never taken any step without the sanction of his permission; and had now restrained from requesting it, only through the confusion of acknowledging her authorship; and the apprehension, or, rather, the horror of his desiring to see her performance.

Nevertheless, reflection no sooner took place of action, than she found, in this case at least, the poet's maxim reversed, and that

"The female who deliberates—is saved,"

for she saw in its genuine light what was her duty; and seized, therefore, upon a happy moment of a kind *tête à tête* with her father, to avow, with more blushes than words, her secret little work, and her odd inclination to see it in print; hastily adding, while he looked at her, incredulous of what he heard, that her brother Charles would transact the business with a distant bookseller, who should never know her name. She only, therefore, entreated that he would not himself ask to see the manuscript.

His amazement was without parallel; yet it seemed surpassed by his amusement; and his laugh was so gay, that, revived by its cheering sound, she lost all her fears and embarrassment, and heartily joined it; though somewhat at the expense of her new author-like dignity.

She was the last person, perhaps, in the world, from whom Dr. Burney could have expected a similar scheme. He thought

her project, however, as innocent as it was whimsical, and offered not the smallest objection; but, kindly embracing her, and calling himself *le pere confident*, he enjoined her to be watchful that Charles was discreet; and to be invariably strict in guarding her own incognita: and then, having tacitly granted her personal petition, he dropt the subject.

With fresh eagerness, now, and heightened spirits, the incipient author rolled up her packet for the bookseller; which was carried to him by a newly trusted agent, her brother being then in the country.

The suspense was short; in a very few days Mr. Lowndes sent his approbation of the work, with an offer of 20*l.* for the manuscript—an offer which was accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise at its magnificence !!

The receipt for this settlement, signed simply by "*the Editor of Evelina,*" was conveyed by the new agent to Fleet-street.

In the ensuing January, 1778, the work was published; a fact which only became known to its writer, who had dropped all correspondence with Mr. Lowndes, from hearing the following advertisement read, accidentally, aloud at breakfast time, by Mrs. Burney, her mother-in-law.

This day was published,

EVELINA;

OR, A YOUNG LADY'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD.

Printed for T. Lowndes, Fleet-street.

Mrs. Burney, who read this unsuspectingly, went on immediately to other articles; but, had she lifted her eyes from the paper, something more than suspicion must have met them, from the conscious colouring of the scribbler, and the irresistible smiles of the two sisters, Susanna and Charlotte, who were present.

Dr. Burney probably read the same advertisement the same morning: but as he knew neither the name of the book, nor of

the bookseller, nor the time of publication, he must have read it without comment, or thought.

In this projected and intended security from public notice, the author passed two or three months, during which the Doctor asked not a question ; and perhaps had forgotten the secret with which he had been entrusted ; for, besides the multiplicity of his affairs, his mind, just then, was deeply disturbed by rising dissension, from claims the most unwarrantable, with Mr. Greville.

And even from her own mind, the book, with all that belonged to it, was soon afterwards chased, through the absorbent fears of seeing her father dangerously attacked by an acute fever ; from which, by the admirable prescriptions and skill of Sir Richard Jebb, he was barely recovered, when she herself, who had been incautiously eager in aiding her mother and sisters in their assiduous attendance upon the invaluable invalid, was taken ill with strong symptoms of an inflammation of the lungs : and though, through the sagacious directions of the same penetrating physician, she was soon pronounced to be out of immediate danger, she was so shaken in health and strength, that Sir Richard enjoined her quitting London for the recruit of country air. She was therefore conveyed to Cheshington Hall, where she was received and cherished by a second father in Mr. Crisp ; with whom, and his associates, the worthy Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Cooke, she remained for a considerable time.

A few days before she left town, Dr. Burney, in a visit to her bedside, revealed to her his late painful disagreement with Mr. Greville ; but told her that they had, at length, come to a full explanation, which had brought Mr. Greville once more to his former and agreeable self ; and had terminated in a complete reconciliation.

He then read to her, in confidence, a poetical epistle, which he had just composed, and was preparing to send to his restored friend, but which was expressed in terms so affecting, that they nearly proved the reverse of restoration, in her then feeble state, to his fondly attached daughter.

Dr. Burney's intercourse with Mr. Greville was then again resumed ; and continued with rational, but true regard, on the

part of Dr. Burney ; but with an intemperate importunity on that of Mr. Greville, that claimed time which could not be spared ; and leisure which could not be found.

Evelina had now been published four or five months, though Dr. Burney still knew nothing of its existence ; and the author herself had learnt it only by the chance-read advertisement already mentioned. Yet had that little book found its way abroad ; fallen into general reading ; gone through three editions, and been named with favour in sundry reviews ; till, at length, a sort of cry was excited amongst its readers for discovering its author.

That author, it will naturally be imagined, would repose her secret, however sacred, in the breast of so confidential a counsellor as Mr. Crisp, the intimate friend of the family.

And not trust, indeed, was there wanting ! far otherwise ! But as she required no advice for what she never meant to avow, and had already done with, she had no motive of sufficient force to give her courage for encountering his critic eye. She never, therefore, ventured, and never purposed to venture, revealing to him her anonymous exploit.

June came ; and a sixth month was elapsing in the same silent concealment, when early one morning the Doctor, with great eagerness and hurry, began a search amongst the pamphlets in his study for a Monthly Review, which he demanded of his daughter Charlotte, who alone was in the room. After finding it, he earnestly examined its contents, and then looked out hastily for an article which he read with a countenance of so much emotion, that Charlotte stole softly behind him, to peep over his shoulder ; and then saw, with surprise and joy, that he was perusing an account, which she knew to be most favourable, of Evelina, beginning, “A great variety of natural characters—”

When he had finished the article, he put down the Review, and sat motionless, without raising his eyes, and looking in deep, but charmed astonishment. Suddenly, then, he again snatched the Review, and again ran over the article, with an air yet more intensely occupied. Placing it afterwards on the chimney-piece, he walked about the room, as if to

recover breath, and recollect himself ; though always with looks of the most vivid pleasure.

Some minutes later, holding the Review in his hand, while inspecting the table of contents, he beckoned to Charlotte to approach ; and pointing to "Evelina," "You know," he said, in a whisper, "that book ? Send William for it to Lowndes as if for yourself, and give it to me when we are alone."

Charlotte obeyed ; and, joyous in sanguine expectation, delivered to him the little volumes, tied up in brown paper, in his study, when, late at night, he came home from some engagement.

He locked them up in his bureau, without speaking, and retired to his chamber.

The kindly impatient Charlotte was in his study the next morning with the lark, waiting the descent of the Doctor from his room.

He, also, was early, and went straight to his desk, whence, taking out and untying the parcel, he opened the first volume upon the little ode to himself,—"Oh, author of my being ! far more dear," &c.

He ejaculated a "Good God!" and his eyes were suffused with tears.

Twice he read it, and then recommitted the book to his writing-desk, as if his mind were too full for further perusal ; and dressed, and went out, without uttering a syllable.

All this the affectionate Charlotte wrote to her sister ; who read it with a perturbation inexpressible. It was clear that the Doctor had discovered the name of her book ; and learned, also, that Charlotte was one of her cabal : but how, was inexplicable ; though what would be his opinion of the work absorbed now all the thoughts and surmises of the clandestine author.

From this time, he frequently, though privately and confidentially, spoke with all the sisters upon the subject ; and with the kindliest approbation.

From this time, also, daily accounts of the progress made by the Doctor in reading the work ; or of the progress in the world of the work itself, were transmitted to recreate the Chesington

invalid from the eagerly kind sisters ; the eldest of which, soon afterwards, wrote a proposal to carry to Chesington, for reading to Mr. Crisp, "an anonymous new work that was running about the town, called Evelina."

She came ; and performed her promised office with a warmth of heart that glowed through every word she read, and gave an interest to every detail.

With flying colours, therefore, the book went off, not only with the easy social circle, but with Mr. Crisp himself ; and without the most remote suspicion that the author was in the midst of the audience ; a circumstance that made the whole perusal seem to that author the most pleasant of comedies, from the innumerable whimsical incidents to which it gave rise, alike in panegyrics and in criticisms, which alternately, and most innocently, were often addressed to herself ; and accompanied with demands of her opinions, that forced her to perplexing evasions, productive of the most ludicrous confusion, though of the highest inward diversion.

Meanwhile, Dr. Burney, uninformed of this transaction, yet justly concluding that, whether the book were owned or not, some one of the little committee would be carrying it to Chesington, sent an injunction to procrastinate its being produced, as he himself meant to be its reader to Mr. Crisp.

This touching testimony of his parental interest in its success with the first and dearest of their friends, came close to the heart for which it was designed, with feelings of strong and yet living gratitude !

Equally unexpected and exhilarating to the invalid were all these occurrences : but of much deeper marvel still was the narrative which follows, and which she received about a week after this time.

In a letter written in this month, June, her sister Susanna stated to her, that just as she had retired to her own room, on the evening preceding its date, their father returned from his usual weekly visit to Streatham, and sent for her to his study.

She immediately perceived, by his expanded brow, that he had something extraordinary, and of high agreeability, to divulge.

As the memorialist arrives now at the first mention, in this little transaction, of a name that the public seems to hail with augmenting eagerness in every trait that comes to light, she will venture to copy the genuine account in which that honoured name first occurs ; and which was written to her by her sister Susanna, with an unpretending simplicity that may to some have a charm, and that to no one can be offensive.

After the opening to the business that has just been abridged, Susanna thus goes on.

* * * . *

“ Oh, my dear girl, how I shall surprise you ! Prepare yourself, I beseech, not to be too much moved.

“ ‘ I have such a thing,’ cried our dear father, ‘ to tell you about our poor Fanny !—’

“ ‘ Dear sir, what ? ’ cried I ; afraid he had been betraying your secret to Mrs. Thrale ; which I know he longed to do.

“ He only smiled—but such a smile of pleasure I never saw ! ‘ Why to night at Streatham,’ cried he, ‘ while we were sitting at tea, only Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, Miss Thrale, and myself :—Madam, cried Dr. Johnson, see-sawing on his chair, Mrs. Cholmondeley was talking to me last night of a new novel, which she says has a very uncommon share of merit ; Evelina. She says she has not been so entertained this great while as in reading it ; and that she shall go all over London to discover the author.’

“ Do you breathe, my dear Fanny ?

“ ‘ Odd enough ! ’ cried Mrs. Thrale ; ‘ why somebody else mentioned that book to me t’other day—Lady Westcote it was, I believe. The modest writer of Evelina she talked about.’

“ ‘ Mrs. Cholmondeley says,’ answered the Doctor, ‘ that she never before met so much modesty with so much merit in any literary production of the kind, as is implied by the concealment of the author.’

“ ‘ Well,—cried I,’ continued my father, smiling more and more, ‘ somebody recommended that book to me, too ; and I read a little of it—which, indeed—seemed to be above the commonplace works of this kind.’

“ Mrs. Thrale said she would certainly get it.

“‘*You must* have it, madam !’ cried Johnson, emphatically; ‘Mrs. Cholmondeley says she shall keep it on her table the whole summer, that every body that knows her may see it ; for she asserts that every body ought to read it ! And she has made Burke get it—and Reynolds.’

“A tolerably agreeable conversation, methinks, my dear Fanny ! It took away my breath, and made me skip like a mad creature.

“‘And how did you feel, sir?’ said I to my father, when I could speak.

“‘Feel ?—why I liked it of all things ! I wanted somebody to introduce the book at Streatham. ’Twas just what I wished, but could not expect !’

“I could not for my life, my dearest Fanny, help saying that—even if it should be discovered, shy as you were of being known, it would do you no discredit. ‘Discredit?’ he repeated ; ‘no, indeed !—quite the reverse ! It would be a credit to her—and to me !—and to you—and to all her family !’

“Now, my dearest Fanny—pray how do you do ?—”

Vain would be any attempt to depict the astonishment of the author of this communication—the astonishment, or—the pleasure !

And, in truth, in private life, few small events can possibly have been attended with more remarkable incidents. That a work, voluntarily consigned by its humble author, even from its birth, to oblivion, should rise from her condemnation, and

“Unpatronized, unaided, unknown,”

make its way through the metropolis, in passing from the Monthly Review into the hands of the beautiful Mrs. Bunbury ; and from her arriving at those of the Hon. Mrs. Cholmondeley ; whence, triumphantly, it should be conveyed to Sir Joshua Reynolds ; made known to Mr. Burke ; be mounted even to the notice of Dr. Johnson, and reach Streatham ;—and that there its name should first be pronounced by the great lexicographer himself ; and, by mere chance, in the presence of Dr. Burney ; seemed more like a romance, even to the Doctor himself, than any thing in the book that was the cause of these coincidences.

Very soon afterwards, another singular circumstance, and one of great flutter to the spirits of the hidden author, reached her from the kind sisters. Upon the succeeding excursion of Dr. Burney to Streatham, Mrs. Thrale, most unconsciously, commissioned him to order Mr. Lowndes to send her down Evelina.

From this moment the composure of Chesington was over for the invalid, though not so the happiness ! unequalled, in a short time, that became—unequalled as it was wonderful. Dr. Burney now, from his numerous occupations, stole a few hours for a flying visit to Chesington ; where his meeting with his daughter, just rescued from the grave, and still barely convalescent, at a period of such peculiar interest to his paternal, and to her filial heart, was of the tenderest description. Yet, earnestly as she coveted his sight, she felt almost afraid, and quite ashamed, to be alone with him, from her doubts how he might accept her versified dedication.

She held back, therefore, from any *tête à tête* till he sent for her to his little gallery cabinet ; or, in Mr. Crisp's words, conjuring closet. But there, when he had shut the door, with a significant smile, that told her what was coming, and gave a glow to her very forehead from anxious confusion, he gently said, ‘I have read your book, Fanny!—but you need not blush at it—it is full of merit—it is, really—extraordinary!’

She fell upon his neck with heart-throbbing emotion ; and he folded her in his arms so tenderly, that she sobbed upon his shoulder ; so moved was she by his precious approbation. But she soon recovered to a gayer pleasure—a pleasure more like his own ; though the length of her illness had made her almost too weak for sensations that were mixed with such excess of amazement. She had written the little book, like innumerable of its predecessors that she had burnt, simply for her private recreation. She had printed it for a frolic, to see how a production of her own would figure in that author-like form. But that was the whole of her plan. And, in truth, her unlooked-for success evidently surprised her father quite as much as herself.

But what was her start, when he told her that her book was then actually running the gauntlet at Streatham ; and condescended to ask her leave, if Mrs. Thrale should happen to be pleased with it, to let her into the secret !

Startled was she indeed, nay, affrighted ; for concealment was still her changeless wish and unalterable purpose. But the words: "If Mrs. Thrale should happen to be pleased with it," made her ashamed to demur; and she could only reply that, upon such a stipulation, she saw no risk of confidence, for Mrs. Thrale was no partial relative. She besought him, however, not to betray her to Mr. Crisp, whom she dreaded as a critic as much as she loved as a friend.

He laughed at her fright, yet forbore agitating her apprehensive spirits by pressing, at that moment, any abrupt disclosure, and having gained his immediate point with regard to Mrs. Thrale, he drove off eagerly and instantly to Streatham.

And his eagerness there received no check ; he found not only Mrs. Thrale, but her daughter, and sundry visitors, so occupied by Evelina, that some quotation from it was apropos to whatever was said or done.

An inquiry was promptly made, whether Mrs. Cholmondeley had yet found out the author of Evelina?—"because," said Mrs. Thrale, "I long to know him of all things."

The *him* produced a smile that, as soon as they were alone, elicited an explanation ; and the kind civilities that ensued may easily be conceived.

Every word of them was forwarded to Chesington by the participating sisters, as so many salutary medicines, they said, for returning health and strength. And, speedily after, they were followed by a prescription of the same character, so potent, so superlative, as to take place of all other mental medicines.

This was conveyed in a packet from Susanna, containing the ensuing letter from Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Burney ; written two days after she had put the first volume of Evelina into her coach, as Dr. Johnson was quitting Streatham for a day's residence in Bolt-court.

" Dear Dr. Burney,—Doctor Johnson returned home last night full of the praises of the book I had lent him ; protesting there were passages in it that might do honour to Richardson. We talk of it for ever ; and he, Doctor Johnson, feels ardent after the denouement. *He could not get rid of the Rogue!*

he said. I then lent him the second volume, which he instantly read, and is, even now, busy with the third.

"You must be more a philosopher, and less a father than I wish you, not to be pleased with this letter; and the giving such pleasure yields to nothing but receiving it. Long, my dear sir, may you live to enjoy the just praises of your children! And long may they live to deserve and delight such a parent!"

This packet was accompanied by intelligence, that Sir Joshua Reynolds had been fed while reading the little work, from refusing to quit it at table! and that Edmund Burke had sat up a whole night to finish it!!! It was accompanied, also, by a letter from Dr. Burney, that almost dissolved the happy scribbler with touching delight, by its avowal of his increased approbation upon a second reading: "Thou hast made," he says, "thy old father laugh and cry at thy pleasure....I never yet heard of a novel writer's statue;"—yet who knows?—above all things, then, take care of thy head, for if that should be at all turned out of its place by this all-intoxicating success, what sort of figure wouldest thou cut upon a pedestal? *Prens y bien garde!*"

This playful goodness, with the wondrous news that Doctor Johnson himself had deigned to read the little book, so struck, so nearly bewildered the author, that, seized with a fit of wild spirits, and not knowing how to account for the vivacity of her emotion to Mr. Crisp, she darted out of the room in which she had read the tidings by his side, to a small lawn before the window, where she danced, lightly, blithely, gaily, around a large old mulberry tree, as impulsively and airily as she had often done in her days of adolescence: and Mr. Crisp, though he looked on with some surprise, wore a smile of the most expressive kindness, that seemed rejoicing in the sudden resumption of that buoyant spirit of springing felicity, which, in her first visits to Liberty Hall—Chesington,—had made the mulberry-tree the favourite site of her juvenile vagaries.

Dr. Burney sent, also, a packet from Mr. Lowndes, containing ten sets of Evelina, very handsomely bound: and the scribbler had the extreme satisfaction to see that Mr. Lowndes was

* Sir Walter Scott was then a child.

still in the dark as to his correspondent, the address being the same as the last :—

To Mr. Grafton, Orange Coffee House,

and the opening of the letter still being, Sir.

When Chesington air, kindness, and freedom, had completely chased away every symptom of disease, Dr. Burney hastened thither himself ; and arrived in the highest, happiest spirits. He had three objects in view, each of them filling his lively heart with gay ideas ; the first was to bring back to his own roof his restored daughter ; the second, was to tell a laughable tale of wonder to the most revered friend of both, for which he had previously written to demand her consent : and the third, was to carry that daughter to Streatham, and present her, by appointment, to Mrs. Thrale, and—to Dr. Johnson !

No sooner had the Doctor reached Liberty Hall, than the two faithful old friends were shut up in the *conjuring closet*, where Dr. Burney rushed at once into “the midst of things,” and disclosed the author of the little work which, for some weeks past, had occupied Chesington Hall with quotations, conjectures, and subject matter of talk.

All that belongs, or all that ever can belong, in matters of small moment, to amazement, is short of what was experienced by Mr. Crisp at this recital : and his astonishment was so prodigious not to have heard of her writing at all, till he heard of it in a printed work that was running all over London, and had been read and approved of by Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke ; that, with all his powers of speech, his choice of language, and his general variety of expression, he could utter no phrase but “Wonderful!”—which burst forth at once on the discovery ; accompanied each of its details ; and was still the only vent to the fullness of his surprise when he had heard the whole history.

That she had consulted neither of these parents in this singular undertaking, diverted them both : well they knew that no distrust had caused the concealment, but simply an apprehension of utter insufficiency to merit their suffrage.

What a dream did all this seem to this memorialist ! The fear, however, of a reverse, checked all that might have rendered it

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too delusive ; and she earnestly supplicated that the communication might be spread no further, lest it should precipitate a spirit of criticism, which retirement and mystery kept dormant : and which made all her wishes still unalterable for remaining unknown and unsuspected.

The popularity of this work did not render it very lucrative ; ten pounds a volume, by the addition of ten pounds to the original twenty, after the third edition, being all that was ever paid, or ever offered to the author ; whose unaffectedly humble idea of its worth had cast her, unconditionally, upon any terms that might be proposed.

Dr. Burney, enchanted at the new scene of life to which he was now carrying his daughter, of an introduction to Streatham, and a presentation to Dr. Johnson, took a most cordial leave of the congratulatory Mr. Crisp ; who sighed, nevertheless, in the midst of his satisfaction, from a prophetic anticipation of the probable and sundering calls from his peaceful habitation, of which he thought this new scene likely to be the result. But the object of this kind solicitude, far from participating in these fears, was curbed from the full enjoyment of the honours before her, by a well-grounded apprehension that Dr. Johnson, at least, if not Mrs. Thrale, might expect a more important, and less bashful sort of personage, than she was sure would be found.

Dr. Burney, aware of her dread, because aware of her retired life and habits, and her native taste for personal obscurity, strove to laugh off her apprehensions by disallowing their justice ; and was himself all gaiety and spirit.

Mrs. Thrale, who was walking in her paddock, came to the door of the carriage to receive them ; and poured forth a vivacity of thanks to the Doctor for bringing his daughter, that filled that daughter with the most agreeable gratitude ; and soon made her so easy and comfortable, that she forgot the formidable renown of wit and satire that were coupled with the name of Mrs. Thrale ; and the whole weight of her panic, as well as the whole energy of her hopes, devolved upon the approaching interview with Dr. Johnson.

But there, on the contrary, Dr. Burney felt far greater security. Dr. Johnson, however undesignedly, nay, involuntarily,

had been the cause of the new author's invitation to Streatham, from being the first person who there had pronounced the name of Evelina ; and that previously to the discovery that its unknown writer was the daughter of a man whose early enthusiasm for Dr. Johnson had merited his warm acknowledgments ; and whose character and conversation had since won his esteem and friendship. Dr. Burney therefore prognosticated, that such a circumstance could not but strike the vivid imagination of Dr. Johnson as a romance of real life ; and additionally interest him for the unobtrusive author of the little work, which, wholly, by chance, he had so singularly helped to bring forward.

The curiosity of Dr. Johnson, however, though certainly excited, was by no means so powerful as to allure him from his chamber one moment before his customary time of descending to dinner ; and the new author had three or four hours to pass in constantly augmenting trepidation : for the prospect of seeing him, which so short a time before would have sufficed for her delight, was now chequered by the consciousness that she could not, as heretofore, be in his presence only for her own gratification, without any reciprocity of notice.

She was introduced, meanwhile, to Mr. Thrale, whose reception of her was gentlemanlike ; and such as showed his belief in the verity of her desire to have her authorship unmarked.

She saw also Miss Thrale, then barely entered into adolescence, though full of sense and cultivated talents ; but as shy as herself, and consequently as little likely to create alarm.

One visiter only was at the house, Mr. Seward, afterwards author of the Biographiana ; a singular, but very agreeable, literary, and beneficent young man.

The morning was passed in the library, and, to the Doctor and his daughter, was passed deliciously : Mrs. Thrale, much amused by the presence of two persons so peculiarly situated, put forth her utmost powers of pleasing ; and though that great engine to success, flattery, was not spared, she wielded it with so much skill, and directed it with so much pleasantry, that all disconcerting effects were chased aside, to make it only produce laughter and good humour ; through which gay auxiliaries every trait meant, latently, for the fearful daughter, was openly and plumply addressed to the happy father.

"I wish you had been with us last night, Dr. Burney," she said ; "for thinking of what would happen to-day, we could talk of nothing in the world but a certain sweet book ; and Dr. Johnson was so full of it, that he quite astonished us. He has got those incomparable Brangtons quite by heart, and he recited scene after scene of their squabbles, and selfishness, and forwardness, till he quite shook his sides with laughter. But his greatest favourite is The Holbourn Beau, as he calls Mr. Smith. Such a fine varnish, he says, of low politeness ! such struggles to appear the fine gentleman ! such a determination to be genteel ! and, above all, such profound devotion to the ladies,—while openly declaring his distaste to matrimony !——All this Mr. Johnson pointed out with so much comicality of sport, that, at last, he got into such high spirits, that he set about personating Mr. Smith himself ! We all thought we must have died no other death than that of suffocation, in seeing Dr. Johnson handing about any thing he could catch, or snatch at, and making smirking bows, saying he was *all for the ladies*,—*every thing that was agreeable to the ladies*, &c. &c. &c., 'except,' says he, 'going to church with them !' and as to that, though marriage, to be sure, is all in all to the ladies, marriage to a man—is the devil !' And then he pursued his personifications of his Holbourn Beau, till he brought him to what Mr. Johnson calls his climax ; which is his meeting with Sir Clement Willoughby at Madame Duval's, where a blow is given at once to his self-sufficiency, by the surprise and confusion of seeing himself so distanced ; and the hopeless envy with which he looks up to Sir Clement, as to a meteor such as he himself had hitherto been looked up to at Snow Hill, that give a finishing touch to his portrait. And all this comic humour of character, he says, owes its effect to contrast; for without Lord Orville, and Mr. Villars, and that melancholy and gentleman-like half-starved Scotchman, poor Macartney, the Brangtons, and the Duvals, would be less than nothing; for vulgarity, in its own unshadowed glare, is only disgusting."

This account is abridged from a long journal letter of the memorialist, addressed to Mr. Crisp ; but she will hazard copying more at length, from the same source, the original narration of her subsequent introduction to the notice of Dr. Johnson ; as

it may not be incurious to the reader, to see that great man in the uncommon light of courteously, nay playfully, subduing the fears, and raising the courage, of a newly discovered, but yet unavowed young author, by unexpected sallies and pointed allusions to characters in her work ; not as to beings that were the product of her imagination, but as to persons of his own acquaintance and in real life.

“ To Samuel Crisp, Esq., Chesington, Kingston, Surrey.

“ Well, when, at last, we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and myself sit on each side of her. I said, I hoped I did not take the place of Dr. Johnson ? for, to my great consternation, he did not even yet appear, and I began to apprehend he meant to abscond. ‘ No,’ answered Mrs. Thrale ; ‘ he will sit next to you,—and that, I am sure, will give him great pleasure.’

“ Soon after we were all marshalled, the great man entered. I have so sincere a veneration for him, that his very sight inspires me with delight as well as reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which, as I have told you, he is subject. But all that, outwardly, is so unfortunate, is so nobly compensated by all that, within, is excelling, that I can now only, like Desdemona for Othello, ‘ view his image in his mind.’

“ Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him with an emphasis upon my name that rather frightened me, for it seemed like a call for some compliment. But he made me a bow the most formal, almost solemn, in utter silence, and with his eyes bent downwards. I felt relieved by this distance, for I thought he had forgotten, for the present at least, both the favoured little book and the invited scribbler ; and I therefore began to answer the perpetual addresses to me of Mrs. Thrale, with rather more ease. But by the time I was thus recovered from my panic, Dr. Johnson asked my father what was the composition of some little pies on his side of the table ; and, while my father was endeavouring to make it out, Mrs. Thrale said, ‘ Nothing but mutton, Mr. Johnson, so I dont ask you to eat such poor patties, because I know you despise them.’

“‘No, madam, no!’ cried Doctor Johnson, ‘I despise nothing that is good of its sort. But I am too proud now [smiling] to eat mutton pies! Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day.’

“‘If you had seen, my dear Mr. Crisp, how wide I felt my eyes open!—A compliment from Doctor Johnson!

“‘Miss Burney,’ cried Mrs. Thrale, laughing, ‘you must take great care of your heart, if Mr. Johnson attacks it—for I assure you he is not often successless!’

“‘What’s that you say, madam?’ cried the Doctor; ‘are you making mischief between the young lady and me already?’

“A little while afterwards, he drank Miss Thrale’s health and mine together, in a bumper of lemonade; and then added: ‘It is a terrible thing that we cannot wish young ladies to be well, without wishing them to become old women!’

“‘If the pleasures of longevity were not gradual,’ said my father; ‘if we were to light upon them by a jump or a skip, we should be cruelly at a loss how to give them welcome!’

“‘But some people,’ said Mr. Seward, ‘are young and old at the same time; for they wear so well, that they never look old.’

“‘No, sir, no!’ cried the Doctor; ‘that never yet was, and never will be! You might as well say they were at the same time tall and short. Though I recollect an epitaph,—I forgot upon whom, to that purpose:

“‘Miss such a one—lies buried here,
So early wise, and lasting fair,
That none, unless her years you told,
Thought her a child—or thought her old.’

“My father then mentioned Mr. Garrick’s epilogue to *Bonduca*, which Dr. Johnson called a miserable performance; and which every body agreed to be the worst that Mr. Garrick had ever written. ‘And yet,’ said Mr. Seward, ‘it has been very much admired. But it is in praise of English valour, and so, I suppose, the subject made it popular.’

“‘I do not know, sir,’ said Dr. Johnson, ‘any thing about the subject, for I could not read till I came to any. I got through about half a dozen lines; but for subject, I could observe no other than perpetual dullness. I do not know what is the

matter with David. I am afraid he is becoming superannuated ; for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable.'

"Nothing is so fatiguing," said Mrs. Thrale, "as the life of a wit. Garrick and Wilkes are the oldest men of their age that I know; for they have both worn themselves out prematurely by being eternally on the rack to entertain others."

"David, madam," said the Doctor, "looks much older than he is, because his face has had double the business of any other man's. It is never at rest ! When he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to that which he assumes the next. I do not believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the whole course of his life. And such a perpetual play of the muscles must certainly wear a man's face out before his time."

"While I was cordially laughing at this idea, the Doctor, who had probably observed in me some little uneasy trepidation, and now, I suppose, concluded me restored to my usual state, suddenly, though very ceremoniously, as if to begin some acquaintance with me, requested that I would help him to some brocoli. This I did; but when he took it, he put on a face of humorous discontent, and said, 'Only *this*, madam ?—You would not have helped Mr. Macartney so parsimoniously !'

"He affected to utter this in a whisper; but to see him directly address me, caught the attention of all the table, and every one smiled, though in silence; while I felt so surprised and so foolish, so pleased and so ashamed, that I hardly knew whether he meant *my* Mr. Macartney, or spoke at random of some other. This, however, he soon put beyond all doubt, by very composedly adding, while contemptuously regarding my imputed parsimony on his plate : 'Mr. Macartney, it is true, might have most claim to liberality, poor fellow!—for how, as Tom Brangton shrewdly remarks, should he ever have known what a good dinner was, if he had never come to England ?'

"Perceiving, I suppose, for it could not be very difficult to discern, the commotion into which this explication put me ; and the stifled disposition to a contagious laugh, which was suppressed, not to add to my embarrassment ; he quickly, but quietly,

went on to a general discourse upon Scotland, descriptive and political ; but without point or satire—though I cannot, my dear Mr. Crisp, give you one word of it : not because I have forgotten it—for there is no remembering what we have never heard ; but because I could only generally gather the subject. I could not listen to it. I was so confused and perturbed between pleasure and vexation—pleasure, indeed, in the approvance of Dr. Johnson ! but vexation, and great vexation to find, by the conscious smirks of all around, that I was betrayed to the whole party ! while I had only consented to confiding in Mrs. Thrale : all, no doubt, from a mistaken notion that I had merely meant to feel the pulse of the public, and to avow, or to conceal myself, according to its beatings : when, heaven knows—and you, my dear Mr. Crisp, know, that I had not the most distant purpose of braving publicity, under success, any more than under failure.

“From Scotland, the talk fell, but I cannot tell how, upon some friend of Dr. Johnson, of whom I did not catch the name ; so I will call him Mr. three * * * ; of whom Mr. Seward related some burlesque anecdotes, from which Mr. * * * was warmly vindicated by the Doctor.

“‘Better say no more, Mr. Seward,’ cried Mrs. Thrale, ‘for Mr. * * * is one of the persons that Mr. Johnson will suffer no one to abuse but himself ! Garrick is another : for if any creature but himself says a word against Garrick—Mr. Johnson will brow-beat him in a moment.’

“‘Why, madam, as to David,’ answered the Doctor, calmly, ‘it is only because they do not know when to abuse and when to praise him ; and I will allow no man to speak any ill of David, that he does not deserve. As to * * *,—why really I believe him to be an honest man, too, at the bottom. But, to be sure, he is rather penurious ; and he is somewhat mean ; and it must be owned he has some degree of brutality ; and it is not without a tendency to savageness, that cannot well be defended.’

“We all laughed, as he could not help doing himself, at such a curious mode of taking up his friend’s justification. And he then related a trait of another friend who had belonged to some

club* that the Doctor frequented, who, after the first or second night of his admission, desired, as he eat no supper, to be excused paying his share for the collation.

“‘And was he excused, sir?’ cried my father.

“‘Yes, sir; and very readily. No man is angry with another for being inferior to himself. We all admitted his plea publicly—for the gratification of scorning him privately! For my own part, I was fool enough to constantly pay my share for the wine, which I never tasted. But my poor friend Sir John, it cannot well be denied, was but an unclubbable man.’

“How delighted was I to hear this master of languages, this awful, this dreaded Lexiphanes, thus sportively and gaily coin burlesque words in social comicality!

“I don’t know whether he deigned to watch me, but I caught a glance of his eye that seemed to show pleasure in perceiving my surprise and diversion, for with increased glee of manner he proceeded.

“‘This reminds me of a gentleman and lady with whom I once travelled. I suppose I must call them gentleman and lady, according to form, because they travelled in their own coach and four horses. But, at the first inn where we stopped to water the cattle, the lady called to a waiter for—a pint of ale! And, when it came, she would not taste it, till she had wrangled with the man for not bringing her fuller measure! Now—Madame Duval could not have done a grosser thing!’

“A sympathetic simper now ran from mouth to mouth, save to mine, and to that of Dr. Johnson; who gravely pretended to pass off what he had said as if it were a merely accidental reminiscence of some vulgar old acquaintance of his own. And this, as undoubtedly, and most kindly, he projected, prevented any sort of answer that might have made the book a subject of general discourse. And presently afterwards he started some other topic, which he addressed chiefly to Mr. Thrale. But if you expect me to tell you what it was, you think far more grandly

* The editor, at the date of this letter, knew not that the club to which Dr. Johnson alluded, was that which was denominated his own,—or the Literary Club.

of my powers of attention without, when all within is in a whirl, than I deserve !

“ Be it, however, what it might, the next time there was a pause, we all observed a sudden play of the muscles in the countenance of the Doctor, that showed him to be secretly enjoying some ludicrous idea : and accordingly, a minute or two after, he pursed up his mouth, and, in an assumed pert, yet feminine accent, while he tossed up his head to express wonder, he affectedly minced out, ‘ La, Polly !—only think ! Miss has danced with a lord !’

“ This was resistless to the whole set, and a general, though a gentle laugh, became now infectious ; in which, I must needs own to you, I could not, with all my embarrassment, and all my shame, and all my unwillingness to demonstrate my consciousness, help being caught—so indescribably ludicrous and unexpected was a mimicry of Miss Biddy Brangton from Dr. Johnson !

“ The Doctor, however, with a refinement of delicacy of which I have the deepest sense, never once cast his eyes my way during these comic traits ; though those of every body else in the company had scarcely for a moment any other direction.

“ But imagine my relief and my pleasure, in playfulness such as this from the great literary leviathan, whom I had dreaded almost as much as I had honoured ! How far was I of dreaming of such sportive condescension ! He clearly wished to draw the little snail from her cell, and, when once she was out, not to frighten her back. He seems to understand my *queeralties*—as some one has called my not liking to be set up for a sign-post—with more leniency than any body else.”

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This long article of Evelina will be closed by copying a brief one upon the same subject, written from memory, by Dr. Burney, so late in his life as the year 1808.

Copied from a Memorandum-book of Dr. Burney, written in the year 1808, at Bath.

“ The literary history of my second daughter, Fanny, now

Madame d'Arblay, is singular. She was wholly unnoticed in the nursery for any talents, or quickness of study: indeed, at eight years old she did not know her letters; and her brother, the tar, who in his boyhood had a natural genius for hoaxing, used to pretend to teach her to read; and gave her a book topsyturvy, which he said she never found out! She had, however, a great deal of invention and humour in her childish sports; and used, after having seen a play in Mrs. Garrick's box, to take the actors off, and compose speeches for their characters; for she could not read them. But in company, or before strangers, she was silent, backward, and timid, even to sheepishness: and, from her shyness, had such profound gravity and composure of features, that those of my friends, who came often to my house, and entered into the different humours of the children, never called Fanny by any other name, from the time she had reached her eleventh year, than the Old Lady.

" Her first work, Evelina, was written by stealth, in a closet up two pair of stairs, that was appropriated to the younger children as a play room. No one was let into the secret but my third daughter, afterwards Mrs. Phillips; though even to her it was never read till printed, from want of private opportunity. To me, nevertheless, she confidently owned that she was going, through her brother Charles, to print a little work, but she besought me never to ask to see it. I laughed at her plan, but promised silent acquiescence; and the book had been six months published before I even heard its name; which I learnt at last without her knowledge. But great, indeed, was then my surprise, to find that it was in general reading, and commended in no common manner in the several reviews of the times. Of this she was unacquainted herself, as she was then ill, and in the country. When I knew its title, I commissioned one of her sisters to procure it for me privately. I opened the first volume with fear and trembling; not having the least idea that, without the use of the press, or any practical knowledge of the world, she could write a book worth reading. The dedication to myself, however, brought tears into my eyes; and before I had read half the first volume I was much surprised, and, I confess, delighted; and most especially with the letters of Mr. Villars.

She had always had a great affection for me ; had an excellent heart, and a natural simplicity and probity about her that wanted no teaching. In her plays with her sisters, and some neighbours' children, this straightforward morality operated to an uncommon degree in one so young. There lived next door to me, at that time, in Poland street, and in a private house, a capital hair merchant, who furnished perukes to the judges and gentlemen of the law. The merchant's female children and mine used to play together in the little garden behind the house ; and, unfortunately, one day, the door of the wig magazine being left open, they each of them put on one of those dignified ornaments of the head, and danced and jumped about in a thousand antics, laughing till they screamed at their own ridiculous figures. Unfortunately, in their vagaries, one of the flaxen wigs, said by the proprietor to be worth upwards of ten guineas—in those days a price enormous—fell into a tub of water, placed for the shrubs in the little garden, and lost all its gorgon buckle, and was declared by the owner to be totally spoilt. He was extremely angry, and chid very severely his own children ; when my little daughter, the old lady, then ten years of age, advancing to him, as I was informed, with great gravity and composure, sedately says : ‘What signifies talking so much about an accident ? The wig is wet, to be sure ; and the wig was a good wig, to be sure ; but it's of no use to speak of it any more ; because what's done can't be undone.’

“ Whether these stocial sentiments appeased the enraged perruquier, I know not, but the younkers were stript of their honours, and my little monkeys were obliged to retreat without beat of drum, or colours flying.”

STREATHAM.

From the very day of this happy inauguration of his daughter at Streatham, the Doctor had the parental gratification of seeing her as flatteringly greeted theré as himself. So vivacious, indeed, was the partiality towards her of its inhabitants, that they pressed him to make over to them all the time he could spare her from her home ; and appropriated an apartment as sa-

credily for her use, when she could occupy it, as another, far more deservedly, though not more cordially, had, many years previously, been held sacred for Dr. Johnson.

The social kindness for both father and daughter, of Mrs. Thrale, was of the most endearing nature ; trusting, confidential, affectionate. She had a sweetness of manner, and an activity of service for those she loved, that could ill be appreciated by others ; for though copiously flattering in her ordinary address to strangers, because always desirous of universal suffrage, she spoke of individuals in general with sarcasm ; of the world at large with sovereign contempt.

Flighty, however, not malignant, was her sarcasm ; and ludicrous, more frequently than scornful, her contempt. She wished no one ill. She would have done any one good ; but she could put no restraint upon wit that led to a brilliant point, or that was productive of laughing admiration : though her epigram once pronounced, she thought neither of that nor of its object any more ; and was just as willing to be friends with a person whom she had held up to ridicule, as with one whom she had laboured to elevate by panegyric.

Her spirits, in fact, rather ruled than exhilarated her, and were rather her guides than her support. Not that she was a child of nature. She knew the world, and gaily boasted that she had studied mankind in what she called its most prominent school-electioneering. She was, rather, therefore, from her scoff of consequences, a child of witty irreflection.

The first name on the list of the Streatham coterie at this time, was that which, after Dr. Johnson's, was the first, also, in the nation, Edmund Burke. But his visits, now, from whatever cause, were so rare, that Dr. Burney never saw him in the Streatham constellation, save as making one amongst the worthies whom the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds had caught from all mundane meanderings, to place there as a fixed star.

Next ranked Sir Joshua Reynolds himself, and Mr. Garrick.

Dr. Goldsmith, who had been a peculiar favourite in the set, as much, perhaps, for his absurdities as for his genius, was already gone ; though still, and it may be from this double motive, continually missed and regretted : for what, in a chosen coterie,

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could be more amusing,—many as are the things that might be more edifying,—than gathering knowledge and original ideas in one moment, from the man who the next, by the simplicity of his egotism, expanded every mouth by the merriment of ridicule?

Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Boscowen, Mrs. Crewe, Lord Loughborough, Mr. Dunning, Lord Mulgrave, Lord Westcote, Sir Lucas and Mr. Pepys, Major Holroyd, Mrs. Hinchcliffe, Mrs. Porteus, Miss Streatfield, Miss Gregory, Dr. Lort, the bishops of London and Peterborough (Porteus and Hinchcliffe), with a long *et cætera* of visitors less marked, filled up the brilliant catalogue of the spirited associates of Streatham.

MR. MURPHY.

But the most intimate in the house, amongst the wits, from being the personal favourite of Mr. Thrale, was Mr. Murphy ; who, for gaiety of spirits, powers of dramatic effect, stories of strong humour and resistless risibility, was nearly unequalled : and they were coupled with politeness of address, gentleness of speech, and well-bred, almost courtly, demeanour.

He was a man of great erudition, without one particle of pedantry ; and a stranger not only to spleen and malevolence, but the happiest promoter of convivial hilarity.

With what pleasure, and what pride, does the editor copy, from an ancient diary, the following words that passed between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Murphy, relative to Dr. Burney, upon the first meeting of the editor with Mr. Murphy at Streatham !

Mrs. Thrale was lamenting the sudden disappearance of Dr. Burney, who was just gone to town *sans adieu*; declaring that he was the most complete male-coquette she knew, for he only gave just enough of his company to make more desired.

“Dr. Burney,” said Mr. Murphy, “is, indeed, a most extraordinary man; I think I do not know such another. He is at home upon all subjects ; and upon all is so highly agreeable ! I look upon him as a wonderful man.”

“I love Burney,” cried Dr. Johnson, emphatically : “my heart, as I told him—goes out to meet Burney !”

"He is not ungrateful, sir," cried the Doctor's bairne, "for heartily indeed does he love you!"

"Does he, madam?" said the Doctor, looking at her earnestly: "I am surprised at that!"

"And why, sir?—Why should you have doubted it?"

"Because, madam," answered he gravely, "Dr. Burney is a man for every body to love. It is but natural to love *him*!"

He paused, as if with an idea of a self-conceived contrast not gratifying; but he soon cheerfully added, "I question if there be in the world such another man, altogether, for mind, intelligence, and manners, as Dr. Burney."

Dr. Johnson, at this time, was engaged in writing his Lives of the Poets; a work, to him, so light and easy, that it never robbed his friends of one moment of the time that he would otherwise have spared to their society. Lives, however, strictly speaking, they are not; he merely employed in them such materials, with respect to biography, as he had already at hand, without giving himself any trouble in researches for what might be new, or unknown; though he gladly accepted any that were offered to him, if well authenticated. The critical investigation alone he considered as his business. He himself never named them but as prefaces. No man held in nobler scorn a promise that out-went performance.

The ease and good humour with which he fulfilled this engagement, made the present a moment peculiarly propitious for the opening acquaintance with him of the new, and by no means very hardened author; for whose terrors of public notice he had a mercy the most indulgent. He quickly saw that—whether wise or not—they were true; and soothed them without railing or reprobation; though in this he stood nearly alone! her fears of him, therefore, were soon softened off by his kindness; or dispelled by her admiration.

The friendship with which, so early, he honoured the father, was gently, and at once, with almost unparalleled partiality, extended to the daughter: and, in truth, the whole current of his intercourse with both was as unruffled by storm as it was enlightened by wisdom.

While this charming work was in its progress, when only

the Thrale family and its nearly adopted guests, the two Burneys, were assembled, Dr. Johnson would frequently produce one of its proof sheets to embellish the breakfast table, which was always in the library ; and was, certainly, the most sprightly and agreeable meeting of the day ; for then, as no strangers were present to stimulate exertion, or provoke rivalry, argument was not urged on by the mere spirit of victory ; it was instigated only by such truisms as could best bring forth that conflict of *pros* and *cons* which elucidates opposing opinions. Wit was not flashed with the keen sting of satire ; yet it elicited not less gaiety from sparkling with an unwounding brilliancy, which brightened without inflaming, every eye, and charmed without tingling, every ear.

These proof sheets Mrs. Thrale was permitted to read aloud : and the discussion to which they led were in the highest degree entertaining. Dr. Burney wistfully desired to possess one of them ; but left to his daughter the risk of the petition. A hint, however, proved sufficient, and was understood not alone with compliance, but vivacity. Boswell, Dr. Johnson said, had engaged Frank Barber, his negro servant, to collect and preserve all the proof sheets ; but though it had not been without the knowledge, it was without the order or the interference of their author : to the present solicitor, therefore, willingly and without scruple, he now offered an entire life ; adding, with a benignant smile, “choose your poet !”

Without scruple, also, was the acceptance ; and, without hesitation, the choice was Pope. And that not merely because, next to Shakspeare himself, Pope draws human characters the most veridically, perhaps, of any poetic delineator ; but for yet another reason. Dr. Johnson composed with so ready an accuracy, that he sent his copy to the press unread ; reserving all his corrections for the proof sheets : * and consequently, as not even Dr. Johnson could read twice without ameliorating some passages, his proof sheets were at times liberally marked with changes ; and, as the Museum copy of Pope’s Translation of the Iliad, from which Dr. Johnson has given many examples, contains

* Dr. Johnson told this to the editor.

abundant emendations by Pope, the memorialist secured at once, on the same page, the marginal alterations and second thoughts of that great author, and of his great biographer.

When the book was published, Dr. Johnson brought to Streatham a complete set, handsomely bound, of the Works of the Poets, as well as his own prefaces, to present to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. And then, telling this memorialist that to the king, and to the chiefs of Streatham alone he could offer so large a tribute, he most kindly placed before her a bound copy of his own part of the work ; in the title page of which he gratified her earnest request by writing her name, and “ From the Author.”

After which, at her particular solicitation, he gave her a small engraving of his portrait from the picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds. And while, some time afterwards, she was examining it at a distant table, Dr. Johnson, in passing across the room, stopt to discover by what she was occupied ; which he no sooner discerned, than he began see-sawing for a moment or two in silence ; and then, with a ludicrous half-laugh, peeping over her shoulder, he called out : “ Ah ha!—Sam Johnson!—I see thee!—and an ugly dog thou art!”

He even extended his kindness to a remembrance of Mr. Bewley, the receiver and preserver of the wisp of a Bolt-court hearth-broom, as a relic of the author of the Rambler ; which anecdote Dr. Burney had ventured to confess : and Dr. Johnson now, with his compliments, sent a set of the prefaces to St. Martin’s street, directed, “ For the Broom Gentleman:” which Mr. Bewley received with rapturous gratitude.

Dr. Johnson wrote nothing that was so immediately popular as his Lives of the Poets. Such a subject was of universal attraction, and he treated it with a simplicity that made it of universal comprehension. In all that belonged to classical criticism, he had a facility, so complete, that to speak or to write produced immediately the same clear and sagacious effect. His pen was as luminous as his tongue, and his tongue was as correct as his pen.

Yet those—and there are many—who estimate these prefaces as the best of his works, must surely so judge them from a spe-

cies of mental indolence, that prefers what is easiest of perusal to what is most illuminating: for rich as are these prefaces in ideas and information, their subjects have so long been familiar to every English reader, that they require no stretch of intellect, or exercise of reflection, to lead him, without effort, to accompany the writer in his annotations and criticisms. The Rambler, on the contrary, embodies a course equally new of thought and expression; the development of which cannot always be foreseen, even by the deepest reasoner and the keenest talents, because emanating from original genius. To make acquaintance, therefore, with the Rambler, the general peruser must pause, occasionally, to think as well as read; and to clear away sundry mists of prejudice, or ignorance, ere he can keep pace with the sublime author, when the workings of his mind, his imagination, and his knowledge, are thrown upon mankind.

MR. CRISP.

The warm and venerating attachment of Dr. Burney to Mr. Crisp, which occasional discourse and allusions had frequently brought forward, impressed the whole Thrale family with a high opinion of the character and endowments of that excelling man. And when they found, also, that Mr. Crisp had as animated a votary in so much younger a person as their new guest; and that this enthusiasm was general throughout the Doctor's house, they earnestly desired to view and to know a man of such eminent attraction; and gave to Dr. Burney a commission to bring on the acquaintance.

It was given, however, in vain. Mr. Crisp had no longer either health or spirit of enterprise for so formidable, however flattering, a new connection; and inexorably resisted every overture for a meeting.

But Mrs. Thrale, all alive for whatever was piquant and promising, grew so bewitched by the delight with which her new young ally, to whom she became daily more attached and more attaching, dilated on the rare perfections of *Daddy Crisp*, and the native and innocent pleasures of Liberty Hall, Cheshington, that she started the plan of a little excursion for taking

the premises by surprise. And Dr. Burney, certain that two such singularly accomplished persons could not meet but to their mutual gratification, sanctioned the scheme ; Mr. Thrale desired to form his own judgment of so uncommon a recluse ; and the Doctor's pupil felt a juvenile curiosity to make one of the group.

The party took place ; but its pleasure was nearly marred by the failure of the chief spring which would have put into motion, and set to harmony, the various persons who composed its drama.

Dr. Burney, from multiplicity of avocations, was forced, when the day arrived, to relinquish his share in the little invasion ; which cast a damp upon the gaiety of the project, both to the besieged and the besiegers. Yet Mr. Crisp and Mrs. Thrale met with mutual sentiments of high esteem, though the genius of their talents were dissimilar ; Mrs. Thrale delighted in bursting forth with sudden flashes of wit, which, carelessly, she left to their own consequences ; while Mr. Crisp, though awake to her talents, and sensible of their rarity and their splendour, thought with Dr. Fordyce, that in woman the retiring graces are the most attractive.

Nevertheless, in understanding, acuteness, and parts, there was so much in common between them, that sincere admiration grew out of the interview ; though with too little native congeniality to mellow into confidence, or ripen into intimacy.

Praise, too, that dangerous herald of expectation, is often a friend more perilous than any enemy ; and both had involuntarily looked for a something indefinable which neither of them found ; yet both had too much justness of comprehension to conclude that such a something did not exist, because no opportunity for its development had offered in the course of a few hours.

What most, in this visit, surprised Mrs. Thrale with pleasure, was the elegance of Mr. Crisp in language and manners ; because that, from the hermit of Chesington, she had not expected.

And what most to Mr. Crisp caused a similar pleasure, was the courteous readiness, and unassuming good-humour, with

which Mrs. Thrale received the inartificial civilities of Kitty Cooke, and the old-fashioned but cordial hospitality of Mrs. Hamilton; for these, from a celebrated wit, moving in the sphere of high life, he also in his turn had not expected.

The Thrales, however, were all much entertained by the place itself, which they prowled over with gay curiosity. Not a nook or corner; nor a dark passage "leading to nothing;" nor a hanging tapestry of prim demoiselles and grim cavaliers; nor a tall canopied bed tied up to the ceiling; nor japan cabinets of two or three hundred drawers of different dimensions; nor an oaken cupboard, carved with heads, thrown in every direction, save such as might let them fall on men's shoulders; nor a window stuck in some angle close to the ceiling of a lofty slip of a room; nor a quarter of a staircase, leading to some quaint unsrequted apartment; nor a wooden chimney-piece, cut in diamonds, squares, and round knobs, surmounting another of blue and white tiles, representing, *vis à vis*, a dog and a cat, as symbols of married life and harmony—missed their scrutinizing eyes.

They even visited the attics, where they were much diverted by the shapes as well as by the quantity of rooms, which, being of all sorts of forms that could increase their count, were far too heterogeneous of outline to enable the minutest mathematician to give them any technical denomination.

They peeped, also, through little window casements, of which the panes of glass were hardly so wide as their clumsy frames, to survey long ridges of lead that entwined the motley spiral roofs of the multitude of separate cells, rather than chambers, that composed the top of the mansion; and afforded from it a view, sixteen miles in circumference, of the adjacent country.

* * * * *

Mr. Crisp judged it fitting to return the received civility of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, whatever might be the inconvenience to his health; or whatever his disinclination to such an exertion. From habitual politeness he was of the old school in the forms of good breeding; though perfectly equal to even the present march of intellect in the new one, if to the present day he had lived,—and had deemed it a march of improvement.

He was the last man not to be aware that nothing stands still. All nature in its living mass, all art in its concentrated aggregate, advances or retrogrades.

He took the earliest day that one of his few gout intervals put at his own disposal, to make his appearance at Streatham ; having first written a most earnest injunction to Dr. Burney to give him there the meeting. The memorialist was then at Chesington, and had the happiness to accompany Mr. Crisp ; by whom she was to be left at her new third home.

Dr. Johnson, in compliment to his friend Dr. Burney, and by no means incurious himself to see the hermit of Cheshire, immediately descended to meet Mr. Crisp ; and to aid Mrs. Thrale, who gave him a vivacious reception, to do the honours of Streatham.

The meeting, nevertheless, to the great chagrin of Dr. Burney, produced neither interest nor pleasure ; for Dr. Johnson, though courteous in demeanour and looks, with evident solicitude to show respect to Mr. Crisp, was grave and silent ; and whenever Dr. Johnson did not make the charm of conversation, he only marred it by his presence ; from the general fear he incited, that if he spoke not, he might listen ; and that if he listened, he might reprove.

Ease, therefore, was wanting ; without which nothing in society can be flowing or pleasing. The Cheshireman conceived that he had lived too long away from the world to start any subject that might not, to the Streathamites, be trite and out of date ; and the Streathamites believed that they had lived in it so much longer, that the current talk of the day might, to the Cheshireman, seem unintelligible jargon ; while each hoped that the sprightly Dr. Burney would find the golden mean by which both parties might be brought into play.

But Dr. Burney, who saw in the kind looks and complacency of Dr. Johnson intentional good will to the meeting, flattered himself that the great philologist was but waiting for an accidental excitement, to fasten upon a topic of general use or importance, and to describe or discuss it, with the full powers of his great mind.

Dr. Johnson, however, either in health or in spirits, was un-

fortunately oppressed ; and, for once, was more desirous to hear than to be heard.

Mr. Crisp, therefore, lost, by so unexpected a taciturnity, this fair and promising opportunity for developing and enjoying the celebrated and extraordinary colloquial abilities of Dr. Johnson : and finished the visit with much disappointment ; lowered, also, and always, in his spirits by parting from his tenderly attached young companion.

Dr. Burney had afterwards, however, the consolation to find that Mr. Crisp had impressed even Dr. Johnson with a strong admiration of his knowledge and capacity ; for in speaking of him in the evening to Mr. Thrale, who had been absent, the Doctor emphatically said, “ Sir, it is a very singular thing to see a man with all his powers so much alive, when he has so long shut himself up from the world. Such readiness of conception, quickness of recollection, facility of following discourse started by others, in a man who has long had only the past to feed upon, are rarely to be met with. Now, for my part,” added he, laughing, “ that *I* should be ready, or even universal, is no wonder ; for my dear little mistress here,” turning to Mrs. Thrale, “ keeps all my faculties in constant play.”

Mrs. Thrale then said that nothing, to her, was so striking, as that a man who so long had retired from the world, should so delicately have preserved its forms and courtesies, as to appear equally well bred with any elegant member of society who had not quitted it for a week.

Inexpressibly gratifying to Dr. Burney was the award of such justice, from such judges, to his best and dearest loved friend.

From this time forward, Dr Burney could scarcely recover his daughter from Streatham, even for a few days, without a friendly battle. A sportively current exaggeration of Dr. Johnson's upon this flattering hostility was current at Streatham, made in answer to Dr. Burney's saying, upon a resistance to her departure for St. Martin's street, in which Dr. Johnson had strongly joined, “ I must really take her away, sir, I must indeed ; she has been from home so long.”

“ Long ? no, sir ! I do not think it long,” cried the Doctor, see-

sawing, and seizing both her hands, as if purporting to detain her: "Sir! I would have her always come....and never go!—"

MR. BOSWELL.

When next, after this adjuration, Dr. Burney took the memorialist back to Streatham, he found there, recently arrived from Scotland, Mr. Boswell; whose sprightly Corsican tour, and heroic, almost Quixotic pursuit of General Paoli, joined to the tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson, made him an object himself of considerable attention.

He spoke the Scotch accent strongly, though by no means so as to affect, even slightly, his intelligibility to an English ear. He had an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner, that he had acquired imperceptibly from constantly thinking of and imitating Dr. Johnson; whose own solemnity, nevertheless, far from mock, was the result of pensive rumination. There was, also, something slouching in the gait and dress of Mr. Boswell, that wore an air, ridiculously enough, of purporting to personify the same model. His clothes were always too large for him; his hair, or wig, was constantly in a state of negligence; and he never for a moment sat still or upright upon a chair. Every look and movement displayed either intentional or involuntary imitation. Yet certainly it was not meant as a caricature; for his heart, almost even to idolatry, was in reverence of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Burney was often surprised that this kind of farcical similitude escaped the notice of the Doctor; but attributed his missing it to a high superiority over any such suspicion, as much as to his near-sightedness; for fully was Dr. Burney persuaded, that had any detection of such imitation taken place, Dr. Johnson, who generally treated Mr. Boswell as a school-boy, whom, without the smallest ceremony, he pardoned or rebuked, alternately, would so indignantly have been provoked, as to have instantaneously inflicted upon him some mark of his displeasure. And equally he was persuaded that Mr. Boswell, however shocked and even inflamed in receiving it, would soon, from his

deep veneration, have thought it justly incurred ; and, after a day or two of pouting and sullenness, would have compromised the matter by one of his customary simple apologies, of “Pray sir, forgive me!”

Dr. Johnson, though often irritated by the officious importunity of Mr. Boswell, was really touched by his attachment. It was indeed surprising, and even affecting, to remark the pleasure with which this great man accepted personal kindness, even from the simplest of mankind ; and the grave formality with which he acknowledged it even to the meanest. Possibly it was what he most prized, because what he could least command ; for personal partiality hangs upon lighter and slighter qualities than those which earn solid approbation ; but of this, if he had least command, he had also least want : his towering superiority of intellect elevating him above all competitors, and regularly establishing him, wherever he appeared, as the first being of the society.

As Mr. Boswell was at Streatham only upon a morning visit, a collation was ordered, to which all were assembled. Mr. Boswell was preparing to take a seat that he seemed, by prescription, to consider as his own, next to Dr. Johnson ; but Mr. Seward, who was present, waved his hand for Mr. Boswell to move further on, saying, with a smile, “Mr. Boswell, that seat is Miss Burney’s.”

He stared, amazed : the asserted claimant was new and unknown to him, and he appeared by no means pleased to resign his prior rights. But, after looking round the room for a minute or two, with an important air of demanding the meaning of this innovation, and receiving no satisfaction, he reluctantly, almost resentfully, got another chair, and placed it at the back of the shoulder of Dr. Johnson ; while this new and unheard of rival quietly seated herself as if not hearing what was passing ; for she shrunk from the explanation that she feared might ensue, as she saw a smile stealing over every countenance, that of Dr. Johnson himself was not excepted, at the discomfiture and surprise of Mr. Boswell.

Mr. Boswell, however, was so situated as not to remark it in the Doctor ; and of every one else, when in that presence, he

was unobservant, if not contemptuous. In truth, when he met with Dr. Johnson, he commonly forbore even answering any thing that was said, or attending to any thing that went forward, lest he should miss the smallest sound from that voice to which he paid such exclusive, though merited homage. But the moment that voice burst forth, the attention which it excited in Mr. Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness ; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the Doctor ; and his mouth dropt open to catch every syllable that might be uttered: nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing ; as if hoping from it, latently, or mystically, some information.

But when, in a few minutes, Dr. Johnson, whose eye did not follow him, and who had concluded him to be at the other end of the table, said something gaily and good-humouredly, by the appellation of Bozzy ; and discovered, by the sound of the reply, that Bozzy had planted himself, as closely as he could, behind and between the elbows of the new usurper and his own, the Doctor turned angrily round upon him, and, clapping his hand rather loudly upon his knee, said, in a tone of displeasure, “What do you do there, sir ?—Go to the table, sir !”

Mr. Boswell, instantly, and with an air of affright, obeyed : and there was something so unusual in such humble submission to so imperious a command, that another smile gleamed its way across every mouth, except that of the Doctor and Mr. Boswell ; who now, very unwillingly, took a distant seat.

But, ever restless when not at the side of Dr. Johnson, he presently recollect ed something that he wished to exhibit, and, hastily rising, was running away in its search, when the Doctor, calling after him, authoritatively said : “ What are you thinking of, sir ? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed ?—Come back to your place, sir !”

Again, and with equal obsequiousness, Mr. Boswell did as he was bid ; when the Doctor, pursing his lips, not to betray rising risibility, muttered half to himself : “ Running about in the middle of meals !—one would take you for a Brangton !—”*

* The name of a vulgar family in Evelina.

"A Brangton, sir?" repeated Mr. Boswell, with earnestness; "What is a Brangton, sir?"

"Where have you lived, sir," cried the Doctor, laughing, "and what company have you kept, not to know that?"

Mr. Boswell now, doubly curious, yet always apprehensive of falling into some disgrace with Dr. Johnson, said in a low tone, which he knew the Doctor could not hear, to Mrs. Thrale: "Pray, ma'am, what's a Brangton?—Do me the favour to tell me?—Is it some animal hereabouts?"

Mrs. Thrale only heartily laughed, but without answering: as she saw one of her guests uneasily fearful of an explanation. But Mr. Seward cried, "I'll tell you, Boswell,—I'll tell you!—if you will walk with me into the paddock; only let us wait till the table is cleared; or I shall be taken for a Brangton, too!"

They soon went off together; and Mr. Boswell, no doubt, was fully informed of the road that had led to the usurpation by which he had thus been annoyed. But the Brangton fabricator took care to mount to her chamber ere they returned; and did not come down till Mr. Boswell was gone.

ANNA WILLIAMS.

Dr. Burney had no greater enjoyment of the little leisure he could tear from his work and his profession, than that which he could dedicate to Dr. Johnson; and he now, at the Doctor's most earnest invitation, carried this memorialist to Bolt-court, to pay a visit to the blind poetess, Anna Williams.

They were received by Dr. Johnson with a kindness that irradiated his austere and studious features into the most pleased and pleasing benignity. Such, indeed, was the gentleness, as well as warmth, of his partiality for this father and daughter, that their sight seemed to give him a new physiognomy.*

It was in the apartment—a parlour—dedicated to Mrs. Wil-

* This was so strongly observed by Mrs. Maling, mother to the Dowager Countess of Mulgrave, that she has often exclaimed to this memorialist, "Why did not Sir Joshua Reynolds paint Doctor Johnson when he was speaking to Doctor Burney or to you?"

liams, that the Doctor was in this ready attendance to play the part of the master of the ceremonies, in presenting his new guest to his ancient friend and ally. Anna Williams had been a favourite of his wife, in whose life-time she had frequently resided under his roof. The merit of her poetical talents, and the misfortune of her blindness, are generally known ; to these were now superadded sickness, age, and infirmity; yet such was the spirit of her character, that to make a new acquaintance thus rather singularly circumstanced, seemed to her almost an event of moment ; and she had incessantly solicited the Doctor to bring it to bear.

Her look, air, voice, and extended hands of reception, evinced the most eager, though by no means obtrusive curiosity. Her manner, indeed, showed her to be innately a gentlewoman ; and her conversation always disclosed a cultivated as well as thinking mind.

Dr. Johnson never appeared to more advantage than in the presence of this blind poetess ; for the obligations under which he had placed her, were such as he sincerely wished her to feel with the pleasure of light, not the oppression of weighty gratitude. All his best sentiments, therefore, were strenuously her advocates, to curb what was irritable in his temper by the generosity of his principles ; and by the congeniality, in such points, of their sensibility.

His attentions to soften the burthen of her existence, from the various bodily diseases that aggravated the evil of her loss of sight, were anxious and unceasing ; and there was no way more prominent to his favour than that of seeking to give any solace, or showing any consideration to Anna Williams.

Anna, in return, honouring his virtues and abilities, grateful for his goodness, and intimately aware of his peculiarities, made it the pride of her life to receive every moment he could bestow upon her, with cordial affection ; and exactly at his own time and convenience ; to soothe him when he was disposed to lament with her the loss of his wife ; and to procure for him whatever was in her power of entertainment or comfort.

This introduction was afterwards followed, through Dr. Johnson's zealous intervention, by sundry other visits from the me-

morialist; and though minor circumstances made her compliance rather embarrassing, it could not have been right, and it would hardly have been possible, to resist an entreaty of Dr. Johnson. And every fresh interview at his own home showed the steady humanity of his assiduity to enliven his poor blind companion, as well as to confer the most essential services upon two other distressed inmates of his charitable house, Mrs. Desmoulins, the indigent daughter of Dr. Swinfen, a physician who had been godfather to Dr. Johnson; and Mr. Levet, a poor old ruined apothecary, both of whom he housed and supported with the most exemplary Christian goodness.

MR. GARRICK.

But the year that followed this still rising tide of pleasure and prosperity to Dr. Burney, 1779, opened to him with the personal loss of a friend whom the world might vainly, perhaps, be challenged to replace, for agreeability, delight, and conviviality, Garrick!—the inimitable David Garrick! who left behind him all previous eminence in his profession beyond reach of comparison; save the Roscius of Rome, to whose Ciceronian celebrity we owe the adoption of an appropriate nomenclature, which at no period could have been found in our own dominions:—Garrick, so long the darling and unrivalled favourite of the public; who possessed, resistlessly, where he chose to exert it, the power of pleasing, winning, and exhilarating all around him:—Garrick, who, in the words of Dr. Johnson, seemed “Formed to gladden life,” was taken from his resplendent worldly fame, and admiring worldly friends, by “that stroke of death,” says Dr. Johnson, “which eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the stock of harmless pleasure.”

He had already retired from the stage, and retired without waiting for failing powers to urge, or precipitate his retreat; for still his unequalled animal spirits, gaily baffling the assaults of age, had such extraordinary exuberance as to supply and support both body and mind at once: still clear, varying, and penetrating was his voice; still full of intelligence or satire, of disdain, of rage, or of delight, was the fire, the radiance, the elo-

quence of his eye ; still made up at will, of energy or grace, of command or supplication, was his form, and were his attitudes ; his face alone—ah! “there was the rub!”—his face alone was the martyr of time ; or rather, his forehead and cheeks ; for his eyes and his countenance were still beaming with recent, though retiring beauty.

But the wear and tear of his forehead and cheeks, which, as Dr. Johnson had said, made sixty years in Garrick seem seventy, had rendered them so wrinkled, from an unremitting play of expression, off as well as on the stage, that, when he found neither paint nor candle-light, nor dress nor decoration, could conceal those lines, or smooth those furrows which were ploughing his complexion, he preferred to triumph, even in foregoing his triumphs, by plunging, through voluntary impulse, from the dazzling summit to which he had mounted, and heroically pronouncing his farewell !—amidst the universal cry, echoed and re-echoing all around him, of “Stop, Garrick, stop!—yet a little longer stop!”

A brief account of the last sight of this admired and much loved friend is thus given in a manuscript memoir of Dr. Burney.

“I called at his door, with anxious inquiries, two days before he expired, and was admitted to his chamber ; but though I saw him, he did not seem to see me,—or any earthly thing ! His countenance, that had never remained a moment the same in conversation, now appeared as fixed and as inanimate as a block of marble ; and he had already so far relinquished the world, as I was afterwards told by Mr. Wallace, his executor, that nothing that was said or done that used to interest him the most keenly, had any effect upon his muscles ; or could extort either a word or a look from him for several days previously to his becoming a corpse.”

Dr. Burney, in the same carriage with Whitehead, the poet laureate, the erudite Mr. Beauclerk, and Mr. Wallace, the executor, attended the last remains of this celebrated public character to their honourable interment in Westminster Abbey.

YOUNG CROTCH.

Just as this great dramatic genius was descending to the tomb, young Crotch, a rising musical genius, was brought forward into the world with so strong a promise of eminence, that a very general desire was expressed that Dr. Burney would examine, counsel and countenance him; and at only three years and a half old, the child was brought to St. Martin's street by his mother.

The Doctor, ever ready to nourish incipient talents submitted to his investigation, saw the child repeatedly; and was so forcibly struck by his uncommon faculties, that upon communicating his remarks to the famous Dr. Hunter, who had been foremost in desiring the examination, Dr. Hunter thought them sufficiently curious to be presented to the Royal Society; where they were extremely well received, and printed in the Philosophical Transactions of the year 1779.

For some time after this, the Doctor was frequently called upon, by the relations and admirers of this wonderful boy, for assistance and advice; both which he cheerfully accorded to the best of his ability: till the happy star of the young prodigy fixed him at the University of Oxford, where he met with every aid, professional or personal, that his genius claimed; and where, while his education was still in progress, he was nominated, when only fourteen years of age, organist of Christ Church.

This event he communicated to Dr. Burney in a modest and grateful letter, that the Doctor received and preserved with sincere satisfaction; and kindly answered with instructive professional counsel.

MR. THRALE.

The event next narrated in the Memoirs of Dr. Burney, proved deeply affecting to the happiness and gaiety of his social circles; for now a catastrophe, which for some time had seemed impending, and which, though various and fluctuating, had often struck with terror, or damped with sorrow, the liveliest

spirits and gayest scenes of Streatham, suddenly took place ; and cut short for ever the hours and the peace of that erst illustrious dwelling.

Mr. Thrale, for many years, in utter ignorance what its symptoms were foreboding, had been harbouring, through an undermining indulgence of immoderate sleep after meals, a propensity to paralysis. The prognostics of distemper were then little observed but by men of science ; and those were rarely called in till something fatal was apprehended. It is, probably, only since the time that medical and surgical lectures have been published as well as delivered, and simplified from technical difficulties, so as to meet and to enlighten the unscientific intellect of the herd of mankind, that the world at large seems to have learned the value of early attention to incipient malady.

Even Dr. Johnson was so little aware of the insalubrity of Mr. Thrale's course of life, that, without interposing his powerful and never disregarded exhortations, he often laughingly said, "Mr. Thrale will out-sleep the seven sleepers !"

Strange it may seem, at this present so far more enlightened day upon these subjects, that Dr. Johnson, at least, should not have been alarmed at this lethargic tendency ; as the art of medicine, which, for all that belongs to this world, stands the highest in utility, was, abstractedly, a study upon which he loved to ruminate, and a subject he was addicted to discuss. But this instance of complete vacuity of practical information upon diseases and remedies in Dr. Johnson, will cease to give surprise when it is known that, near the middle of his life, and in the fullest force of his noble faculties, upon finding himself assailed by a severe fit of the gout in his ankle, he sent for a pail of cold water, into which he plunged his leg during the worst of the paroxysm—a feat of intrepid ignorance—incongruous as sounds the word ignorance in speaking of Dr. Johnson—that probably he had cause to rue during his whole after-life ; for the gout, of which he chose to get rid in so succinct a manner—a feat in which he often exulted—might have carried off many of the direful obstructions, and asthmatic seizures and sufferings, of which his latter years were wretchedly the martyrs.

Thus, most unfortunately, without representation, opposition,

or unconsciousness, Mr. Thrale went on in a self-destroying mode of conduct, till,

" Uncalled—unheeded—unawares—"

he was struck with a fit of apoplexy.

Yet even this stroke, by the knowledge and experience of his medical advisers, might perhaps have been parried, had Mr. Thrale been imbued with earlier reverence for the arts of recovery. But he slighted them all; and fearless, or, rather, incredulous of danger, he attended to no prescriptions. He simply essayed the waters of Tunbridge, and made a long sojourn at Bath. All in vain! The last and fatal seizure was inflicted at his own town house, in Grosvenor-square, in the spring of 1781; and at an instant when such a blow was so little expected, that all London, amongst persons of fashion, talents, or celebrity, had been invited to a splendid entertainment, meant for the night of that very dawn which rose upon the sudden earthly extinction of the lamented and respected chief of the mansion.

STREATHAM.

Changed now was Streatham! the value of its chief seemed first made known by his loss; which was long felt; though not, perhaps, with the immediate acuteness that would have been demonstrated, if, at that period, the deprivation of the female chieftain had preceded that of the male. Still Mr. Thrale, by every friend of his house and family, and by every true adherent to his wife, her interest, her fame, and her happiness, was, day by day, and week by week, more and more missed and regretted.

Dr. Burney was one of the first and most earnest to hasten to the widowed lady, with the truest sympathy in her grief. His daughter, who, for some previous months, had been wholly restored to the paternal roof,—the Thrales themselves having been fixed, for the last winter season, in Grosvenor-square,—flew, in trembling haste, the instant she could be received, to the beloved friend who was now tenderly enchain'd to her heart;

and at this moment was doubly endeared by misfortune, and voluntarily quitting all else, eagerly established herself at Streatham.

Dr. Johnson, who was one of Mr. Thrale's executors, immediately resumed his apartment; cordially and gratefully bestowed on the remaining hostess every minute that she could desire or require of his time and his services. And nothing could be wiser in counsel, more zealous in good offices, or kinder of intention, than the whole of his conduct in performing the duties that he deemed to devolve upon him by the will of his late friend.

But Dr. Burney, as he could only upon his stated day and hour make one in this retirement, devoted himself now almost exclusively to his

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

So many years had elapsed since the appearance of the first volume, and the murmurs of the subscribers were so general for the publication of the second, that the earnestness of the Doctor to fulfil his engagement, became such as to sicken him of almost every occupation that turned him from its pursuit. Yet uninterrupted attention grew more than ever difficult; for as his leisure, through the double claims of his profession and his work, diminished, his celebrity increased; and the calls upon it, as usual, from the wayward taste of public fashion for what is hard to obtain, were perpetual, were even clamorous, and he had constantly a long list of petitioning parents, awaiting a vacant hour, upon any terms that he could name, and at any part of the day.

He had always some early pupil who accepted his attendance at eight o'clock in the morning; and a strong instance has been given of its being seized upon even at seven; and, during the height of the season for fashionable London residence, his tour from house to house was scarcely ever finished sooner than eleven o'clock at night.

But so urgent grew now the spirit of his diligence for the progress of his work, that he not only declined all invitations to the hospitable boards of his friends, he even resisted the so-

cial hour of repast at his own table; and took his solitary meal in his coach, while passing from scholar to scholar; for which purpose he had sandwiches prepared in a flat tin box; and wine and water ready mixed, in a wickered pint bottle, put constantly into the pockets of his carriage.

If, at this period, Dr. Burney had been as intent and as skilful in the arrangement and the augmentation of his income, as he was industrious to procure, and assiduous to merit, its increase, he might have retired from business, its toils and its cares, while yet in the meridian of life; with a comfortable competence for its decline, and adequate portions for his daughters. With regard to his sons, it was always his intention to bestow upon them good educations, and to bring them up to honourable professions; and then to leave them to form, as he had done himself, a dynasty of their own. But, unfortunately for all parties, he had as little turn as time for that species of speculation which leads to financial prosperity; and he lived chiefly upon the principal of the sums which he amassed; and which he merely, as soon as they were received, locked up in his bureau for facility of usage; or stored largely at his banker's as an asylum of safety: while the cash which he laid out in any sort of interest, was so little, as to make his current revenue almost incredibly below what might have been expected from the remuneration of his labours; or what seemed due to his situation in the world.

But, with all his honourable toil, his philosophic privations, and his heroic self-denials,

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC,
from a continually enlarging view of its capability of improvement, did not see the light till the year 1782.

Then, however, it was received with the same favour and the same honours that had graced the entrance into public notice of its predecessor. The literary world seemed filled with its praise; the booksellers demanded ample impressions; and her majesty, Queen Charlotte, with even augmented graciousness, accepted its homage at court.

Relieved, by this publication, from a weight upon his spirits

and his delicacy, which, for more than six years had burthened and disturbed them, he prudently resolved against working any longer under the self-reproachful annoyance of a promised punctuality which his position in life disabled him from observing, by fettering himself with any further tie of time to his subscribers for the remaining volumes.

Not, however, to his daughter did the Doctor recommend any similar remission of penmanship. The extraordinary favour, with which her little work had been received in the world, and which may chiefly, perhaps, be attributed to the unpretending and unexpected mode in which, not skilfully, but involuntarily, it had glided into public life ; being now sanctioned by the *eclat* of encouragement from Dr. Johnson and from Mr. Burke, gave a zest to his paternal pleasure and hopes, that made it impossible, nay, that even led him to think it would be unfatherly, to listen to her affrighted wishes of retreat, from her fearful apprehensions of some reverse ; or suffer her to shrink back to her original obscurity, from the light into which she had been surprised.

And, indeed, though he made the kindest allowance for her tremors and reluctance, he was urged so tumultuously by others, that it was hardly possible for him to be passive : and Mr. Crisp, whose voice, in whatever was submitted to his judgment, had the effect of a casting vote, called out aloud, " More ! more ! more !—another production !"

The wishes of two such personages were, of course, resistless ; and a new mental speculation, which already, though secretly, had taken a rambling possession of her ideas, upon the evils annexed to that species of family pride, which, from generation to generation, seeks, by mortal wills, to arrest the changeful range of succession enacted by the immutable laws of death, became the basis of a composition which she denominated Memoirs of an Heiress.

No sooner was her consent obtained, than Dr. Burney, who had long with regret, though with pride, perceived that at Streatham she had no time that was her own, earnestly called her thence.

MR. BURKE.

The time is now come for commemorating the connection which, next alone to that of Dr. Johnson, stands highest in the literary honours of Dr. Burney, namely, that which he formed with Edmund Burke.

Their first meetings had been merely accidental and public, and wholly unaccompanied by any private intimacy or intercourse ; though, from the time that the author of *Evelina* had been discovered, there had passed between them, on such occasional junctions, what Dr. Burney playfully called *an amiable coquetry* of smiles, and other symbols, that showed each to be thinking of the same thing : for Mr. Burke, with that generous energy which, when he escaped the feuds of party, was the distinction of his character, and made the charm of his oratory, had blazed around his approbation of that happy little work, from the moment that it had fallen, incidentally, into his hands ; and when he heard that the author, from her acquaintance with the lovely and accomplished nieces of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was a visiter at the house of that English Raphael, he flatteringly desired of the knight an appointed interview.

But from that, though enchanted as much as astonished at such a proposal from Mr. Burke, she fearfully, and with conscious insufficiency, hung back ; hoping to owe to chance a less ostentatious meeting.

Various parties, during two or three years, had been planned, but proved abortive ; when in June 1782, Sir Joshua Reynolds invited Dr. Burney and the memorialist to a dinner upon Richmond Hill, to meet the Bishop of St. Asaph, Miss Shipley, and some others.

This was gladly accepted by the Doctor ; who now, upon his new system, was writing more at his ease ; and by his daughter, who was still detained from Streatham, as her second work, though finished, was yet in the press.

Sir Joshua, and his eldest niece, accompanied by Lord Cork, called for them in St. Martin's street ; and the drive was as lively, from the discourse within the carriage, as it was pleasant from the views without.

Here the editor, as no traits of Mr. Burke in conversation can be wholly uninteresting to an English reader, will venture to copy an account of this meeting, which was written while it was yet new, and consequently warm in her memory, as an offering to her second father,

Samuel Crisp, Esq., Chesington.

"My Dear Mr. Crisp,—At the Knight of Plympton's house, on Richmond Hill, next to the Star and Garter, we were met by the Bishop of St Asaph, who stands as high in general esteem for agreeability as for worth and learning; and by his accomplished and spirited daughter, Miss Shipley. My father was already acquainted with both; and to both I was introduced by Miss Palmer.

"No other company was mentioned; but some smiling whispers passed between Sir Joshua, Miss Palmer, and my father, that awakened in me a notion that the party was not yet complete; and with that notion an idea that Mr. Burke might be the awaited chief of the assemblage; for, as they knew I had long had as much eagerness to see Mr. Burke as I had fears of meeting his expectations, I thought they might forbear naming him to save me a fit of fright.

"Sir Joshua, who, though full of kindness, dearly loves a little innocent malice, drew me soon afterwards to a window, to look at the beautiful prospect below; the soft meandering of the Thames, and the brightly picturesque situation of the elegant white house which Horace Walpole had made the habitation of Lady Diana Beauclerk and her fair progeny; in order to gather, as he afterwards laughingly acknowledged, my sentiments of the view, that he might compare them with those of Mr. Burke on the same scene! However, I escaped, luckily, falling, through ignorance, into such a competition, by the entrance of a large, though unannounced party, in a mass. For as this was only a visit of a day, there were very few servants; and those few, I suppose, were preparing the dinner apartment; for this group appeared to have found its own way up to the drawing-room, with an easiness as well suited to its humour, by the gay air of its approach, as to that of Sir Joshua; who holds ceremony

almost in horror, and who received them without any form or apology.

"He quitted me, however, to go forward, and greet with distinction a lady who was in the set. They were all familiarly recognized by the Bishop and Miss Shipley, as well as by Miss Palmer; and some of them by my father, whose own face wore an expression of pleasure, that helped to fix a conjecture in my mind that one amongst them, whom I peculiarly signalized, tall, and of fine deportment, with an air of courtesy and command, might be Edmund Burke..

"Excited as I felt by this idea, I continued at my picturesque window, as all the company were strangers to me, till Miss Palmer gave her hand to the tall, suspected, but unknown personage, saying in a half whisper, 'Have I kept my promise at last?' and then, but in a lower tone still, and pointing to the window, she pronounced 'Miss Burney.'

"As this seemed intended for private information, previously to an introduction, be the person whom he might, though accidentally it was overheard, I instantly bent my head out of the window, as if not attending to them: yet I caught, unavoidably, the answer, which was uttered in a voice the most emphatic, though low, 'Why did you tell me it was Miss Burney? Did you think I should not have known it?'

"An awkward feeling, now, from having still no certainty of my surmise, or of what it might produce, made me seize a spy-glass, and set about re-examining the prospect; till a pat on the arm, soon after, by Miss Palmer, turned me round to the company, just as the still unknown, to my great regret, was going out of the room with a footman, who seemed to call him away upon some sudden summons of business. But my father, who was at Miss Palmer's elbow, said, 'Fanny—Mr. Gibbon!'

"This, too, was a great name; but of how different a figure and presentation! Fat and ill-constructed, Mr. Gibbon has cheeks of such prodigious chubbiness, that they envelope his nose so completely, as to render it, in profile, absolutely invisible. His look and manner are placidly mild, but rather effeminate; his voice,—for he was speaking to Sir Joshua at a little distance,—is gentle, but of studied precision of accent. Yet,

with these Brobdignatious cheeks, his neat little feet are of a miniature description ; and with these, as soon as I turned round, he hastily described a quaint sort of circle, with small quick steps, and a dapper gait, as if to mark the alacrity of his approach, and then, stopping short when full face to me, he made so singularly profound a bow, that—though hardly able to keep my gravity—I felt myself blush deeply at its undue, but palpably intended obsequiousness.

"This demonstration, however, over, his sense of politeness, or project of flattery, was satisfied: for he spoke not a word, though his gallant advance seemed to indicate a design of bestowing upon me a little rhetorical touch of a compliment. But, as all eyes in the room were suddenly cast upon us both, it is possible he partook a little himself of the embarrassment he could not but see that he occasioned ; and was therefore unwilling, or unprepared, to hold forth so publicly upon—he scarcely, perhaps, knew what!—for, unless my partial Sir Joshua should just then have poured it into his ears, how little is it likely Mr. Gibbon should have heard of Evelina!

"But at this moment, to my great relief, the unknown again appeared ; and with a spirit, an air, a deportment that seemed to spread around him the glow of pleasure with which he himself was visibly exhilarated. But speech was there none, for dinner, which I suppose had awaited him, was at the same instant proclaimed ; and all the company, in a mixed, quite irregular, and even confused manner, descended, *sans ceremonie*, to the eating parlour.

"The unknown, however, catching the arm and the trumpet of Sir Joshua, as they were coming down stairs, murmured something, in a rather reproachful tone, in the knight's ear ; to which Sir Joshua made no audible answer. But when he had placed himself at his table, he called out, smilingly, 'Come, Miss Burney !—will you take a seat next mine?'—adding, as if to reward my very alert compliance, 'and then—Mr. Burke shall sit on your other side.'

"'O no, indeed !' cried the sprightly Miss Shipley, who was also next to Sir Joshua, 'I sha'n't agree to that! Mr. Burke must sit next me ! I won't consent to part with him. So pray come, and sit down quiet, Mr. Burke.'

"Mr. Burke—for Mr. Burke, Edmund Burke it was!—smiled, and obeyed.

"I only proposed it to make my peace with Mr. Burke," said Sir Joshua, passively, "by giving him that place; for he has been scolding me all the way down stairs for not having introduced him to Miss Burney: however, I must do it now—Mr. Burke!—Miss Burney!"

"We both half rose, to reciprocate a little salutation; and Mr. Burke said: 'I have been complaining to Sir Joshua that he left me wholly to my own sagacity,—which, however, did not here deceive me!'

"Delightedly as my dear father, who had never before seen Mr. Burke in private society, enjoyed this encounter, I, my dear Mr. Crisp, had a delight in it that transcended all comparison. No expectation that I had formed of Mr. Burke, either from his works, his speeches, his character, or his fame, had anticipated to me such a man as I now met. He appeared, perhaps, at this moment, to the highest possible advantage in health, vivacity, and spirits. Removed from the impetuous aggravations of party contentions, that, at times, by inflaming his passions, seem, momentarily at least, to disorder his character, he was lulled into gentleness by the grateful feelings of prosperity; exhilarated, but not intoxicated, by sudden success; and just risen, after toiling years of failures, disappointments, fire, and fury, to place, affluence, and honours; which were brightly smiling on the zenith of his powers. He looked, indeed; as if he had no wish but to diffuse philanthropy, pleasure, and genial gaiety all around.

"His figure, when he is not negligent in his carriage, is noble; his air commanding; his address graceful; his voice clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language copious, eloquent, and changefully impressive; his manners are attractive; his conversation is past all praise!

"You will call me mad, I know;—but if I wait till I see another Mr. Burke for such another fit of ecstasy—I may be long enough in my very sober good senses!

"Sir Joshua next made Mrs. Burke greet the new comer into this select circle; which she did with marked distinction. She appears to be pleasing and sensible, but silent and reserved.

"Sir Joshua then went through the same introductory etiquette with Mr. Richard Burke, the brother ; Mr. William Burke, the cousin ; and young Burke the son of THE Burke. They all, in different ways, seem lively and agreeable ; but at miles, and myriads of miles, from the towering chief.

"How proud should I be to give you a sample of the conversation of Mr. Burke ! But the subjects were, in general, so fleeting, his ideas so full of variety, of gaiety, and of matter ; and he darted from one of them to another with such rapidity, that the manner, the eye, the air with which all was pronounced, ought to be separately delineated to do any justice to the effect that every sentence, nay, that every word produced upon his admiring hearers and beholders.

"Mad again, says my Mr. Crisp ; stark, staring mad !

"Well, all the better ; for 'there's pleasure in being mad,' as I have heard you quote from Nat Lee, or some other old playwright, 'that none but madmen know.'

"I must not, however, fail to particularize one point of his discourse, because 'tis upon your own favourite hobby, politics : and my father very much admired its candour and frankness.

"In speaking of the great Lord Chatham, while he was yet Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke confessed his lordship to have been the only person whom he, Mr. Burke, did not name in parliament without caution. But Lord Chatham, he said, had obtained so preponderating a height of public favour, that though, occasionally, he could not concur in its enthusiasm, he would not attempt to oppose its cry. He then, however, positively, nay solemnly, protested, that this was the only subject upon which he did not talk with exactly the same openness and sincerity in the house as at the table.

"He bestowed the most liberal praise upon Lord Chatham's second son, the *now* young William Pitt, with whom he is acting ; and who had not only, he said, the most truly extraordinary talents, but who appeared to be immediately gifted by nature with the judgment which others acquire by experience.

"'Though judgment,' he presently added, 'is not so rare in youth as is generally supposed. I have commonly observed, that those who do not possess it early, are apt to miss it late.'

"But the subject on which he most enlarged, and most brightened, was Cardinal Ximenes, which was brought forward, accidentally, by Miss Shipley.

"That young lady, with the pleasure of youthful exultation in a literary honour, proclaimed that she had just received a letter from the famous Doctor Franklin.

"Mr. Burke, then, to Miss Shipley's great delight, burst forth into an eulogy of the abilities and character of Dr. Franklin, which he mingled with a history the most striking, yet simple, of his life; and a veneration the most profound for his eminence in science, and his liberal sentiments and skill in politics.

"This led him imperceptibly to a dissertation upon the beauty, but rarity, of great minds sustaining great powers to great old age; illustrating his remarks by historical proofs, and biographical anecdotes of antique worthies;—till he came to Cardinal Ximenes, who lived to his ninetieth year. And here he made a pause. He could go, he said, no further. Perfection rested there!

"His pause, however, producing only a general silence, that indicated no wish of speech but from himself, he suddenly burst forth again into an oration so glowing, so flowing, so noble, so divinely eloquent, upon the life, conduct, and endowments of this cardinal, that I felt as if I had never before known what it was to listen! I saw Mr. Burke, and Mr. Burke only! Nothing, no one else was visible any more than audible. I seemed suddenly organized into a new intellectual existence, that was wholly engrossed by one single use of the senses of seeing and hearing, to the total exclusion of every object but of the figure of Mr. Burke; and of every sound but that of his voice. All else—my dear father alone excepted—appeared but amalgamations of the chairs on which they were seated; and seemed placed round the table merely as furniture.

"I cannot pretend to write you such a speech—but such sentences as I can recollect with exactitude, I cannot let pass.

"The cardinal, he said, gave counsel and admonition to princes and sovereigns with the calm courage and dauntless authority with which he might have given them to his own children: yet to such noble courage, he joined a humility still more mag-

nanimous, in never desiring to disprove, or to disguise his own lowly origin; but confessing, at times, with openness and simplicity, his surprise at the height of the mountain to which from so deep a valley he had ascended. And, in the midst of all his greatness, he personally visited the village in which he was born, where he touchingly recognized what remained of his kith and kin.

"Next, he descended upon the erudition of this exemplary prelate; his scarce collection of bibles; his unequalled mass of rare manuscripts; his charitable institutions; his learned seminaries; and his stupendous university at Alcala. 'Yet so untinged,' he continued, 'was his scholastic lore with the bigotry of the times; and so untainted with its despotism, that, even in its most forcible acts for securing the press from licentiousness, he had the enlargement of mind to permit the merely ignorant, or merely needy instruments of its abuse, when detected in promulgating profane works, from being involved in their destruction; for though, on such occasions, he caused the culprit's shops, or warehouses, to be strictly searched, he let previous notice of his orders be given to the owners, who, then privily executed judgment themselves upon the peccant property; while they preserved what was sane, as well as their personal liberty: but—if the misdemeanour were committed a second time, he manfully left the offenders unaided and unpitied to its forfeiture.'

"'To a vigour,' Mr. Burke went on, 'that seemed never to calculate upon danger, he joined a prudence that seemed never to run a risk. Though often the object of aspersion—as who, conspicuous in the political world, is not?—he always refused to prosecute; he would not even answer his calumniators. He held that all classes had a right to stand for something in public life! "We," he said, "who are at the head, act;—in God's name let those who are at the other end, talk! If we are wrong, 'tis our duty to hearken and to mend! If we are right, we may be content enough with our superiority, to teach unprovoked malice its impotence, by leaving it to its own fester."

"'So elevated, indeed,' Mr. Burke continued, 'was his disdain of detraction; that, instead of suffering it to blight his tranquillity, he taught it to become the spur to his virtues!'

"Mr. Burke again paused; paused as if overcome by the warmth of his own emotion of admiration; and presently he gravely protested, that the multifarious perfections of Cardinal Ximenes were beyond human delineation.

"Soon, however, afterwards, as if fearing he had become too serious, he rose to help himself to some distant fruit, for all this had passed during the dessert; and then, while standing in the noblest attitude, and with a sudden smile full of radiant ideas, he vivaciously exclaimed, 'No imagination—not even the imagination of Miss Burney!—could have invented a character so extraordinary as that of Cardinal Ximenes; no pen—not even the pen of Miss Burney!—could have described it adequately!'

"Think of me, my dear Mr. Crisp, at a climax so unexpected! my eyes, at the moment, being openly riveted upon him; my head bent forward with excess of eagerness; my attention exclusively his own!—but now, by this sudden turn, I myself became the universally absorbing object! for, instantaneously, I felt every eye upon my face; and my cheeks tingled as if they were the heated focus of stares that almost burnt them alive!

"And yet, you will laugh when I tell you, that though thus struck I had not time to be disconcerted. The whole was momentary; 'twas like a flash of lightning in the evening, which makes every object of a dazzling brightness for a quarter of an instant, and then leaves all again to twilight obscurity.

"Mr. Burke, by his delicacy, as much as by his kindness, reminding me of my opening encouragement from Dr. Johnson, looked now everywhere rather than at me; as if he had made the allusion by mere chance; and flew from it with a velocity that quickly drew back again to himself the eyes which he had transitorily employed to see how his superb compliment was taken: though not before I had caught from kind Sir Joshua, a look of congratulatory sportiveness, conveyed by a comic nod.

"My dear Mr. Crisp will be the last to want to be told that I received this speech as the mere effervescence of chivalrous gallantry in Mr. Burke:—yet, to be its object, even in pleasantry, —O, my dear Mr. Crisp, how could I have foreseen such a distinction? My dear father's eyes glistened—I wish you could have had a glimpse of him!

"There has been," Mr. Burke then, smilingly, resumed, "an age for all excellence; we have had an age for statesmen; an age for heroes; an age for poets; an age for artists;—but this, bowing down with an air of obsequious gallantry, his head almost upon the table-cloth, 'This is the age for women!'

"A very happy modern improvement!" cried Sir Joshua, laughing; "don't you think so, Miss Burney?—but that's not a fair question to put to you; so we won't make a point of your answering it. However," continued the dear natural knight, "what Mr. Burke says is very true, now. The women begin to make a figure in every thing. Though I remember, when I first came into the world, it was thought but a poor compliment to say a person did any thing like a lady!"

"Ay, Sir Joshua," cried my father, "but, like Moliere's physician, *nous avons changé tout cela!*"

"Very true, Dr. Burney," replied the knight; "but I remember the time—and so, I dare say, do you—when it was thought a slight, if not a sneer, to speak any thing of a lady's performance: it was only in mockery to talk of painting like a lady; singing like a lady; playing like a lady—"

"But now," interrupted Mr. Burke, warmly, "to talk of writing like a lady, is the greatest compliment that need be wished for by a man!"

"Would you believe it, my daddy—every body now, himself and my father excepted, turned about, Sir Joshua leading the way, to make a little playful bow to—can you ever guess to whom?"

"Mr. Burke, then, archly shrugging his shoulders, added, 'What is left now, exclusively, for US; and what we are to devise in our defence, I know not. We seem to have nothing for it but assuming a sovereign contempt! for the next most dignified thing to possessing merit, is an heroic barbarism in despising it!'

"I can recollect nothing else—so adieu!"

"One word, however, more, by way of my last speech and confession on this subject. Should you demand, now that I have seen, in their own social circles, the two first men of letters of our day, how, in one word, I should discriminate them; I answer,

that I think Dr. Johnson the first discourser, and Mr Burke the first converser, of the British empire."

MR. GIBBON.

It may seem strange, in giving an account of this meeting, not to have recited even one speech from so celebrated an author as Mr. Gibbon. But not one is recollect'd. His countenance looked always serene; yet he did not appear to be at his ease. His name and future fame seemed to be more in his thoughts than the present society, or than any present enjoyment: and the exalted spirits of Mr. Burke, at this period, might rather alarm than allure a man whose sole care in existence seemed that of paying his court to posterity; and induce him, therefore, to evade coming into collision with so dauntless a compeer; from the sage apprehension of making a less splendid figure, at this moment, as a colloquial competitor, than he had reason to expect making, hereafter, as a Roman historian.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, gave, sportively, and with much self-amusement, another turn to his silence; for after significantly, in a whisper, asking the memorialist, whether she had remarked the taciturnity of Mr. Gibbon?—he laughingly demanded also, whether she had discovered its cause?

"No," she answered; "nor guessed it."

"Why, he's terribly afraid you'll snatch at him for a character in your next book!"

It may be easily imagined that the few words, but highly distinguishing manner, in which Mr. Burke had so courteously marked his kindness towards *Evelina; or, A Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, awakened in the mind of Dr. Burney no small impatience to develope what might be his opinion of *Cecilia; or, The Memoirs of an Heiress*, just then on the eve of publication.

And not long was his parental anxiety kept in suspense. That generous orator had no sooner given an eager perusal to the work, than he condescended to write a letter of the most indulgent, nay eloquent approvance to its highly honoured author;

for whom he vivaciously displayed a flattering partiality, to which he inviolably adhered through every change, either in his own affairs, or in hers, to the end of his life.

All the manuscript memorandums that remain of the year 1782, in the hand-writing of Dr. Burney, are teeming with kind exultation at the progress of this second publication ; though the anecdote that most amused him, and that he wrote triumphantly to the author, was one that had been recounted to him personally at Buxton, whence the then Lord Chancellor, Thurlow, went on a visit to Lord Gower, at Trentham ; where, on being conducted to a splendid library, he took a volume of *Cecilia* out of his pocket, exclaiming, "What signify all your fine and flourishing works here ? See, I have brought you a little book that's worth them all !" and he threw it upon the table, open, comically, at the passage where Hobson talks of "*My Lord High Chancellor, and the like of that.*"

From the time of the Richmond Hill assemblage, the acquaintance of Dr. Burney with Mr. Burke ripened into a regard that was soon mellowed into true and genial friendship, such as well suited the primitive characters, however it might clash, occasionally, with the current politics of both.

Influenced by such a chief, the whole of the family of Mr. Burke followed his example ; and the son, brother, and cousin, always joined the Doctor and his daughter, upon every accidental opportunity ; while Mrs. Burke called in St. Martin's street to fix the acquaintance, by a pressing invitation to both father and daughter to pass a week at Beaconsfield.

Not to have done this at so favourable a juncture in the spirits, the powers, and the happiness of Mr. Burke, always rested on both their minds with considerable regret ; and on one of them it rests still ! for an hour with Mr. Burke, in that bright halcyon season of his glory, concentrated in matter, and embellished in manner, as much wit, wisdom, and information, as might have demanded weeks, months,—perhaps more,—to elicit from any other person :—and even, perhaps, at any other period, from himself :—Dr. Johnson always excepted.

But the engagements of Dr. Burney tied him to the capital; and no suspicion occurred that the same resplendent sunshine which then illuminated the fortune, the faculties, and the character of Mr. Burke, would not equally vivify a future invitation. Not one foreboding cloud lowered in the air with misty menace of the deadly tempests, public and domestic, that were hurtling over the head of that exalted but passion-swayed orator; though such were so soon to darken the resplendence, now so vivid, of his felicity and his fame; the public, by warping his judgment—the domestic, by breaking his heart!

* * * * *

MRS. THRALE.

Dr. Burney, when the Cecilian business was arranged, again conveyed the memorialist to Streatham. No further reluctance on his part, nor exhortations on that of Mr. Crisp, sought to withdraw her from that spot, where, while it was in its glory, they had so recently, and with pride, seen her distinguished. And truly eager was her own haste, when mistress of her time, to try once more to soothe those sorrows and chagrins in which she had most largely participated, by answering to the call, which had never ceased tenderly to pursue her, of return.

With alacrity, therefore, though not with gaiety, they re-entered the Streatham gates—but they soon perceived that they found not what they had left!

Changed, indeed, was Streatham! Gone its chief, and changed his relict!—unaccountably, incomprehensibly, indefinitely changed! She was absent and agitated; not two minutes could she remain in a place; she scarcely seemed to know whom she saw; her speech was so hurried it was hardly intelligible; her eyes were assiduously averted from those who sought them; and her smiles were faint and forced.

The Doctor, who had no opportunity to communicate his remarks, went back, as usual, to town; where soon also, with his tendency, as usual, to view every thing cheerfully, he revolved in his mind the new cares and avocations by which Mrs. Thrale

was perplexed ; and persuaded himself that the alteration which had struck him, was simply the effect of her new position.

Too near, however, were the observations of the memorialist for so easy a solution. The change in her friend was equally dark and melancholy; yet not personal to the memorialist was any alteration. No affection there was lessened ; no kindness cooled ; on the contrary, Mrs. Thrale was more fervent in both ; more touchingly tender ; and softened in disposition beyond all expression, all description ; but in every thing else,—in health, spirits, comfort, general looks, and manner, the change was at once universal and deplorable. All was misery and mystery ; misery the most restless ; mystery the most unfathomable.

The mystery, however, soon ceased ; the solicitations of the most affectionate sympathy could not long be urged in vain ;—the mystery passed away—not so the misery ! That, when revealed, was but to both parties doubled, from the different feelings set in movement by its disclosure.

The astonishing history of the enigmatical attachment which impelled Mrs. Thrale to her second marriage, is now as well known as her name : but its details belong not to the history of Dr. Burney ; though the fact too deeply interested him, and was too intimately felt in his social habits, to be passed over in silence in any memoirs of his life.

But while ignorant yet of its cause, more and more struck he became at every meeting, by a species of general alienation which pervaded all around at Streatham. His visits, which, heretofore, had seemed galas to Mrs. Thrale, were now begun and ended almost without notice : and all others,—Dr. Johnson not excepted,—were cast into the same gulf of general neglect, or forgetfulness ;—all,—save singly this memorialist!—to whom, the fatal secret once acknowledged, Mrs. Thrale clung for comfort ; though she saw, and generously pardoned, how wide she was from meeting approbation.

In this retired, though far from tranquil manner, passed many months ; during which, with the acquiescent consent of the Doctor, his daughter, wholly devoted to her unhappy friend, remained uninterruptedly at sad and altered Streatham ; sedulously avoiding, what at other times she most wished, a *tête à*

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tête with her father. Bound by ties indissoluble of honour not to betray a trust that, in the ignorance of her pity, she had herself unwittingly sought, even to him she was as immutably silent on this subject as to all others,—save, singly, to the eldest daughter of the house ; whose conduct, through scenes of dreadful difficulty, notwithstanding her extreme youth, was even exemplary ; and to whom the self-beguiled, yet generous mother, gave full and free permission to confide every thought and feeling to the memorialist.

And here let a tribute of friendship be offered up to the shrine of remembrance, due from a thousand ineffaceably tender recollections. Not wildly, and with male and headstrong passions, as has currently been asserted, was this connexion brought to bear on the part of Mrs. Thrale. It was struggled against at times with even agonizing energy, and with efforts so vehement, as nearly to destroy the poor machine they were exerted to save. But the subtle poison had glided into her veins so unsuspectedly, and, at first, so unopposedly, that the whole fabric was infected with its venom ; which seemed to become a part, never to be dislodged, of its system.

It was, indeed, the positive opinion of her physician and friend, Sir Lucas Pepys, that so excited were her feelings, and so shattered, by their early indulgence, was her frame, that the crisis which might be produced through the medium of decided resistance, offered no other alternative but death or madness !

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Various incidental circumstances began, at length, to open the reluctant eyes of Dr. Burney to an impelled, though clouded foresight, of the portentous event which might latently be the cause of the alteration of all around at Streatham. He then naturally wished for some explanation with his daughter, though he never forced or even claimed her confidence ; well knowing that voluntarily to give it him had been her earliest delight.

But in taking her home with him one morning, to pass a day in St. Martin's street, he almost involuntarily, in driving from the paddock, turned back his head towards the house, and, in a tone the most impressive, sighed out : "Adieu, Streatham, adieu !"

His daughter perceived his eyes were glistening ; though he presently dropt them, and bowed down his head, as if not to distress her by any look of examination ; and said no more.

Her tears, which had long been with difficulty restrained from overflowing in his presence, through grief at the unhappiness, and even more at what she thought the infatuation of her friend, now burst forth, from emotions that surprised away forbearance.

Dr. Burney sat silent and quiet, to give her time for recollection ; though fully expecting a trusting communication.

She gave, however, none : his commands alone could have forced a disclosure ; but he soon felt convinced by her taciturnity, that she must have been bound to concealment. He pitied, therefore, but respected her secrecy ; and, clearing his brow, finished the little journey in conversing upon their own affairs.

This delicacy of kindness, which the memorialist cannot recollect and not record, filled her with ever-living gratitude.

DR. JOHNSON.

A few weeks earlier, the memorialist had passed a nearly similar scene with Dr. Johnson. Not, however, she believes, from the same formidable species of surmise ; but from the wounds inflicted on his injured sensibility, through the palpably altered looks, tone, and deportment, of the bewildered lady of the mansion ; who, cruelly aware what would be his wrath, and how overwhelming his reproaches against her projected union, wished to break up their residing under the same roof before it should be proclaimed.

This gave to her whole behaviour towards Dr. Johnson, a sort of restless petulance, of which she was sometimes hardly conscious ; at others, nearly reckless ; but which hurt him far more than she purposed, though short of the point at which she aimed, of precipitating a change of dwelling that would elude its being cast, either by himself or the world, upon a passion that her understanding blushed to own ; even while she was sacrificing to it all of inborn dignity that she had been bred to hold most sacred.

Dr. Johnson, while still uninformed of an entanglement it was impossible he should conjecture, attributed her varying humours to the effect of wayward health meeting a sort of sudden wayward power; and imagined that caprices, which he judged to be partly feminine, and partly wealthy, would soberize themselves away in being unnoticed. He adhered, therefore, to what he thought his post, in being the ostensible guardian protector of the reliet and progeny of the late chief of the house; taking no open or visible notice of the alteration in the successor—save only at times, and when they were *tête à tête*, to this memorialist; to whom he frequently murmured portentous observations on the woful, nay, alarming deterioration in health and disposition of her whom, so lately, he had signalized as the gay mistress of Streatham.

But at length, as she became more and more dissatisfied with her own situation, and impatient for its relief, she grew less and less scrupulous with regard to her celebrated guest; she slighted his counsel; did not heed his remonstrances; avoided his society; was ready at a moment's hint to lend him her carriage when he wished to return to Bolt-court; but awaited a formal request to accord it for bringing him back.

The Doctor then began to be stung; his own aspect became altered; and depression, with indignant uneasiness, sat upon his venerable front.

It was at this moment that, finding the memorialist was going one morning to St. Martin's street, he desired a cast thither in the carriage, and then to be set down at Bolt-court.

Aware of his disturbance, and far too well aware how short it was of what it would become when the cause of all that passed should be detected, it was in trembling that the memorialist accompanied him to the coach, filled with dread of offending him by any reserve, should he force upon her any inquiry; and yet impressed with the utter impossibility of betraying a trusted secret.

His look was stern, though dejected, as he followed her into the vehicle; but when his eye, which, however short-sighted, was quick to mental perception, saw how ill at ease appeared his companion, all sternness subsided into an undisguised expression

of the strongest emotion, that seemed to claim her sympathy, though to revolt from her compassion ; while, with a shaking hand, and pointing finger, he directed her looks to the mansion from which they were driving ; and, when they faced it from the coach window, as they turned into Streatham Common, tremulously exclaiming : “That house—is lost to *me*—for ever !”

During a moment he then fixed upon her an interrogative eye, that impetuously demanded : “ Do you not perceive the change I am experiencing ?”

A sorrowing sigh was her only answer.

Pride and delicacy then united to make him leave her to her taciturnity.

He was too deeply, however, disturbed to start or to bear any other subject ; and neither of them uttered a single word till the coach stopped in St. Martin’s street, and the house and the carriage-door were opened for their separation ! He then suddenly and expressively looked at her, abruptly grasped her hand, and, with an air of affection, though in a low, husky voice, murmured rather than said : “ Good morning, dear lady !” but turned his head quickly away, to avoid any species of answer.

She was deeply touched by so gentle an acquiescence in her declining the confidential discourse upon which he had indubitably meant to open, relative to this mysterious alienation. But she had the comfort to be satisfied, that he saw and believed in her sincere participation in his feelings ; while he allowed for the grateful attachment that bound her to a friend so loved ; who, to her at least, still manifested a fervour of regard that resisted all change ; alike from this new partiality, and from the undisguised, and even strenuous opposition of the memorialist to its indulgence.

The “ Adieu, Streatham !” that had been uttered figuratively by Dr. Burney, without any knowledge of its nearness to reality, was now fast approaching to becoming a mere matter of fact ; for, to the almost equal grief, however far from equal loss, of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Burney, Streatham, a short time after-

wards, though not publicly relinquished, was quitted by Mrs. Thrale and her family.

Both friends rejoiced, however, that the library and the pictures, at least, on this first breaking up, fell into the hands of so able an appreciator of literature and painting as the Earl of Shelburne.

Mrs. Thrale removed first to Brighton, and next repaired to pass a winter in Argyle-street, previous to fixing her ultimate proceedings.

GENERAL PAOLI.

The last little narration that was written to Mr. Crisp of any party at Streatham, at it contains a description of the celebrated Corsican general, Paoli, with whom Dr. Burney had there been invited to dine, and whom Mr. Crisp, also, had been pressed, though unavailingly, to meet, will here be copied, in the hope that the reader, like Dr. Burney, will learn with pleasure General Paoli's own history of his opening intercourse with Mr. Boswell.

“To Samuel Crisp, Esq., Chesington.

“How sorry am I, my dear Mr. Crisp, that you could not come to Streatham at the time Mrs. Thrale hoped to see you! for when are we likely to meet at Streatham again? And you would have been much pleased, I am sure, with the famous Corsican general, Paoli, who spent the day there, and was extremely communicative and agreeable.

“He is a very pleasing man; tall and genteel in his person, remarkably attentive, obliging and polite; and as soft and mild in his speech, as if he came from feeding sheep in Corsica, like a shepherd; rather than as if he had left the warlike field where he had led his armies to battle.

“I will give you a little specimen of his language and discourse, as they are now fresh in my ears.

“When Mrs. Thrale named me, he started back, though smilingly, and said: ‘I am very glad enough to see you in the face,

Miss Evelina, which I have wished for long enough. O charming book ! I give it you my word I have read it often enough. It is my favourite studioso for apprehending the English language ; which is difficult often. I pray you, Miss Evelina, write some more little volumes of the quickest.'

" I disclaimed the name, and was walking away ; but he followed me with an apology. ' I pray your pardon, mademoiselle. My ideas got in a blunder often. It is Miss Borni what name I meant to accentuate, I pray your pardon, Miss Evelina. I make very much error in my English many times enough.'

" My father then led him to speak of Mr. Boswell, by inquiring into the commencement of their connexion.

" 'He came,' answered the general, 'to my country sudden, and he fetched me some letters of recommending him. But I was of the belief he might, in the verity, be no other person but one imposter. And I supposed, in my mente, he was in the privacy one espy ; for I look away from him to my other companies, and, in one moment, when I look back to him, I behold it in his hands his tablet, and one pencil ! O, he was at the work, I give it you my honour, of writing down all what I say to some persons whatsoever in the room ! Indeed I was angry enough. Pretty much so, I give it you my word. But soon after, I discern he was no imposter, and besides, no espy ; for soon I find it out I was myself only the monster he came to observe, and to describe with one pencil in his tablet ! O, is a very good man, Mr. Boswell, in the bottom ! so cheerful, so witty, so gentle, so talkable. But, at the first, O, I was indeed *faché* of the sufficient. I was in one passion, in my mente, very well.'

" All this comic English he pronounces in a manner the most comically pompous. Nevertheless, my father thinks he will soon speak better, and that he seems less to want language than patience to assort it ; hurrying on impetuously, and any how, rather than stopping for recollection."

This is the last visit remembered, or, at least narrated, of Streatham.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Streatham thus gone, though the intercourse with Mrs. Thrale, who now resided in Argyle-street, London, was as fondly, if not as happily, sustained as ever, Dr. Burney had again his first amanuensis and librarian wholly under his roof, and the pleasure of his parental feelings doubled those of his renown ; for the new author was included, with the most flattering distinction, in almost every invitation that he received, or acquaintance that he made, where a female presided in the society.

Never was practical proof more conspicuous of the power of surmounting every difficulty that rises against our progress to an appointed end, when inclination and business take each other by the hand in its pursuit, than was now evinced by the conduct and success of Dr. Burney in his musical enterprise.

He vigilantly visited both the universities, leaving nothing uninvestigated that assiduity or address could ferret out to his purpose.

The British Museum Library he ransacked, pen in hand, repeatedly : that of Sir Joseph Bankes was as open to him as his own ; Mr. Garrick conducted him, by appointment, to that of the Earl of Shelburn, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne ; which was personally shown to him, with distinguished consideration, by that literary nobleman. To name every other to which he had access would be prolixity ; but to omit that of his majesty, George the Third, would be insensibility. Dr. Burney was permitted to make a full examination of its noble contents ; and to take thence whatever extracts he thought conducive to his design, by his majesty's own gracious orders, delivered through the then librarian, Mr. Barnard.

But for bringing these accumulating materials into play, time still, with all the vigilance of his grasp upon its fragments, was wanting ; and to counteract the relentless calls of his professional business, he was forced to superadd an unsparing requisition upon his sleep—the only creditor that he never paid.

SAM'S CLUB.

Immediately after vacating Streatham, Dr. Burney was called upon, by his great and good friend of Bolt-court, to become a member of a club which he was then instituting for the emolument of Samuel, a footman of the late Mr. Thrale. This man, who was no longer wanted for the broken establishment of Streatham, had saved sufficient money for setting up a humble species of hotel, to which this club would be a manifest advantage. It was called, from the name of the honest domestic whom Dr. Johnson wished to serve, Sam's Club. It was held in Essex-street, in the Strand. Its rules, &c. are printed by Mr. Boswell.

To enumerate all the coteries to which the Doctor, with his new associate, now resorted, would be uninteresting, for almost all are passed away! and nearly all are forgotten; though there was scarcely a name in their several sets that did not, at that time, carry some weight of public opinion. Such of them, nevertheless, that have left lasting memorials of their character, their wit, or their abilities, may not unacceptably be selected for some passing observation.

BAS BLEU SOCIETIES.

To begin with what still is famous in the annals of conversation, the *Bas Bleu* Societies.

The first of these was then in the meridian of its lustre, but had been instituted many years previously at Bath. It owed its name to an apology made by Mr. Stillingfleet, in declining to accept an invitation to a literary meeting at Mrs. Vesey's, from not being, he said, in the habit of displaying a proper equipment for an evening assembly. "Pho, pho," cried she, with her well-known, yet always original simplicity, while she looked, inquisitively at him and his accoutrements; "don't mind dress! Come in your blue stockings!" With which words, humorously repeating them as he entered the apartment of the chosen coterie, Mr. Stillingfleet claimed permission for

appearing, according to order. And those words, ever after, were fixed, in playful stigma, upon Mrs. Vesey's associations.*

This original coterie was still headed by Mrs. Vesey, though it was transferred from Bath to London. Dr. Burney and this memorialist were now initiated into the midst of it. And however ridicule, in public, from those who had no taste for this bluism; or envy, in secret, from those who had no admission to it, might seek to deprecate its merit, it afforded to all lovers of intellectual entertainment a variety of amusement, an exemption from form, and a *carte blanche* certainty of good humour from the amiable and artless hostess, that rendered it as agreeable as it was singular: for Mrs. Vesey was as mirth-provoking from her oddities and mistakes, as Falstaff was wit-inspiring from his vaunting cowardice and sportive epicurism.

There was something so like the manœuvres of a character in a comedy in the manners and movements of Mrs. Vesey, that the company seemed rather to feel themselves assembled, at their own cost and pleasure, in some public apartment, to saunter or to repose; to talk or to hold their tongues; to gaze around, or to drop asleep, as best might suit their humours; than drawn together to receive and to bestow the civilities of given and accepted invitations.

Her fears were so great of the horror, as it was styled, of a circle, from the ceremony and awe which it produced, that she pushed all the small sofas, as well as chairs, pell-mell about the apartments, so as not to leave even a zig-zag path of communication free from impediment: and her greatest delight was to place the seats back to back, so that those who occupied them could perceive no more of their nearest neighbour than if the parties had been sent into different rooms: an arrangement that could only be eluded by such a twisting of the neck as to threaten the interlocutors with a spasmodic affection.

But there was never any distress beyond risibility: and the company that was collected was so generally of a superior cast,

* Sir William Weller Pepys, when he was eighty-four years of age, told this memorialist that he was the only male member then remaining of the original set; and that Mrs. Hannah More was the only remaining female.

that talents and conversation soon found—as when do they miss it?—their own level: and all these extraneous whims merely served to give zest and originality to the assemblage.

Mrs. Vesey was of a character to which it is hardly possible to find a parallel, so untrue would it be to brand it with positive folly; yet so glaringly was it marked by almost incredible simplicity.

With really lively parts, a fertile imagination, and a pleasant quickness of remark, she had the unguardedness of childhood, joined to an Hibernian bewilderment of ideas that cast her incessantly into some burlesque situation; and incited even the most partial, and even the most sensitive of her own countrymen, to relate stories, speeches, and anecdotes of her astonishing self-perplexities, her confusion about times and circumstances, and her inconceivable jumble of recollections between what had happened, or what might have happened; and what had befallen others that she imagined had befallen herself; that made her name, though it could never be pronounced without personal regard, be constantly coupled with something grotesque.

But what most contributed to render the scenes of her social circle nearly dramatic in comic effect, was her deafness; for with all the pity doubly due to that socialless infirmity; and all the pity due to one who still sought conversation as the first of human delights, it was impossible, with a grave face, to behold her manner of constantly marring the pleasure of which she was in pursuit.

She had commonly two or three, or more, ear-trumpets hanging to her wrists, or slung about her neck; or tossed upon the chimney-piece or table; with intention to try them, severally and alternately, upon different speakers, as occasion might arise; and the instant that any earnestness of countenance, or animation of gesture, struck her eye, she darted forward, trumpet in hand, to inquire what was going on; but almost always arrived at the speaker at the moment that he was become, in his turn, the hearer; and eagerly held her brazen instrument to his mouth to catch sounds that were already past and gone. And, after quietly listening some minutes, she would gently utter her disappointment, by crying: “Well! I really thought you were talking of something?”

And then, though a whole group would hold it fitting to flock around her, and recount what had been said, if a smile caught her roving eye from any opposite direction, the fear of losing something more entertaining, would make her beg not to trouble them, and again rush on to the gayer talkers. But as a laugh is excited more commonly by sportive nonsense than by wit, she usually gleaned nothing from her change of place, and hastened therefore back to ask for the rest of what she had interrupted. But generally finding that set dispersing, or dispersed, she would look around her with a forlorn surprise, and cry: “I can’t conceive why it is that nobody talks to-night! I can’t catch a word!”

Or, if some one of peculiar note were engaging attention; if Sir William Hamilton, for example, were describing Herculaneum or Pompeii; or Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Hannah More were discussing some new author, or favourite work; or if the then still beautiful, though old, Duchess of Leinster, was encountering the beautiful and young Duchess of Devonshire; or, if Mr. Burke, having stept in, and, marking no one with whom he wished to exchange ideas, had siezed upon the first book or pamphlet he could catch, to soothe his harassed mind by reading—which he not seldom did, and most incomparably—a passage or two aloud; circumstances of such a sort would arouse in her so great an earnestness for participation, that she would hasten from one spot to another, in constant hope of better fare; frequently clapping, in her hurry, the broad part of the brazen ear to her temple: but after waiting, with anxious impatience, for the development she expected, but waiting in vain, she would drop her trumpet, and almost dolorously exclaim: “I hope nobody has had any bad news to night? but as soon as I come near any body, nobody speaks!”

Yet, with all these peculiarities, Mrs. Vesey was eminently amiable, candid, gentle, and even sensible; but she had an ardour to know whatever was going forward, and to see whoever was named, that kept her curiosity constantly in a panic; and almost dangerously increased the singular wanderings of her imagination.

Here, amongst the few remaining men of letters of the preceding literary era, Dr. Burney met Horace Walpole, Owen

Cambridge, and Soame Jenyns, who were commonly, then, denominated the old wits; but who rarely, indeed, were surrounded by any new ones who stood much chance of vying with them in readiness of repartee, pith of matter, terseness of expression, or pleasantry in expanding gay ideas.

MRS. MONTAGU.

Yet, while to Mrs. Vesey the *Bas Bleu* Society owed its origin and its epithet, the meetings that took place at Mrs. Montagu's were soon more popularly known by that denomination; for though they could not be more fashionable, they were far more splendid.

Mrs. Montagu had built a superb new house, which was magnificently fitted up, and appeared to be rather appropriate for princes, nobles, and courtiers, than for poets, philosophers, and blue-stocking votaries. And here, in fact, rank and talents were so frequently brought together, that what the satirist uttered scoffingly, the author pronounced proudly, in setting aside the original claimant, to dub Mrs. Montagu Queen of the Blues.

This majestic title was hers, in fact, from more flattering rights than hang upon mere pre-eminence of riches or station. Her *Essay on the Learning and Genius of Shakspeare*; and the literary zeal which made her the voluntary champion of our immortal bard, had so national a claim to support and to praise, that her book, on its first coming out, had gained the almost general plaudits that mounted her, thenceforward, to the Parnassian heights of female British literature.

But, while the same *bas bleu* appellation was given to these two houses of rendezvous, neither that, nor even the same associates, could render them similar. Their grandeur, or their simplicity, their magnitude, or their diminutiveness, were by no means the principal cause of this difference: it was far more attributable to the lady presidents than to their abodes: for though they instilled not their characters into their visitors, their characters bore so large a share in their visitors' reception and accommodation, as to influence materially the turn of the discourse, and the humour of the parties, at their houses.

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At Mrs. Montagu's, the semi-circle that faced the fire retained during the whole evening its unbroken form, with a precision that made it seem described by a Brobdignagian compass. The lady of the castle commonly placed herself at the upper end of the room, near the commencement of the curve, so as to be courteously visible to all her guests; having the person of the highest rank, or consequence, properly, on one side, and the person the most eminent for talents, sagaciously, on the other; or as near to her chair, and her converse, as her favouring eye, and a complacent bow of the head, could invite him to that distinction.*

Her conversational powers were of a truly superior order; strong, just, clear, and often eloquent. Her process in argument, notwithstanding an earnest solicitude for pre-eminence, was uniformly polite and candid. But her reputation for wit seemed always in her thoughts, marring their natural flow, and untutored expression. No sudden start of talent urged forth any precarious opinion; no vivacious new idea varied her logical course of ratiocination. Her smile, though most generally benignant, was rarely gay; and her liveliest sallies had a something of anxiety rather than of hilarity—till their success was ascertained by applause.

Her form was stately, and her manners were dignified. Her face retained strong remains of beauty throughout life; and though its native cast was evidently that of severity, its expression was softened off in discourse by an almost constant desire to please.

If beneficence be judged by the happiness which it diffuses, whose claim, by that proof, shall stand higher than that of Mrs. Montagu, from the munificence with which she celebrated her annual festival for those hapless artificers, who perform the most abject offices of any authorized calling, in being the active guardians of our blazing hearths?

Not to vain glory, then, but to kindness of heart, should be

* This only treats of the Blue Meetings; not of the general assemblies of Montagu House, which were conducted like all others in the circles of high life.

adjudged the publicity of that superb charity, which made its jetty objects, for one bright morning, cease to consider themselves as degraded outcasts from society.

Not all the lyrics of all the rhymsters, nor all the warblings of all the spring-feathered choristers, could hail the opening smiles of May, like the fragrance of that roasted beef and the pulpy softness of those puddings of plums, with which Mrs. Montagu yearly renovated those sooty little agents to the safety of our most blessing luxury.

Taken for all in all, Mrs. Montagu was rare in her attainments; splendid in her conduct; open to the calls of charity; forward to preceede those of indigent genius; and unchangeably just and firm in the application of her interest, her principles, and her fortune, to the encouragement of loyalty, and the support of virtue.

In this house, amongst innumerable high personages and renowned conversers, Dr. Burney met the famous Hervey, Bishop of Derry, late Earl of Bristol; who then stood foremost in sustaining the character for wit and originality that had signalized his race; in the preceding century, by the current phrase of the day, that the world was peopled with men, women, and Herveys.

Here, also, the honourable Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, sometimes put forth his quaint, singular, often original, generally sarcastic, and always entertaining powers.

And here the Doctor met the antique General Oglethorpe, who was pointed out to him by Mr. Walpole for a man nearly in his hundredth year; an assertion that, though exaggerated, easily gained credit, from his gaunt figure and appearance. The General was pleasing, well bred, and gentle.

Horace Walpole, sportively desirous, as he whispered to Dr. Burney, that the Doctor's daughter should see the humours of a man so near to counting his age by a century, insisted, one night at this house, upon forming a little group for that purpose; to which he invited also Mr. and Mrs. Locke: exhibiting thus the two principal points of his own character, from which he rarely deviated: a thirst of amusement from what was singular; with a taste yet more forcible for elegance from what was excellent.

At the side of General Oglethorpe, Mr. Walpole, though much past seventy, had almost the look, and had quite the air of enjoyment of a man who was yet almost young: and so skeleton-like was the General's meagre form, that, by the same species of comparison, Mr. Walpole almost appeared, and, again, almost seemed to think himself, if not absolutely fat, at least not despoiled of his *embonpoint*; though so lank was his thinness, that every other person who stood in his vicinity, might pass as if accoutred and stuffed for a stage representation of Falstaff.

MRS. THRALE.

But—previous to the late Streatham catastrophe—blither, more bland, and more gleeful still, was the personal celebrity of Mrs. Thrale, than that of either Mrs. Montagu or Mrs. Vesey. Mrs. Vesey, indeed, gentle and diffident, dreamed not of any competition: but Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Thrale had long been set up as fair rival candidates for colloquial eminence; and each of them thought the other alone worthy to be her peer. Openly, therefore, when they met, they combatted for precedence of admiration; with placid, though high-strained intellectual exertion on one side, and an exuberant pleasantry of classical allusion or quotation on the other, without the smallest malice in either: for so different were their tastes as well as attributes, that neither of them envied, while each did justice to the powers of her opponent.

The blue parties at Mrs. Thrale's, though neither marked with as much splendour as those of Mrs. Montagu, nor with so curious a selection of distinguished individuals as those of Mrs. Vesey, were yet held of equal height with either in general estimation, as Dr. Johnson, “himself a host,” was usually at Mrs. Thrale's; or was always, by her company, expected: and as she herself possessed powers of entertainment more vivifying in gaiety than any of her competitors.

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Various other meetings were formed in imitation of the same plan of dispensing with cards, music, dice, dancing, or the regales of the festive board, to concentrate in intellectual enter-

tainment all the hopes of the guest, and the efforts of the host and hostess. And, with respect to colloquial elegance, such a plan certainly is of the first order for bringing into play the highest energies of our nature ; and stimulating their fairest exercise in discussions upon the several subjects that rise with every rising day ; and that take and give a fresh colour to thought as well as to expression, from the mind of every fresh discriminator.

And such meetings, when the parties were well assorted, and in good humour, formed, at that time, a coalition of talents, and a brilliancy of exertion, that produced the most informing dissertations, or the happiest sallies of wit and pleasantry, that could emanate from social intercourse.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

But of these coteries, none surpassed, if they equalled, in easy pleasantry, unaffected intelligence, and information free from pedantry or formality, those of the Knight of Plympton. Sir Joshua Reynolds was singularly simple, though never inelegant in his language ; and his classical style of painting could not be more pleasing, however more sublimely it might elevate and surprise, than his manners and conversation.

There was little or no play of countenance, beyond cheerfulness or sadness, in the features of Sir Joshua : but in his eyes there was a searching look, that seemed, upon his introduction to any person of whom he had thought before he had seen, to fix, in his painter's mind, the attitude, if it may be so called, of face that would be most striking for a picture. But this was rarely obvious, and never disconcerting ; he was eminently unassuming, unpretending, and natural.

Dr. Burney has left amongst his papers a note of an harangue which he had heard from Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the house of Dudley Long, when the Duke of Devonshire, and various other peers, were present, and when happiness was the topic of discussion. Sir Joshua for some time had listened in silence to their several opinions ; and then impressively said : " You none of you, my lords, if you will forgive my telling you so, can

speak upon this subject with as much knowledge of it as I can. Dr. Burney perhaps might; but it is not the man who looks around from the top of a high mountain at a beautiful prospect, on the first moment of opening his eyes, who has the true enjoyment of that noble sight: it is he who ascends the mountain from a miry meadow, or a ploughed field, or a barren waste; and who works his way up to it step by step; scratched and harassed by thorns and briars; with here a hollow, that catches his foot; and there a clump that forces him all the way back to find out a new path;—it is he who attains to it through all that toil and danger, and with the strong contrast on his mind of the miry meadow, or ploughed field, or barren waste, for which it was exchanged,—it is he, my lords, who enjoys the beauties that suddenly blaze upon him. They cause an expansion of ideas in harmony with the expansion of the view. He glories in its glory; and his mind opens to conscious exaltation; such as the man who was born and bred upon that commanding height, with all the loveliness of prospect, and fragrance, and variety, and plenty, and luxury of every sort, around, above, beneath, can never know; can have no idea of;—at least, not till he come near some precipice, in a boisterous wind, that hurls him from the top to the bottom, and gives him some taste of what he had possessed, by its loss; and some pleasure in its recovery, by the pain and difficulty of scrambling back to it.”

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Mrs. Reynolds also had her coteries, which were occasionally attended by most of the persons who have been named; equally from consideration to her brother, and personal respect to herself.

MRS. CHAPONE.

Mrs. Chapone, too, had her own coteries, which, though not sought by the young, and, perhaps, fled from by the gay, were rational, instructive, and social; and it was not with self-approbation that they could ever be deserted. But the search of greater gaiety, and higher fashion, rarely awaits that award.

The meetings, in truth, at her dwelling, from her palpable and organic deficiency in health and strength for their sustenance, though they never lacked of sense or taste, always wanted spirit ; a want which cast over them a damp that made the same interlocutors, who elsewhere grouped audiences around them from their fame as discoursers, appear to be assembled here merely for the grave purpose of performing a duty.

Yet here were to be seen Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Hannah More, the clever family of the Burroughs, the classically lively Sir William Pepys, and the ingenious and virtuous Mrs. Barbauld.

But though the dignity of her mind demanded, as it deserved, the respect of some return to the visits which her love of society induced her to pay, it was a *tête-à-tête* alone that gave pleasure to the intercourse with Mrs. Chapone : her sound understanding, her sagacious observations, her turn to humour, and the candour of her affectionate nature, all then came into play without effort : and her ease of mind, when freed from the trammels of doing the honours of reception, seemed to soften off, even to herself, her corporeal infirmities. It was thus that she struck Dr. Burney with the sense of her worth ; and seemed portraying in herself the original example whence the precepts had been drawn, for forming the unsophisticated female character, that are displayed in the author's Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.

SOAME JENYNS.

Amongst the *bouquets*, as Dr. Burney denominated the fragrant flatteries courteously lavished, in its day, on the Memoirs of an Heiress, few were more odorous to him than those offered by the famous old wits, Soame Jenyns and Owen Cambridge.

Soame Jenyns, at the age of seventy-eight, condescended to make interest with Mrs. Ord to arrange an acquaintance for him, at her house in Queen Ann-street, with the father and the daughter.

Pleasant to Dr. Burney as was the tide of favour, by which he was exhilarated through the second publication of his daughter, it had not yet reached the climax to which it soon after-

wards arose; which was the junction of the two first men of the country, if not of the age, in proclaiming each to the other, at an assembly at Miss Moncton's, where they seated themselves by her side, their kind approvance of this work; and proclaiming it, each animated by the spirit of the other, "in the noblest terms that our language, in its highest glory, is capable of emitting."

Such were the words of Dr. Johnson himself, in speaking afterwards to Dr. Burney of Mr. Burke's share in this flattering dialogue; to which Dr. Burney ever after looked back as to the height of his daughter's literary honours; though he could scarcely then foresee the extent, and the expansion, of that indulgent partiality with which each of them, ever after, invariably distinguished her to the last hours of their lives.

Thus salubriously for Dr. Burney had been cheered the opening winter of 1782, by the celebrated old wits Owen Cambridge and Soame Jenyns; through the philanthropy and good humour which cheered for themselves and their friends the winter of their own lives: and thus radiant with a warmth which Sol in his summer's glory could not deepen, had gone on the same winter to 1783, through the glowing suffrage of the two first luminaries that brightened the constellation of genius of the reign of George the Third,—Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke.

But not in fair harmony of progression with this commencement proceeded the year 1783! Its April had a harshness which its January had escaped. It brought with it no fragrance of happiness to Dr. Burney. With a blight opened this fatal spring, and with a blast it closed!

* * * * *

MRS. THRALE.

All being now, though in the dark, and unannounced, arranged for the determined alliance, Mrs. Thrale abandoned London as she had forsaken Streatham, and, in the beginning of April, retired with her three eldest daughters to Bath: there to reside till she could complete a plan, then in agitation, for superseding the maternal protection with all that might yet be attainable of propriety and dignity.

Dr. Burney was deeply hurt by this now palpably threatening event; the virtues of Mrs. Thrale had borne an equal poise in his admiration with her talents; both were of an extraordinary order. He had praised, he had loved, he had sung them. Nor was he by any means so severe a disciplinarian over the claims of taste, or the elections of the heart, as to disallow their unalienable rights of being candidly heard, and favourably listened to, in the disposal of our persons and our fates; her choice, therefore, would have roused no severity, though it might justly have excited surprise, had her birth, fortune, and rank in life alone been at stake. But Mrs. Thrale had ties that appeared to him to demand precedence over all feelings, all inclinations—in five daughters, who were juvenile heiresses.

To Bath, however, she went; and truly grieved was the prophetic spirit of Dr. Burney at her departure; which he looked upon as the catastrophe of Streatham.

MRS. DELANY.

From circumstances peculiarly fortunate with regard to the time of their operation, some solace opened to Dr. Burney, for himself, and still more to his parental kindness for this memorialist, in this season of disappointment and deprivation, from a beginning intercourse which now took place for both, with *the fairest model of female excellence of the days that were passed*, Mrs. Delany.*

Such were the words by which Mrs. Delany had been pictured to this memorialist by Mr. Burke, at Miss Monton's assembly; and such was the impression of her character under which this connexion was begun by Dr. Burney.

The proposition for an acquaintance, and the negotiation for its commencement between the parties, had been committed, by Mrs. Delany herself, to Mrs. Chapone; whose literary endowments stood not higher, either in public or in private estimation, than the virtues of her mind, and the goodness of her heart. Both were evinced by her popular writings for the female sex,

* Daughter of John Granville, Esq., and niece of Pope's Granville, the then Lord Lansdowne, "of every Muse the friend."

at a time when its education, whether from timidity or indolence, required a spur, far more certainly than its cynic traducers can prove that now, from ambition or temerity, it calls for a bridle.

As Dr. Burney could not make an early visit, and Mrs. Delany could not receive a late one, Mrs. Chapone was commissioned to engage the daughter to a quiet dinner; and the Doctor to join the party in the evening.

This was assented to with the utmost pleasure, both father and daughter being stimulated in curiosity and expectance by Mr. Crisp, who had formerly known and admired Mrs. Delany, and had been a favourite with her bosom friend, the Dowager Duchess of Portland, and with some other of her elegant associates.

As this venerable lady still lives in the memoirs and correspondence of Dean Swift,* an account of this interview, abridged from a letter to Mr. Crisp, will not, perhaps, be unwillingly received, as a genuine picture of an aged lady of rare accomplishments, and high bred manners, of olden times; who had strikingly been distinguished by Dean Swift, and who was now energetically esteemed by Mr. Burke.

Under the wing of the respectable Mrs. Chapone, this memorialist was first conveyed to the dwelling of Mrs. Delany in St. James's Place.

Mrs. Delany was alone; but the moment her guests were announced, with an eagerness that seemed forgetful of her years, and that denoted the most flattering pleasure, she advanced to the door of her apartment to receive them.

Mrs. Chapone presented to her by name the memorialist, whose hand she took with almost youthful vivacity, saying: "Miss Burney must pardon me if I give her an old-fashioned reception, for I know nothing new!" And she kindly saluted her.

With a grace of manner the most striking, she then placed Mrs. Chapone on the sofa, and led the memorialist to a chair next to her own, saying: "Can you forgive, Miss Burney, the very great liberty I have taken of asking you to my little dinner? But you

* See Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift.

could not come in the morning ; and I wished so impatiently to see one from whom I have received such very extraordinary pleasure, that I could not bear to put it off to another day : for I have no days, now, to throw away ! And if I waited for the evening, I might, perhaps, have company. And I hear so ill in mixt society, that I cannot, as I wish to do, attend to more than one at a time ; for age, now, is making me more stupid even than I am by nature. And how grieved and mortified I should have been to have known I had Miss Burney in the room, and not to have heard what she said ! ”

Tone, manner, and look, so impressively marked the sincerity of this humility, as to render it,—her time of life, her high estimation in the world, and her rare acquirements considered,—as touching as it was unexpected to her new guest.

Mrs. Delany still was tall, though some of her height was probably lost. Not much, however, for she was remarkably upright. There were little remains of beauty left in feature ; but benevolence, softness, piety, and sense, were all, as conversation brought them into play, depicted in her face, with a sweetness of look and manner, that, notwithstanding her years, were nearly fascinating.

The report generally spread of her being blind, added surprise to pleasure at such active personal civilities in receiving her visitors. Blind, however, she palpably was not. She was neither led about the room, nor afraid of making any false step, or mistake ; and the turn of her head to those whom she meant to address, was constantly right. The expression, also, of her still pleasing, though dim eyes, told no sightless tale ; but, on the contrary, manifested that she had by no means lost the view of the countenance any more than of the presence of her company.

But the fine perception by which, formerly, she had drawn, painted, cut out, worked, and read, was obscured ; and of all those accomplishments in which she had excelled, she was utterly deprived.

Of their former possession, however, there were ample proofs to demonstrate their value ; her apartments were hung round with pictures of her own painting, beautifully designed and delightfully coloured ; and ornaments of her own execution of

striking elegance, in cuttings and variegated stained paper, embellished her chimney-piece ; partly copied from antique studies, partly of fanciful invention ; but all equally in the chaste style of true and refined good taste.

At the request of Mrs. Chapone, she instantly and unaffectedly brought forth a volume of her newly invented Mosaic flower-work ; an art of her own creation ; consisting of staining paper of all possible colours, and then cutting it into strips, so finely and delicately, that when pasted on a dark ground, in accordance to the flower it was to produce, it had the appearance of a beautiful painting ; except that it rose to the sight with a still richer effect : and this art Mrs. Delany had invented at seventy-five years of age !

It was so long, she said, after its suggestion, before she brought her work into any system, that in the first year she finished only two flowers : but in the second she accomplished sixteen ; and in the third, one hundred and sixty. And after that, many more. They were all from nature, the fresh gathered, or still growing plant, being placed immediately before her for imitation. Her collection consisted of whatever was most choice and rare in flowers, plants, and weeds, or, more properly speaking, field-flowers ; for, as Thomson ingeniously says, it is the “dull incurious” alone, who stigmatize these native offsprings of Flora by the degrading title of weeds.

Her plan had been to finish one thousand, for a complete herbal ; but its progress had been stopped short, by the feebleness of her sight, when she was within only twenty of her original scheme.

She had always marked the spot whence she took, or received, her model, with the date of the year on the corner of each flower, in different coloured letters. “But the last year,” she meekly said, “when I found my eyes becoming weaker and weaker, and threatening to fail me before my plan could be completed, I cut out my initials, M. D., in white, for I fancied myself nearly working in my winding-sheet!”

There was something in her smile at this melancholy speech that blended so much cheerfulness with resignation, as to render it, to the memorialist, extremely affecting.

Mrs. Chapone inquired whether her eyes had been injured by any cold?

Instantly, at the question, recalling her spirits, "No, no!" she replied; "nothing has attacked them but my reigning malady, old age!—'Tis, however, only what we are all striving to obtain! And I, for one, have found it a very comfortable state. Yesterday, nevertheless, my peculiar infirmity was rather distressing to me. I received a note from young Mr. Montagu, written in the name of his aunt, that required an immediate answer. But how could I give it to what I could not even read? My good Astley was, by great chance, gone abroad; and my housemaid can neither write nor read; and my man happened to be in disgrace, so I could not do him such a favour [smiling] as to be obliged to him! I resolved, therefore, to try, once more, to read myself; and I hunted out my old long-laid-by magnifier. But it would not do! it was all in vain! I then ferretted out a larger glass; and with that, I had the great satisfaction to make out the first word,—but before I could get at the second, even the first became a blank! My eyes, however, have served me so long and so well, that I should be very ungrateful to quarrel with them. I then, luckily, recollect that my cook is a scholar! So I sent for her, and we made out the billet together—which, indeed, deserved a much better answer than I, or my cook either, scholar as she is, could bestow. But my dear niece will be with me ere long, and then I shall not be quite such a bankrupt to my correspondents."

Bankrupt, indeed, was she not, to gaiety, to good humour, or to polished love of giving pleasure to her social circle, any more than to keeping pace with her correspondents.

When Mrs. Chapone mentioned, with much regret, that a previous evening engagement must force her away at half-past seven o'clock—"Half-past seven!" Mrs. Delany repeated, with an arch smile; "O fie! fie! Mrs. Chapone! why Miss Laroilles would not for the world go any where before eight or nine!"

And when the memorialist, astonished as well as diverted at such a sally from Mrs. Delany, yet desirous, from embarrassment, not to seem to have noticed it, turned to look at some of

the pictures, and stopped at a charming portrait of Madame de Savigne, to remark its expressive mixture of sweetness, intelligence and vivacity, the smile of Mrs. Delany became yet archer, as she sportively said, "Yes!—she looks very—*enjouée*, as Captain Aresby would say."

This was not a speech to lessen, or meant to lessen, either surprise or amusement in the memorialist, who, nevertheless, quietly continued her examination of the pictures, till she stopped at a portrait that struck her to have an air of spirit and genius, that induced her to inquire whom it represented.

Mrs. Delany did not mention the name, but only answered, "I don't know how it is, Mrs. Chapone, but I can never, of late, look at that picture without thinking of poor Belfield."

This was heard with a real start—though certainly not of pain! But that Mrs. Delany, at her very advanced time of life, eighty-three, should thus have personified to herself the characters of a book so recently published, mingled in its pleasure nearly as much astonishment as gratification.

Mrs. Delany, still clear-sighted to countenance, at least—seemed to read her thoughts, and, kindly taking her hand, smilingly said: "You must forgive us, Miss Burney; it is not quite a propriety, I own, to talk of these people before you; but we don't know how to speak at all, now, without naming them, they run so in our heads!"

Early in the evening, they were joined by Mrs. Delany's beloved and loving friend, the Duchess Dowager of Portland; a lady, who, though not as exquisitely pleasing, any more than as interesting by age as Mrs. Delany,—who, born with the century, was now in her eighty-third year—had yet a physiognomy that, when lighted up by any discourse in which she took a part from personal feelings, was singularly expressive of sweetness, sense, and dignity; three words that exactly formed the description of her manners; which were not merely free from pride, but free, also, from its mortifying deputy, affability.

Mrs. Delany, that pattern of the old school in high politeness, was now, it is probable, in the sphere whence Mr. Burke had signalized her by that character; for her reception of the Duchess of Portland, and her conduct to that noble friend, strikingly

displayed the self-possession that good taste with good breeding can bestow, even upon the most timid mind, in doing the honours of home to a superior.

She welcomed her grace with as much respectful ceremony as if this had been a first visit; to manifest that, what in its origin, she had taken as an honour, she had so much true humility as to hold to be rather more than less so in its continuance; yet she constantly exerted a spirit, in pronouncing her opposing or concurring sentiments, in the conversation that ensued, that showed as dignified an independence of character, as it marked a sincerity as well as happiness of friendship, in the society of her elevated guest.

The memorialist was presented to her grace, who came with the expectation of meeting her, in the most gentle and flattering terms by Mrs. Delany; and she was received with kindness rather than goodness. The watchful regard of the duchess for Mrs. Delany, soon pointed out the marked partially which that revered lady was already conceiving for her new visiter; and the duchess, pleased to abet, as salubrious, every cheering propensity in her beloved friend, immediately disposed herself to second it with the most obliging alacrity.

Mrs. Delany, gratified by this apparent approvance, then started the subject of the recent publication, with a glow of pleasure that, though she uttered her favouring opinions with the most unaffected, the chonest simplicity, made the "eloquent blood" rush at every flattering sentence into her pale, soft, aged cheeks, as if her years had been as juvenile as her ideas and her kindness.

Animated by the animation of her friend, the duchess gaily increased it by her own; and the warm-hearted Mrs. Chapone still augmented its energy, by her benignant delight that she had brought such a scene to bear for her young companion: while all three sportively united in talking of the characters in the publication, as if speaking of persons and incidents of their own peculiar knowledge.

On the first pause upon a theme which, though unavoidably embarrassing, could not, in hands of such noble courtesy, that knew how to make flattery subservient to elegance, and praise to delicacy, be seriously distressing; the deeply honoured,

though confused object of so much condescension, seized the vacant moment for starting the name of Mr. Crisp.

Nothing could better propitiate the introduction which Dr. Burney desired for himself to the correspondent of Dean Swift, and the quondam acquaintance of his early monitor, Mr. Crisp, than bringing this latter upon the scene.

The duchess now took the lead in the discourse, and was charmed to hear tidings of a former friend, who had been missed so long in the world as to be thought lost. She inquired minutely into his actual way of life, his health and his welfare; and whether he retained his fondness and high taste for all the polite arts.

To the memorialist this was a topic to give a flow of spirits, that spontaneously banished the reserve and silence with strangers of which she stood generally accused: and her history of the patriarchal attachment of Mr. Crisp to Dr. Burney, and its benevolent extension to every part of his family, while it revived Mr. Crisp to the memories and regard of the duchess and of Mrs. Delany, stimulated their wishes to know the man—Dr. Burney,—who alone, of all the original connexions of Mr. Crisp, had preserved such power over his affections, as to be a welcome inmate to his almost hermetically closed retreat.

And the account of Chesington Hall, its insulated and lonely position, its dilapidated state, its nearly inaccessible roads, its quaint old pictures, and straight long garden-paths, was as curious and amusing to Mrs. Chapone, who was spiritedly awake to whatever was romantic or uncommon, as the description of the chief of the domain was interesting to those who had known him when he was as eminently a man of the world, as he was now become, singularly, the recluse of a village.

Such was the basis of the intercourse that thenceforward took place between Dr. Burney and the admirable Mrs. Delany; who was not, from her feminine and elegant character, and her skill in the arts, more to the taste of Dr. Burney, than he had the honour to be to hers, from his varied acquirements, and his unstrained readiness to bring them forth in social meetings. While his daughter, who thus, by chance, was the happy instrument of this junction, reaped from it a delight that was

soon exalted to even bosom felicity, from the indulgent partiality with which that graceful pattern of olden times met, received and cherished the reverential attachment which she inspired ; and which imperceptibly graduated into a mutual, a trusting, a sacred friendship ; as soothing, from his share in its formation, to her honoured Mr. Crisp, as it was delighting to Dr. Burney from its seasonable mitigation of the loss, the disappointment, the breaking up of Streatham.

MR. CRISP.

But though this gently cheering, and highly honourable connexion, by its kindly operation, offered the first mental solace to that portentous journey to Bath, which with a blight had opened the spring of 1783; that blight was still unhealed in the excoriation of its infliction, when a new incision of anguish, more deeply cutting still, and more permanently incurable, pierced the heart of Dr. Burney, by tidings from Chesington that Mr. Crisp was taken dangerously ill.

The ravages of the gout, which had long laid waste the health, strength, spirits, and life-enjoying nerves of this admirable man, now extended their baleful devastations to the seats of existence, the head and the breast ; wavering occasionally in their work, with something of less relentless rigour, but never abating in menace of fatality.

Susanna,—now Mrs. Phillips,—was at Chesington at the time of the seizure ; and to her gentle bosom, and most reluctant pen, fell the sorrowing task of announcing this quick-approaching calamity to Dr. Burney, and all his house ; and in the same unison that had been their love, was now their grief. Sorrow, save at the dissolution of conjugal or filial ties, could go no deeper. The Doctor would have abandoned every call of business or interest,—for pleasure at such a period had no call to make !—in order to embrace and to attend upon his long dearest friend, if his Susanna had not dissuaded him from so mournful an exertion, by representations of the uncertainty of finding even a moment in which it might be safe to risk any agitation to the sufferer ; whose pains were so torturing, that he

fervently prayed to heaven for the relief of death :—while the prayers for the dying were read to him daily by his pious sister, Mrs. Gast.

And only by the most urgent similar remonstrances could the elder or the younger of the Doctor's daughters be kept away; so completely as a fond father was Mr. Crisp loved by all.

But this memorialist, to whom, for many preceding years, Mr. Crisp had rendered Chesington a second, a tender, an always open, always inviting home, was so wretched while withheld from seeking once more his sight and his benediction, that Dr. Burney could not long oppose her wishes. In some measure, indeed, he sent her as his own representative, by entrusting to her a letter full of tender attachment and poignant grief from himself; which he told her not to deliver, lest it should be oppressive or too affecting: but to keep in hand, for reading more or less of it to him herself, according to the strength, spirits and wishes of his dying friend.

With this fondly-sad commission she hastened to Chesington, where she found her Susanna, and all the house, immersed in affliction: and where, in about a week, she endured the heartfelt sorrow of witnessing the departure of the first, the most invaluable, the dearest friend of her mourning father, and the inestimable object of her own chosen confidence, her deepest respect, and, from her earliest youth, almost filial affection.

HAYDN.

With Haydn, Dr. Burney was in correspondence many years before that noble and truly CREATIVE composer visited England ; and almost enthusiastic was the admiration with which the musical historian opened upon the subject, and the matchless merits, of that sublime genius, in the fourth volume of the History of Music. “I am now,” he says, “happily arrived at that part of my narrative where it is necessary to speak of HAYDN, the incomparable HAYDN; from whose productions I have received more pleasure late in life, when tired of most other music, than I ever enjoyed in the most ignorant and rapturous part of my youth, when every thing was new, and the disposition to be pleased was undiminished by criticism or satiety.”

METASTASIO.

With Metastasio, who in chaste pathos of sentimental eloquence, and a purity of expression that seems to emanate from purity of feeling, stands nearly unequalled, he assiduously maintained the intercourse which he had happily begun with that laureate-poet at Vienna.

BARRY.

Amongst the many cotemporary tributes paid to the merits of Dr. Burney, there was one from a celebrated and estimable artist, that caused no small diversion to the friends of the Doctor; and, perhaps, to the public at large, from the Hibernian tale which it seemed instinctively to unfold of the birth-place of its designer.

The famous painter, Mr. Barry, after a formal declaration, that his picture of The Triumph of the Thames, which was painted for the Society of Arts, should be devoted exclusively to immortalizing the eminent dead, placed, in the watery groupes of the renowned departed, Dr. Burney, then full of life and vigour.

This whimsical incident produced from the still playful imagination of Mr. Owen Cambridge the following *jeu d'esprit*: to which he was incited by an accident that had just occurred to the celebrated Gibbon; who, in stepping too lightly from, or to, a boat of Mr. Cambridge's, had slipt into the Thames; whence, however, he was intrepidly and immediately rescued, with no other mischief than a wet jacket, by one of that fearless, water-proof race, denominated, by Mr. Gibbon, the amphibious family of the Cambridges.

"When Chloe's picture was to Venus shown," &c.—PRIOR.

"When Burney's picture was to Gibbon shown,
The pleased historian took it for his own;
'For who, with shoulders dry, and powdered locks,
E'er bathed but I?' he said, and rapt his box."

"Barry replied, 'My lasting colours show
What gifts the painter's pencil can bestow;
With nymphs of Thames, those amiable creatures,
I placed the charming minstrel's smiling features:
But let not, then, his *bonne fortune* concern ye,
For there are nymphs enough for you—and Burney.'"

DR. JOHNSON.

But all that Dr. Burney possessed, either of spirited resistance or acquiescent submission to misfortune, was again to be severely tried in the summer that followed the spring of this unkindly year; for the health of his venerated Dr. Johnson received a blow from which it never wholly recovered; though frequent rays of hope intervened from danger to danger; and though more than a year and a half were still allowed to his honoured existence upon earth.

Mr. Seward first brought to Dr. Burney the alarming tidings, that this great and good man had been afflicted by a paralytic stroke. The Doctor hastened to Bolt-court, taking with him this memorialist, who had frequently and urgently been desired by Dr. Johnson himself, during the time that they lived so much together at Streatham, to see him often if he should be ill. But he was surrounded by medical people, and could only admit the Doctor. He sent down, nevertheless, the kindest message of thanks to the truly sorrowing daughter, for calling upon him; and a request that, "when he should be better, she would come to him again and again."

From Mrs. Williams, with whom she remained, she then received the comfort of an assurance that the physicians had pronounced him not to be in danger; and even that they expected the illness would be speedily overcome. The stroke had been confined to the tongue.

Mrs. Williams related a very touching circumstance that had attended the attack. It had happened about four o'clock in the morning, when, though she knew not how, he had been sensible to the seizure of a paralytic affection. He arose, and composed, in his mind, a prayer in Latin to the Almighty, That, however

acute might be the pains, for which he must befit himself, it would please him, through the grace and mediation of our Saviour, to spare his intellects, and to let all his sufferings fall upon his body.

When he had internally conceived this petition, he endeavoured to pronounce it, according to his pious practice, aloud—but his voice was gone!—He was greatly struck, though humbly and resignedly. It was not, however, long, before it returned; but at first with very imperfect articulation.

Dr. Burney, with the zeal of true affection, made time unceasingly for inquiring visits: and no sooner was the invalid restored to the power of reinstating himself in his drawing-room, than the memorialist received from him a summons, which she obeyed the following morning.

She was welcomed with the kindest pleasure; though it was with much difficulty that he endeavoured to rise, and to mark, with wide extended arms, his cordial gladness at her sight; and he was forced to lean back against the wainscot as impressively he uttered, “Ah!—dearest of all dear ladies!—”

He soon, however, recovered more strength, and assumed the force to conduct her himself, and with no small ceremony, to his best chair.

“Can you forgive me, sir,” she cried, when she saw that he had not breakfasted, “for coming so soon!”

“I can less forgive your not coming sooner!” he answered, with a smile.

She asked whether she might make his tea, which she had not done since they had left poor Streatham; where it had been her constant and gratifying business to give him that regale, Miss Thrale being yet too young for the office.

He readily, and with pleasure, consented.

“But, sir,” quoth she, “I am in the wrong chair.” For it was on his own sick large arm chair, which was too heavy for her to move, that he had formally seated her, and it was away from the table.

“It is so difficult,” cried he, with quickness, “for any thing to be wrong that belongs to you, that it can only be I that am in the wrong chair to keep you from the right one!”

This playful good humour was so reviving in showing his recovery, that though Dr. Burney could not remain above ten minutes, his daughter, for whom he sent back his carriage, could with difficulty retire at the end of two hours. Dr. Johnson endeavoured most earnestly to engage her to stay and dine with him and Mrs. Williams ; but that was not in her power ; though so kindly was his heart opened by her true joy at his re-establishment, that he parted from her with a reluctance that was even, and to both, painful. Warm in its affections was the heart of this great and good man ; his temper alone was in fault where it appeared to be otherwise.

When his recovery was confirmed, he accepted some few of the many invitations that were made to him, by various friends, to try at their dwellings the air of the country. Dr. Burney mentioned to him, one evening, that he had heard that the first of these essays was to be made at the house of Mr. Bowles ; and the memorialist added, that she was extremely glad of that news, because, though she knew not Mr. Bowles, she had been informed that he had a true sense of this distinction, and was delighted by it beyond measure.

"He is so delighted," said the Doctor, gravely, and almost with a sigh, "that it is really—shocking!"

"And why so, sir?"

"Why?" he repeated, "because, necessarily, he must be disappointed ! For if a man be expected to leap twenty yards, and should really leap ten, which would be so many more than ever were leapt before, still they would not be twenty ; and consequently, Mr. Bowles, and Mr. every body else would be disappointed."

It had happened, through vexatious circumstances, after the return from Chesington, that Dr. Burney, in his visits to Bolt-court, had not been able to take thither his daughter ; nor yet to spare her his carriage for a separate inquiry ; and incessant bad weather had made walking impracticable. After a week or two of this omission, Dr. Johnson, in a letter to Dr. Burney, enclosed the following billet.

To Miss Burney.

“Madam,—You have now been at home this long time, and yet I have neither seen nor heard from you. Have we quarrelled?

“I have met with a volume of the Philosophical Transactions, which I imagine to belong to Dr. Burney. Miss Charlotte will please to examine.

“Pray send me a direction where Mrs. Chapone lives; and pray, some time, let me have the honour of telling you how much I am, madam, your most humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.

“*Bolt-court, Nov. 19, 1873.*”

Inexpressibly shocked to have hurt or displeased her honoured friend, yet conscious from all within of unalterable and affectionate reverence, she took courage to answer him without offering him any serious defence.

To Dr. Johnson.

“Dear Sir,—May I not say dear?—for quarrelled I am sure we have not. The bad weather alone has kept me from waiting upon you: but now, that you have condescended to give me a summons, no ‘lion shall stand in the way’ of my making your tea this afternoon—unless I receive a prohibition from yourself, and then—I must submit! for what, as you said of a certain great lady, signifies the barking of a lap-dog, if once the lion puts out his paw?

“The book was right.

“Mrs. Chapone lives in Dean-street, Soho.

“I beg you, sir, to forgive a delay for which I can ‘tax the elements only with unkindness,’ and to receive with your usual goodness and indulgence,

“Your ever most obliged, and most faithful humble servant,
F. BURNEY.

“19th Nov. 1783, St. Martin’s Street.”

A latent, but most potent reason, had, in fact, some share in

abetting the elements in the failure of the memorialist of paying her respects in Bolt-court at this period ; except when attending thither her father. Dr. Burney feared her seeing Dr. Johnson alone ; dreading, for both their sakes, the subject to which the Doctor might revert, if they should chance to be *tête-à-tête*. Hitherto, in the many meetings of the two Doctors and herself that had taken place after the paralytic stroke of Dr. Johnson, as well as during the many that had more immediately followed the retreat of Mrs. Thrale to Bath, the name of that lady had never once been mentioned by any of the three.

Not from difference of opinion was the silence ; it was rather from a painful certainty that their opinions must be in unison, and, consequently, that in unison must be their regrets. Each of them, therefore, having so warmly esteemed one whom each of them, now, so afflictively blamed, they tacitly concurred that, for the immediate moment, to cast a veil over her name, actions, and remembrance, seemed what was most respectful to their past feelings, and to her present situation.

But, after the impressive reproach of Dr. Johnson to the memorialist relative to her absence ; and after a seizure which caused a constant anxiety for his health, she could no longer consult her discretion at the expense of her regard ; and, upon ceasing to observe her precautions, she was unavoidably left with him, one morning, by Dr. Burney, who had indispensable business further on in the city, and was to call for her on his return.

Nothing yet had publicly transpired, with certainty or authority, relative to the projects of Mrs. Thrale, who had now been nearly a year at Bath ; though nothing was left unreported, or unasserted, with respect to her proceedings. Nevertheless, how far Dr. Johnson was himself informed, or was ignorant on the subject, neither Dr. Burney nor his daughter could tell ; and each equally feared to learn.

Scarcely an instant, however, was the latter left alone in Bolt-court, ere she saw the justice of her long apprehensions ; for while she planned speaking on some topic that might have a chance to catch the attention of the Doctor, a sudden change from kind tranquillity to strong austerity took place in his

altered countenance ; and, startled and affrighted, she held her peace.

A silence almost awful succeeded, though, previously to Dr. Burney's absence, the gayest discourse had been reciprocated.

The Doctor then, see-sawing violently in his chair, as usual when he was big with any powerful emotion, whether of pleasure or of pain, seemed deeply moved ; but without looking at her, or speaking, he intently fixed his eyes upon the fire : while his panic-struck visiter, filled with dismay at the storm which she saw gathering over the character and conduct of one still dear to her very heart, from the furrowed front, the laborious heaving of the ponderous chest, and the roll of the large, penetrating, wrathful eye of her honoured, but, just then, terrific host, sate mute, motionless, and sad ; tremblingly awaiting a mentally demolishing thunderbolt.

Thus passed a few minutes, in which she scarcely dared breathe ; while the respiration of the Doctor, on the contrary, was of asthmatic force and loudness ; then, suddenly turning to her, with an air of mingled wrath and woe, he hoarsely ejaculated : " Piozzi ! "

He evidently meant to say more ; but the effort with which he articulated that name robbed him of any voice for amplification, and his whole frame grew tremulously convulsed.

His guest, appalled, could not speak ; but he soon discerned that it was grief from coincidence, not distrust from opposition of sentiment, that caused her taciturnity.

This perception calmed him, and he then exhibited a face "in sorrow more than anger." His see-sawing abated of its velocity, and, again fixing his looks upon the fire, he fell into pensive rumination.

From time to time, nevertheless, he impressively glanced upon her his full fraught eye, that told, had its expression been developed, whole volumes of his regret, his disappointment, his astonished indignancy : but, now and then, it also spoke so clearly and so kindly, that he found her sight and her stay soothing to his disturbance, that she felt as if confidentially communing with him, although they exchanged not a word.

At length, and with great agitation, he broke forth with :

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"She cares for no one ! You, only—you, she loves still !—but no one—and nothing else !—you she still loves—"

A half smile now, though of no very gay character, softened a little the severity of his features, while he tried to resume some cheerfulness in adding : "As—she loves her little finger."

It was plain, by this burlesque, or, perhaps, playfully literal comparison, that he meant now, and tried, to dissipate the solemnity of his concern.

The hint was taken ; his guest started another subject ; and this he resumed no more. He saw how distressing was the theme to a hearer whom he ever wished to please, not distress ; and he named Mrs. Thrale no more ! Common topics took place, till they were rejoined by Dr. Burney, whom then, and indeed always, he likewise spared upon this subject.

* * * * *

Very ill again Dr. Johnson grew on the approach of winter ; and with equal fear and affection, both father and daughter sought him as often as it was in their power ; though by no means as frequently as their zealous attachment, or as his own kind wishes might have prompted. But fulness of affairs, and the distance of his dwelling, impeded such continual intercourse as their mutual regard would otherwise have instigated.

This new failure of health was accompanied by a sorrowing depression of spirits ; though unmixed with the smallest deterioration of intellect.

One evening,—the last but one of the sad year 1783,—when Dr. Burney and the memorialist were with him, and some other not remembered visitors, he took an opportunity during a general discourse in which he did not join, to turn suddenly to the ever-favoured daughter, and, fervently grasping her hand, to say : "The blister I have tried for my breath has betrayed some very bad tokens !—but I will not terrify myself by talking of them.—Ah !—*priez Dieu pour moi !*"

Her promise was as solemn as it was sorrowful ; but more humble, if possible, than either. That such a man should descend to make her such a request, amazed, and almost bewildered her : yet, to a mind so devout as that of Dr. Johnson, prayer, even from the most lowly, never seemed presumptuous ;

and even—where he believed in its sincerity, soothed him—for a passing moment—with an idea that it might be propitious.

This was the only instance in which Dr. Johnson ever addressed her in French. He did not wish so serious an injunction to reach other ears than her own.

But those who imagine that the fear of death, which, at this period, was the prominent feature of the mind of Dr. Johnson; and which excited not more commiseration than wonder in the observers and commentators of the day; was the effect of conscious criminality, or produced by a latent belief that he had sinned more than his fellow sinners, knew not Dr. Johnson ! He thought not ill of himself as compared with his human brethren : but he weighed in the rigid scales of his calculating justice the great talent which he had received, against the uses of it which he had made—

And found himself wanting !

Could it be otherwise, to one who had a conscience poignantly alive to a sense of duty, and religiously submissive to the awards of retributive responsibility ?

If those, therefore, who ignorantly have marvelled, or who maliciously would triumph at the terror of death in the pious, would sincerely and severely bow down to a similar self-examination, the marvel would subside, and the triumph might perhaps turn to blushes ! in considering—not the trembling inferiority, but the sublime humility of this ablest and most dauntless of men, but humblest and most orthodox of Christians.

MR. BURKE.

The cordial the most potent to the feelings and the spirits of the Doctor, in this hard-trying year, was the exhilarating partiality displayed towards him by Mr. Burke; and which was doubly soothing by warmly and constantly including the memorialist in its urbanity. From the time of the party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's upon Richmond Hill, their intercourse had gone on with increase of regard. They met, and not unfrequently, at various places ; but chiefly at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, Miss Moncton's, and Mrs. Vesey's. Mr. Burke delighted in

society as much as of society he was the supreme delight: and perhaps to this social disposition he owed that part of his oratorical excellence that made it so entertainingly varying, and so frequently interspersed with penetrating reflections on human life.

But to the political circle to which Mr. Burke and his powers were principally devoted, Dr. Burney was, accidentally, a stranger. Accidentally may be said, for it was by no means deliberately, as he was not of any public station or rank that demanded any restrictions to his mental connections. He was excursive, therefore, in his intercourse, though fixed in his principles.

But besides the three places above named, Mr. Burke himself, from the period of the assembly at Miss Moneton's, had the grace and amiability to drop in occasionally, uninvited and unexpectedly, to the little tea-table of St. Martin's street; where his bright welcome from the enchanted memorialist, for whom he constantly inquired when the Doctor was abroad, repaid him—in some measure, perhaps—for almost always missing the chief of whom he came in search.

The Doctor, also, when he had half an hour to spare, took the new votary of Mr. Burke to visit him and his pleasing wife, at their apartments at the treasury, where was now their official residence. And here they saw, with wonder and admiration, amidst the whirl of polities and the perplexities of ministerial arrangements, in which Mr. Burke, then in the administration, was incessantly involved, how cheerfully, how agreeably, how vivaciously, he could still be the most winning of domestic men, the kindest of husbands, the fondest of fathers, and the most delightful of friends.

During one of these visits to the treasury, Mr. Burke presented to Miss Palmer a beautiful inkstand, with a joined portfolio, upon some new construction, and finished up with various contrivances, equally useful and embellishing. Miss Palmer accepted it with great pleasure, but not without many conscious glances towards the memorialist, which, at last, broke out into an exclamation: "I am ashamed to take it, Mr. Burke! how much more Miss Burney deserves a writing present!"

"Miss Burney?" repeated he, with energy; "fine writing tackle for Miss Burney? No, no; she can bestow value on the most ordinary. A morsel of white tea-paper, and a little blacking from her friend Mr. Briggs, in a broken gallipot, would be converted by Miss Burney into more worth than all the stationery of all the treasury."

This gay and ingenious turn, which made the compliment as gratifying to one, as the present could be to the other, raised a smile of general archness at its address in the company; and of comprehensive delight in Dr. Burney.

The year 1783 was now on its wane; so was the administration in which Mr. Burke was a minister; when one day, after a dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, Mr. Burke drew Dr. Burney aside, and, with great delicacy, and feeling his way, by the most investigating looks, as he proceeded, said that the organist's place at Chelsea College was then vacant: that it was but twenty pounds a year, but that, to a man of Dr. Burney's eminence, if it should be worth acceptance, it might be raised to fifty. He then lamented that, during the short time in which he had been paymaster-general, nothing better, and, indeed, nothing else, had occurred more worthy of offering.

Trifling as this was in a pecuniary light, and certainly far beneath the age or the rank in his profession of Dr. Burney, to possess any thing through the influence, or rather the friendship of Mr. Burke, had a charm irresistible. The Doctor wished, also, for some retreat from, yet near London; and he had reason to hope for apartments, ere long, in the spacious Chelsea College. He therefore warmly returned his acknowledgments for the proposal, to which he frankly acceded.

And two days after, just as the news was published of a total change of administration, Dr. Burney received from Mr. Burke the following notice of his vigilant kindness:

"To Dr. Burney."

"I had yesterday the pleasure of voting you, my dear sir, a salary of fifty pounds a year, as organist to Chelsea Hospital. But as every increase of salary made at our board is subject to the approbation of the lords of the treasury, what effect the

change now made may have I know not;—but I do not think any treasury will rescind it.

“This was *pour faire la bonne bouche* at parting with office; and I am only sorry that it did not fall in my way to show you a more substantial mark of my high respect for you and Miss Burney. I have the honour to be, &c.

“EDM. BURKE.

“*Horse Guards, Dec. 9, 1783.*

“I really could not do this business at a more early period, else it would have been done infallibly.”

The pleasure of Dr. Burney at this event was sensibly damped when he found that *la bonne bouche* so kindly made for himself, and so flatteringingly uniting his daughter in its intentions, was unallied to any species of remuneration, or even of consideration, to Mr. Burke himself, for all his own long willing services, his patriotic exertions for the general good, and his noble, even where erroneous, efforts to stimulate public virtue.

A short time afterwards, Mr. Burke called himself in St. Martin’s street, and,—for the Doctor, as usual, was not at home,—Mr. Burke, as usual, had the condescension to inquire for this memorialist; whom he found alone.

He entered the room with that penetrating look, yet open air, that marked his demeanour where his object in giving was, also, to receive pleasure; and in uttering apologies of so much excellence for breaking into her time, as if he could possibly be ignorant of the honour he did her, or blind to the delight with which it was felt.

He was anxious, he said, to make known in person that the business of the Chelsea organ was finally settled at the treasury.

Difficult would it be, from the charm of his manner as well as of his words, to decide whether he conveyed this communication with most friendliness or most politeness: but, having delivered for Dr. Burney all that officially belonged to the business, he thoughtfully, a moment, paused; and then impressively said: “This is my last act of office!”

He pronounced these words with a look that almost affec-

tionately displayed his satisfaction that it should so be bestowed ; and with such manly self-command of cheerfulness in the midst of frankly undisguised regret, that all his official functions were over, that his hearer was sensibly, though silently touched, by such distinguishing partiality. Her looks, however, she hopes, were not so mute as her voice, for those of Mr. Burke seemed responsively to accept their gratitude. He reiterated, then, his kind messages to the Doctor, and took leave.

1784.

The reviving ray of pleasure that gleamed from the kindness of Mr. Burke, at the close of the fatal year 1783, still spread its genial warmth over Dr. Burney at the beginning of 1784, by brightening a hope of recovery for Dr. Johnson ; a hope which, though frequently dimmed, cast forth, from time to time, a transitory lustre nearly to this year's conclusion.

DR. JOHNSON'S CLUB.

Dr. Burney was now become a member of the Literary Club ; in which he found an association so select, yet so various, that there were few things, either of business or pleasure, that he ever permitted to interfere with his attendance. Where, indeed, could taste point out, or genius furnish, a society to meet his wishes, if that could fail which had the decided national superiority of Johnson and Burke at its head ? while Banks, Beauclerk, Boswell, Colman, Courtney, Eliot (Earl), Fox, Gibbon, Hamilton (Sir William), Hinchcliffe, Jones, Macartney (Earl), Malone, Percy, Reynolds, Scott (Lord Sewel), Sheridan, Spencer (Earl), Windham, and many others of high and acknowledged abilities, successively entering, marked this assemblage as the pride—not of this meeting alone, but of the classical British empire of the day.

It had been the original intention of Dr. Johnson, when this club, of which the idea was conceived by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was in contemplation, to elect amongst its members, some one of noted reputation in every art, science, and profession ; to the

end that solid information might elucidate every subject that should be started. This profound suggestion, nevertheless, was either passed over, or overruled.

It is probable that those, so much the larger portion of mankind, who love light and desultory discourse, were persuaded they should find more amusement in wandering about the wilds of fanciful conjecture, than in submitting to be disciplined by the barriers of systemized conviction.

HANDEL'S COMMEMORATION.

In the ensuing spring and summer, a new and brilliant professional occupation fell, fortunately, to the task of Dr. Burney, drawing him from his cares, and beguiling him from his sorrows, by notes of sweetest melody, and combinations of the most intricate, yet sound harmony ; for this year, which completed a century from the birth of Handel, was allotted for a public commemoration of the great musician and his works.

Dr. Burney, justly proud of the honour paid to the chief of that art of which he was a professor, was soon, and instinctively, wound up to his native spirits, by the exertions which were called forth in aid of this noble enterprise. He suggested fresh ideas to the conductors ; he was consulted by all the directors ; and his advise and experience enlightened every member of the business, in whatever walk he moved.

Not content, however, to be merely a counsellor to a celebration of such eclat in his own career, he resolved upon becoming the historian of the transaction ; and upon devoting to it his best labours gratuitously, by presenting them to the fund for the benefit of decayed musicians and their families.

This offer, accordingly, he made to the honourable directors ; by whom it was accepted with pleasure and gratitude.

He now delegated all his powers to the furtherance of this grand scheme ; and drew up a narrative of the festival, with so much delight in recording the disinterestedness of its voluntary performers ; its services to the superannuated or helpless old labourers of his caste ; and the splendid success of the undertaking ; that his history of the performances in commemoration

of Handel, presents a picture so vivid of that superb entertainment, that those who still live to remember it, must seem to witness its stupendous effects anew: and those of later days, who can know of it but by tradition, must bewail their little chance of ever personally hearing such magnificent harmony; or beholding a scene so glorious of royal magnificence and national enthusiasm.

Dr. Johnson was wont to say, with a candour that, though admirable, was irresistibly comic, "I always talk my best!" and with equal singleness of truth it might be said of Dr. Burney, that, undertake what he would, he always did his best.

In writing, therefore, this account, he conceived he should make it more interesting by preceding it with the Memoirs of Handel. And for this purpose, he applied to all his German correspondents, to acquire materials concerning the early life of his hero; and to all to whom Handel had been known, either personally or traditionally, in England and Ireland, for anecdotes of his character and conduct in the British empire. Mrs. Delany here, and by the desire of the king himself, supplied sundry particulars; her brother, Mr. Granville, having been one of the patrons of this immortal composer.

And next, to render the work useful, he inserted a statement of the cash received in consequence of the five musical performances, with the disbursement of the sums to their charitable purposes; and an abstract of the general laws and resolutions of the fund for the support of decayed musicians and their families.

And lastly, he embellished it with several plates, representing Handel, or in honour of Handel; and with two views, from original designs, of the interior of Westminster Abbey during the commemoration; the first representing the galleries prepared for the reception of their majesties, of the royal family, of the directors, archbishops, bishops, dean and chapter of Westminster, heads of the law, &c. &c.

The second view displaying the orchestra and performers, in the costume of the day.

Not small in the scales of justice must be reckoned this gift of the biographical and professional talents of Dr. Burney to

the musical fund. A man who held his elevation in his class of life wholly from himself; a father of eight children, who all looked up to him as their prop; a professor who, at fifty-eight years of age, laboured at his calling with the indefatigable diligence of youth; and who had no time, even for his promised history, but what he spared from his repasts or his repose; to make any offering gratuitously, of a work which, though it might have no chance of sale when its eclat of novelty was passed, must yet, while that short eclat shone forth, have a sale of high emolument; manifested, perhaps, as generous a spirit of charity, and as ardent a love of the lyre, as could well, by a person in so private a line of life, be exhibited.

MRS. THRALE.

About the middle of this year, Mrs. Thrale put an end to the alternate hopes and fears of her family and friends, and to her own torturing conflicts, by a change of name, that, for the rest of her life, produced nearly a change of existence.

Her station in society, her fortune, her distinguished education, and her conscious sense of its distinction; and yet more, her high origin*—a native honour, which had always seemed the glory of her self-appreciation; all had contributed to lift her so eminently above the witlessly impetuous tribe, who immolate fame, interest, and duty, to the shrine of passion, that the outcry of surprise and censure raised throughout the metropolis by these unexpected nuptials, was almost stunning in its jarring noise of general reprobation; resounding through madrigals, parodies, declamation, epigrams, and irony. And yet more deeply wounding was the concentrated silence of those faithful friends who, at the period of her bright display of talents, virtues, and hospitality, had attached themselves to her person with sincerity and affection.

Dr. Johnson excepted, none amongst the latter were more painfully impressed than Dr. Burney: for none with more true

* Hester Lynch Salusbury, Mrs. Thrale, was lineally descended from Adam of Salzburg, who came over to England with the conqueror.

grief had foreseen the mischief in its menace, or dreaded its deteriorating effect on her maternal devoirs. Nevertheless, conscious that if he had no weight, he had also no right over her actions, he hardened not his heart, when called upon by an appeal, from her own hand, to give her his congratulations; but, the deed once irreversible, civilly addressed himself to both parties at once, with all of conciliatory kindness in good wishes and regard, that did least violence to his sentiments and principles.

Far harder was the task of his daughter, on receiving from the new bride a still more ardent appeal; written at the very instant of quitting the altar; she had been trusted while the conflict still endured; and her opinions and feelings had unreservedly been acknowledged in all their grief of opposition: and their avowal had been borne, nay, almost bowed down to, with a liberality of mind, a softness of affection, a nearly angelic sweetness of temper, that won more fondly than ever the heart that they rived with pitying anguish,—till the very epoch of the second marriage.

Yet, strange to tell! all this contest of opinion, and dissonance of feeling, seemed, at the altar, to be suddenly, but in totality forgotten! and the bride wrote to demand not alone kind wishes for her peace and welfare—those she had no possibility of doubting—but joy, wishing joy; but cordial felicitations upon her marriage!

These, and so abruptly, to have accorded, must, even in their pleader's eyes, have had the semblance, and more than the semblance, of the most glaring hypocrisy.

A compliance of such inconsistency—such falsehood—the memorialist could not bestow; her answer, therefore, written in deep distress, and with regrets unspeakable, was necessarily disappointing; disappointment is inevitably chilling; and, after a painful letter or two, involving mistake and misapprehension, the correspondence—though not on the side of the memorialist—abruptly dropt.

MR. SMELT.

Fortunately, also, now, Dr. Burney increased the intimacy of his acquaintance with Mr. Smelt, formerly sub-governor to the Prince of Wales ; a man who, for displaying human excellence in the three essential points of understanding, character, and conduct, stood upon the same line of acknowledged perfection with Mr. Locke of Norbury Park. And had that virtuous and anxious parent of his people, George III., known them both at the critical instant when he was seeking a model of a true fine gentleman, for the official situation of preceptor to the heir of his sovereignty ; he might have had to cope with the most surprising of difficulties, that of seeing before his choice two men, in neither of whom he could espy a blemish that could cast a preference upon the other.

The worth of both these gentlemen was known upon proof : their talents, accomplishments, and taste in the arts and in literature, were singularly similar. Each was soft and winning of speech, but firm and intrepid of conduct ; and their manners, their refined high breeding, were unrivalled, save each by the other. And while the same, also, was their reputation for integrity and honour, as for learning and philosophy, the first personal delight of both was in the promotion and exercise of those gentle charities of human life, which teach us to solace and to aid our fellow-creatures.

DR. JOHNSON.

Towards the end of this year, 1781, Dr. Johnson began again to nearly monopolize the anxious friendship of Dr. Burney.

On the 16th of November, Dr. Johnson, in the carriage, and under the revering care of Mr. Windham, returned from Litchfield to the metropolis, after a fruitless attempt to recover his health by breathing again his natal air.

The very next day he wrote the following note to St. Martin's street.

"To Dr. Burney.

"Mr. Johnson, who came home last night, sends his respects to dear Dr. Burney; and to all the dear Burneys, little and great.

"Bolt-court, 17th Nov. 1784."

Dr. Burney hastened to this kind call immediately; but had the grief to find his honoured friend much weakened, and in great pain; though cheerful and struggling to revive. All of the Doctor's family who had the honour of admission, hastened to him also; but chiefly his second daughter, who chiefly and peculiarly was always demanded.

She was received with his wonted, his never-failing partiality; and, as well as the Doctor, repeated her visits by every opportunity during the ensuing short three weeks of his earthly existence.

She will here copy, from the diary she sent to Boulogne, an account of what, eventually, though unsuspectedly, proved to be her last interview with this venerated friend.

To Mrs. Phillips.

25th Nov. 1784.—Our dear father lent me the carriage this morning for Bolt-court. You will easily conceive how gladly I seized the opportunity for making a longer visit than usual to my revered Dr. Johnson, whose health, since his return from Litchfield, has been deplorably deteriorated.

He was alone, and I had a more satisfactory and entertaining conversation with him than I have had for many months past. He was in better spirits, too, than I have seen him, except upon our first meeting, since he came back to Bolt-court.

He owned, nevertheless, that his nights were grievously restless and painful; and told me that he was going, by medical advice, to try what sleeping out of town might do for him. And then, with a smile, but a smile of more sadness than mirth!—he added: "I remember that my wife, when she was near her end, poor woman!—was also advised to sleep out of town: and when she was carried to the lodging that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in a very bad condi-

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tion ; for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places. ‘ O !’ said the man of the house, ‘ that’s nothing ; its only the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodging.’ ”

He forced a faint laugh at the man’s brutal honesty ; but it was a laugh of ill-disguised, though checked, secret anguish.

I felt inexpressibly shocked, both by the perspective and retrospective view of this relation : but, desirous to confine my words to the literal story, I only exclaimed against the man’s unfeeling *absurdity* in making so unnecessary a confession.

“ True !” he cried ; “ such a confession, to a person then mounting his stairs for the recovery of her health—or, rather for the preservation of her life, contains, indeed, more absurdity than we can well lay our account to.”

We talked then of poor Mrs. Thrale—but only for a moment—for I saw him so greatly moved, and with such severity of displeasure, that I hastened to start another subject ; and he solemnly enjoined me to mention that no more !

I gave him concisely the history of the Bristol milk-woman, who is at present zealously patronized by the benevolent Hannah More. I expressed my surprise at the reports generally in circulation, that the first authors that the milk-woman read, if not the only ones, were Milton and Young. “ I find it difficult,” I added, “ to conceive how Milton and Young could be the first authors with any reader. Could a child understand them ? And grown persons, who have never read, are, in literature, children still.”

“ Doubtless,” he answered. “ But there is nothing so little comprehended as what is genius. They give it to all, when it can be but a part. The milk-woman had surely begun with some ballad—Chevy Chace or the Children in the Wood. Genius is, in fact, *knowing the use of tools*. But there must be tools, or how use them ? A man who has spent all his life in this room, will give a very poor account of what is contained in the next.”

“ Certainly, sir ; and yet there is such a thing as invention ? Shakspeare could never have seen a Caliban ?”

“ No, but he had seen a man, and knew how to vary him to a monster. A person who would draw a monstrous cow, must

know first what a cow is commonly ; or how can he tell that to give her an ass's head, or an elephant's tusk, will make her monstrous? Suppose you show me a man, who is a very expert carpenter, and that an admiring stander-by, looking at some of his works, exclaims: 'O! he was born a carpenter!' What would have become of that birth-right, if he had never seen any wood?"

Presently, dwelling on this idea, he went on. "Let two men, one with genius, the other with none, look together at an overturned wagon; he who has no genius will think of the wagon only as he then sees it; that is to say, overturned, and walk on: he who has genius will give it a glance of examination, that will paint it to his imagination such as it was previously to its being overturned; and when it was standing still; and when it was in motion; and when it was heavy loaded; and when it was empty; but both alike must see the wagon to think of it at all."

The pleasure with which I listened to his illustration now animated him on; and he talked upon this milk-woman, and upon a once as famous shoemaker; and then mounted his spirits and his subject to our immortal Shakspeare; flowing and glowing on, with as much wit and truth of criticism and judgment, as ever yet I have heard him display; but, alack-a-day, my Susan, I have no power to give you the participation so justly your due. My paper is filling; and I have no franks for doubling letters across the channel! But delightfully bright are his faculties, though the poor, infirm, shaken machine that contains them seems alarmingly giving way! And soon, exhilarated as he became by the pleasure of bestowing pleasure, I saw a palpable increase of suffering in the midst of his sallies; I offered, therefore, to go into the next room, there to wait for the carriage; an offer which, for the first time! he did not oppose; but taking, and most affectionately pressing, both my hands, "Be not," he said, in a voice of even melting kindness and concern, "be not longer in coming again for my letting you go now!"

I eagerly assured him that I would come the sooner, and was running off; but he called me back, and in a solemn voice, and

a manner the most energetic, said : "Remember me in your prayers!"

How affecting, my dearest Susanna, such an injunction from Dr. Johnson! It almost—as once before—made me tremble, from surprise and emotion—surprise he could so honour me, and emotion that he should think himself so ill. I longed to ask him so to remember *me!* but he was too serious for any parleying, and I knew him too well for offering any disqualifying speeches : I merely, in a low voice, and I am sure a troubled accent, uttered an instant, and heart-felt assurance of obedience ; and then, very heavily, indeed, in spirits, I left him. Great, good, and surpassing that he is, how short a time will he be our boast! I see he is going. This winter will never glide him on to a more genial season here. Elsewhere, who may hope a fairer? I now wish I had asked for *his* prayers! and perhaps, so encouraged, I ought : but I had not the presence of mind.

* * * * *

Melancholy was the rest of this year to Dr. Burney ; and truly mournful to his daughter, who, from this last recorded meeting, felt redoubled anxiety both for the health and the sight of this illustrious invalid. But all accounts thenceforward discouraged her return to him, his pains daily becoming greater, and his weakness more oppressive : added to which obstacles, he was now, she was informed, almost constantly attended by a group of male friends.

Dr. Burney, however, resorted to Bolt-court every moment that he could tear from the imperious calls of his profession ; and was instantly admitted ; unless held back by insuperable impediments belonging to the malady. He might, indeed, from the kind regard of the sufferer, have seen him every day, by watching like some other assiduous friends, particularly Messrs. Langton, Strahan, the Hooles, and Sastres, whole hours in the house to catch a favourable minute ; but that, for Dr. Burney, was utterly impossible. His affectionate devoirs could only be received when he arrived at some interval of ease, and then the kind invalid constantly, and with tender pleasure, gave him welcome.

The memorialist was soon afterwards engaged on a visit to

Norbury Park ; but immediately on her return to town, presented herself, according to her willing promise, at Bolt-court.

Frank Barber, the faithful negro, told her, with great sorrow, that his master was very bad indeed, though he did not keep his bed. The poor man would have shown her up stairs. This she declined, desiring only that he would let the Doctor know that she had called to pay her respects to him, but would by no means disturb him, if he were not well enough to see her without inconvenience.

Mr. Straghan, the clergyman, was with him, Frank said, alone ; and Mr. Straghan, in a few minutes, descended.

Dr. Johnson, he told her, was very ill indeed, but very much obliged to her for coming to him ; and he had sent Mr. Straghan to thank her in his name, but to say that he was so very bad, and very weak, that he hoped she would excuse his not seeing her.

She was greatly disappointed ; but, leaving a message of the most affectionate respect, acquiesced, and drove away ; painfully certain how extremely ill, or how sorrowfully low he must be, to decline the sight of one whom so constantly, so partially, he had pressed, nay, adjured, “to come to him again and again.”

Fast, however, was approaching the time when he could so adjure her no more !

From her firm conviction of his almost boundless kindness to her, she was fearful now to importune or distress him, and forbore, for the moment, repeating her visits ; leaving in Dr. Burney’s hands all propositions for their renewal. But Dr. Burney himself, not arriving at the propitious interval, unfortunately lost sight of the sufferer for nearly a week, though he sought it almost daily.

On Friday, the 10th of December, Mr. Seward brought to Dr. Burney the alarming intelligence from Frank Barber, that Dr. Warren had seen his master, and told him that he might take what opium he pleased for the alleviation of his pains.

Dr. Johnson instantly understood, and impressively thanked him, and then gravely took a last leave of him : after which, with the utmost kindness, as well as composure, he formally bid adieu to all his physicians.

Dr. Burney, in much affliction, hurried to Bolt-court; but the invalid seemed to be sleeping, and could not be spoken to till he should open his eyes. Mr. Straghan, the clergyman, gave however the welcome information, that the terror of death had now passed away; and that this excellent man no longer looked forward with dismay to his quick approaching end; but, on the contrary, with what he himself called the irradiation of hope.

This was, indeed, the greatest of consolations, at so awful a crisis, to his grieving friend; nevertheless, Dr. Burney was deeply depressed at the heavy and irreparable loss he was so soon to sustain; but he determined to make, at least, one more effort for a parting sight of his so long honoured friend. And, on Saturday, the 11th December, to his unspeakable comfort, he arrived at Bolt-court just as the poor invalid was able to be visible; and he was immediately admitted.

Dr. Burney found him seated on a great chair, propt up by pillows, and perfectly tranquil. He affectionately took the Doctor's hand, and kindly inquired after his health, and that of his family; and then, as evermore Dr. Johnson was wont to do, he separately and very particularly named and dwelt upon the Doctor's second daughter; gently adding, "I hope Fanny did not take it amiss, that I did not see her that morning!—I was very bad indeed!"

Dr. Burney answered, that the word *amiss* could never be appropos to her; and least of all now, when he was so ill.

The Doctor ventured to stay about half an hour, which was partly spent in quiet discourse, partly in calm silence; the invalid always perfectly placid in looks and manner.

When the Doctor was retiring, Dr. Johnson again took his hand and encouraged him to call yet another time; and afterwards, when again he was departing, Dr. Johnson impressively said, though in a low voice, "Tell Fanny—to pray for me!" And then, still holding, or rather grasping, his hand, he made a prayer for himself, the most pious, humble, eloquent, and touching, Dr. Burney said, that mortal man could compose and utter. He concluded it with an amen! in which Dr. Burney fervently joined, and which was spontaneously echoed by all who were present.

This over, he brightened up, as if with revived spirits, and opened cheerfully into some general conversation ; and when Dr. Burney, yet a third time, was taking his reluctant leave, something of his old arch look played upon his countenance as, smilingly, he said, “ Tell Fanny—I think I shall yet throw the ball at her again !”

A kindness so lively, following an injunction so penetrating, reanimated a hope of admission in the memorialist ; and, after church, on the ensuing morning, Sunday, the 12th of December, with the fullest approbation of Dr. Burney, she repaired once more to Bolt-court.

But grievously was she overset on hearing, at the door, that the Doctor again was worse, and could receive no one.

She summoned Frank Barber, and told him she had understood, from her father, that Dr. Johnson had meant to see her. Frank then, but in silence, conducted her to the parlour. She begged him merely to mention to the Doctor, that she had called with most earnest inquiries ; but not to hint at any expectation of seeing him till he should be better.

Frank went up stairs ; but did not return. A full hour was consumed in anxious waiting. She then saw Mr. Langton pass the parlour door, which she watchfully kept open, and ascend the stairs. She had not courage to stop or speak to him, and another hour lingered on in the same suspense.

But, at about four o'clock, Mr. Langton made his appearance in the parlour.

She took it for granted he came accidentally, but observed that, though he bowed, he forbore to speak, or even to look at her, and seemed in much disturbance.

Extremely alarmed, she durst not venture at any question ; but Mrs. Davis, who was there, uneasily asked, “ How is Dr. Johnson now, sir ? ”

“ Going on to death very fast ! ” was the mournful reply.

The memorialist, grievously shocked and overset by so hopeless a sentence, after an invitation so sprightly of only the preceding evening from the dying man himself, turned to the window to recover from so painful a disappointment.

“ Has he taken any thing, sir ? ” said Mrs. Davis.

"Nothing at all ! We carried him some bread and milk ; he refused it, and said, 'The less the better!' "

Mrs. Davis then asked sundry other questions, from the answers to which it fully appeared that his faculties were perfect, and that his mind was quite composed.

This conversation lasted about a quarter of an hour, before the memorialist had any suspicion that Mr. Langton had entered the parlour purposely to speak to her, and with a message from Dr. Johnson.

But as soon as she could summon sufficient firmness to turn round, Mr. Langton solemnly said, "This poor man, I understand, ma'am, from Frank, desired yesterday to see you."

"My understanding, or hoping that, sir, brought me hither to-day."

"Poor man ! 'tis a pity he did not know himself better ; and that you should not have been spared this trouble."

"Trouble ?" she repeated : "I would come an hundred times to see Dr. Johnson the hundredth and first!"

"He begged me, ma'am, to tell you that he hopes you will excuse him. He is very sorry, indeed, not to see you. But he desired me to come and speak to you for him myself, and to tell you that he hopes you will excuse him ; for he feels himself too weak for such an interview."

Struck and touched to the very heart by so kind, though sorrowful a message, at a moment that seemed so awful, the memorialist hastily expressed something like thanks to Mr. Langton, who was visibly affected, and, leaving her most affectionate respects, with every warmly kind wish she could half utter, she hurried back to her father's coach.

The very next day, Monday, the 13th of December, Dr. Johnson expired—and without a groan. Expired, it is thought, in his sleep.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey ; and a noble, almost colossal statue of him, in the high and chaste workmanship of Bacon, has been erected in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The pall-bearers were Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Colman, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Langton.

Dr. Burney, with all who were in London of the literary

club, attended the funeral. The Reverend Dr. Charles Burney also joined the procession.

1785.

This year, happily for Dr. Burney, re-opened with a new professional interest, that necessarily called him from the tributary sorrow with which the year 1784 had closed.

The engravings for the commemoration of Handel were now finished ; and a splendid copy of the work was prepared for the king. Lord Sandwich, as one of the chief directors of the late festival, obligingly offered his services for taking the Doctor under his wing to present the book at the levee ; but his majesty gave Dr. Burney to understand, through Mr. Nicolai, that he would receive it, at a private audience, in his library.

This was an honour most gratifying to Dr. Burney, who returned from his interview at the palace, in an elevation of pleasure that he communicated to his family, with the social confidence that made the charm of his domestic character.

HOUSE-BREAKING.

In this same spring, a very serious misfortune befel Dr. Burney, which, though not of the affecting cast that had lately tainted his happiness, severely attacked his worldly comforts.

Early one morning, and before he was risen, Mrs. Burney's maid, rushing vehemently into the bed-room, screamed out : "O, sir ! robbers ! robbers ! the house is broke open !"

A wrapping gown and slippers brought the Doctor down stairs in a moment ; when he found that the bureau of Mrs. Burney, in the dining parlour, had been forced open ; and saw upon the table three packets of mingled gold and silver, which seemed to have been put into three divisions for a triple booty ; but which were left, it was supposed, upon some sudden alarm, while the robbers were in the act of distribution.

After securing and rejoicing in what so fortunately had been saved from seizure, Dr. Burney repaired to his study ; but no abandoned pillage met his gratulations there ! his own bureau had been visited with equal rapacity, though left with less pre-

cipitancy ; and he soon discovered that he had been purloined of upwards of £300.

He sent instantly for an officer of the police, who unhesitatingly pronounced that the leader, at least, of the burglary, must have been a former domestic ; this was decided, from remarking that he had gone straight forward to the two bureaus, which were the only depositories of money ; while sundry cabinets and commodes, to the right and to the left, had been passed unransacked.

The entrance into the house had been effected through the area ; and a kitchen window was still open, at the foot of which, upon the sand on the floor, the print of a man's shoe was so perfect, that the police-officer drew its circumference with great exactitude ; picking up, at the same time, a button that had been squeezed off from a coat, by the forced passage.

Dr. Burney had recently parted with a man servant of whom he had much reason to think ill, though none had occurred to make him believed a house-breaker. This man was immediately inquired for ; but he had quitted the lodgings to which he had retired upon losing his place, and had acquainted no one whither he was gone.

The officers of the police, however, with their usual ferreting routine of dexterity, soon traced the suspected runaway to Hastings ; where he had arrived to embark in a fishing vessel for France, but he had found none ready, and was waiting for a fair wind.

When the police officer, having intimation that he was gone to an inn for some refreshment, entered the kitchen where he was taking some bread and cheese, he got up so softly, while the officer, not to alarm him, had turned round to give some directions to a waiter, that he slid unheard out of the kitchen by an opposite door : and, quickly as the officer missed him, he was sought for in vain ; not a trace of his footsteps was to be seen ; though the inward guilt manifested by such an evasion redoubled the vigilance of pursuit.

The fugitive was soon, however, discerned on the top of a high brick wall, running along its edge in the midst of the most frightful danger, with a courage that, in any better cause, would have been worthy of admiration.

The policeman, now, composedly left him to his race and his defeat; satisfied that no asylum awaited him at the end of the wall, and that he must thence drop, without further resistance, into captivity.

Cruel for Dr. Burney is what remains of this narration : the runaway was seized, and brought to the public office, where a true bill was found for his trial, as he could give no reason for his flight; and as the button picked up in the area exactly suited a wanting one in a coat discovered to be in his possession. His shoe, also, precisely fitted the drawing on the kitchen floor. But though this circumstantial evidence was so strong as to bring to all the magistrates a conviction of his guilt, that they scrupled not to avow, it was only circumstantial ; it was not positive. He had taken nothing but cash ; a single bank note might have been brought home to him with proof ; but to coin, who could swear ? The magistrates, therefore, were compelled to discharge, though they would not utter the word *acquit*, the prisoner ; and the Doctor had the mortification to witness in the court the repayment of upwards of fifty guineas to the felon, that had been found upon him at Hastings. The rest of the three hundred pounds must have been secured by the accomplices, or buried in some place of concealment.

But Dr. Burney, however aggrieved and injured by this affair, was always foremost to subscribe to the liberal maxim of the law, that it is better to acquit ten criminals, than to condemn one innocent man. He resigned himself, therefore, submissively, however little pleased, to the laws of his noble country, ever ready to consider, like Pope,

“ All partial evil universal good.”

* * * * *

Would it be just, could it be right, to leave unqualified to the grief of his friends, and to the rage of the murmurers against destiny, a blight such as this to the industry and the welfare of Dr. Burney ; and not seek to soften the concern of the kind, and not aim at mitigating the asperity of the declaimers, by opening a fairer point of view for the termination of this event, if fact and fair reality can supply colours for so revivifying a change of scenery?

Surely such a retention, if not exacted by discretion or delicacy, would be graceless. A secret, therefore, of more than forty-seven years' standing, and known at this moment to no living being but this memorialist, ought now, in honour, in justice, and in gratitude, to be laid open to the surviving friends of Dr. Burney.

About a month after this treacherous depredation had filled the Doctor and his house with dismay, a lady of high rank, fortune, and independence, well known in the family, mysteriously summoned this memorialist to a private room, for a *tete-à-tête*, in St. Martin's street.

As soon as they were alone, she scrutinizingly examined that no one was within hearing on the other side of either of the doors leading into the apartment; and then solemnly said that she came to demand a little secret service.

The memorialist protested herself most ready to meet her request; but that was insufficient: the lady insisted upon a formal and positive promise, that what she should ask should be done; yet that her name in the transaction should never be divulged.

There seemed something so little reasonable in a desire for so unqualified an engagement upon a subject unknown, that the memorialist, disturbed, hesitated and hung back.

The lady was palpably hurt; and, dropping a low courtesy, with a supercilious half smile, and a brief, but civil, "Good morrow, ma'am!" was proudly stalking out of the room; when, shocked to offend her, the memorialist besought her patience; and then frankly asked, how she could promise what she was in the dark whether she could perform?

The lady, unbending her furrowed brow, replied, "I'll tell you how, ma'am: you must either say, I believe you to be an honest woman, and I'll trust you; or, I believe you to be no better than you should be, and I'll have nothing to do with you."

An alternative such as this could hardly be called an alternative: the promise was given.

The smile now of pleasure, almost of triumph, that succeeded to that of satire, which had almost amounted to scorn, nearly

recompensed the hazarded trust; which, soon afterwards, was even more than repaid by the sincerest admiration.

The lady, taking a thick letter-case from a capacious and well-furnished part of the female habiliment of other days, yclept a pocket, produced a small parcel, and said, "Do me the favour, ma'am, to slip this trifle into the Doctor's bureau the first time you see him open it; and just say, 'Sir, this is bank notes for three hundred pounds, instead of what that rogue robbed you of. But you must ask no questions; and you must not stare, sir, for it's from a friend that will never be known. So don't be over curious; for it's a friend who will never take it back, if you fret yourself to the bone. So please, sir, to do what you please with it. Either use it, or put it behind the fire, whichever you think the most sensible.' And then, if he should say, 'Pray, miss, who gave you that impertinent message for me?' you will get into no jeopardy, for you can answer that you are bound head and foot to hold your tongue; and then, being a man of honour, he will hold his. Don't you think so, ma'am?'" ✓

The memorialist, heartily laughing, but in great perturbation lest the Doctor should be hurt or displeased, would fain have resisted this commission; but the lady peremptorily saying a promise was a promise, which no person under a vagabond, but more especially a person of honour, writing books, could break, would listen to no appeal.

She had been, she protested, on the point of *non compos* ever since that rogue had played the Doctor such a knavish trick, as picking his bureau to get at his cash; in thinking how much richer she, who had neither child nor chick, nor any particular great talents, was than she ought to be; while a man who was so much a greater scholar, and with such a fry of young ones at his heels, all of them such a set of geniuses, was suddenly made so much poorer, for no offence, only that rogue's knavishness. And she could not get back into her right senses upon the accident, she said, till she had hit upon this scheme; for knowing Dr. Burney to be a very punctilious man, like most of the book-writers, who were always rather odd, she was aware she could not make him accept such a thing in a quiet way, how-

ever it might be his due in conscience; only by some cunning devise that he could not get the better of.

Expostulation was vain; and the matter was arranged exactly according to her injunctions.

Ultimately, however, when the deed was so confirmed as to be irrevocable, the memorialist obtained her leave to make known its author; though under the most absolute charge of secrecy for all around; which was strictly observed, notwithstanding all the resistance of the astonished Doctor, whom she forbade ever to name it, either to herself, she said, or Co., under pain of never speaking to him again.

All peculiar obstacles, however, having now passed away, justice seems to demand the recital of this extraordinary little anecdote in the history of Dr. Burney.

Those who still remember a daughter of the Earl of Thanet, who was widow of Sir William Duncan, will recognize, without difficulty, in this narration, the generosity, spirit, and good humour, with the uncultivated, ungrammatical, and incoherent dialect, and the comic, but arbitrary manner, of the indescribably diverting and grotesque, though munificent and nobly liberal, Lady Mary Duncan.

MRS. VESEY.

The singular, and, in another way, equally quaint and original, as well as truly Irish, Mrs. Vesey, no sooner heard of Dr. Burney's misfortune, than she sent for an ingenious carpenter, to whom she communicated a desire to have a private drawer constructed in a private apartment, for the concealment and preservation of her cash from any fraudulent servant.

Accordingly, within the wainscot of her dressing-room, this was effected; and, when done, she rang for her principal domestics; and, after recounting to them the great evil that had happened to poor Dr. Burney, and bemoaning that he had not taken a similar precaution, she had charged them, in a low voice, never to touch such a part of the wall, lest they should press upon the spring of the private drawer, in which she was going to hide her gold and bank notes.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

In the summer of this year, 1785, came over from France the celebrated Comtesse de Genlis. Dr. Burney and his second daughter were almost immediately invited, at the express desire of the countess, to meet, and pass a day with her, at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His niece, Miss Palmer, Sir Abraham and Lady Hume, Lord Palmerston, and some others, were of the party.

Madame de Genlis must then have been about thirty-five years of age ; but the whole of her appearance was nearly ten years younger. Her face, without positive beauty, had the most winning agreeability : her figure was remarkably elegant, her attire was chastely simple : her air was reserved, and her demeanour was dignified. Her language had the same flowing perspicuity, and animated variety, by which it is marked in the best of her works ; and her discourse was full of intelligence, yet wholly free from presumption or obtrusion. Dr. Burney was forcibly struck with her, and his daughter was enchanted.

Almost as numerous as her works, and almost as diversified, were the characters which had preceded this celebrated lady to England. None, however, of the calumnious sort had reached the ears of the Doctor previously to this meeting ; and though some had buzzed about those of the memorialist, they were vague ; and she had willingly, from the charm of such superior talents, believed them unfounded ; even before the witchery of personal partiality drove them wholly from the field : for from her sight, her manners, and her conversation, not an idea could elicit that was not instinctively in her favour.

Unconstrained, therefore, was the impulsive regard with which this illustrious foreigner inspired both ; and which, gently, but pointedly, it was her evident aim to increase. She made a visit the next day to the memorialist, whose society she sought with a flattering earnestness and a spirited grace that, coupled with her rare attractions, made a straight forward and most animating conquest of her charmed votary.

Madame de Genlis had already been at Windsor, where,

through the medium of Madame de la Fite, she had been honoured with a private audience of the queen; and the energetic respect with which she spoke of her majesty, was one of the strongest incentives to the loyal heart of Dr. Burney for encouraging this rising connexion.

Madame de Genlis had presented, she said, to the queen the sacred dramas which she had dedicated to her Serene Highness the Duchess of Orleans; adding, that she had brought over only two copies of that work, of which the second was destined for *Mademoiselle Burney!* to whom, with a billet of elegance nearly heightened into expressions of friendship, it was shortly conveyed.

The memorialist was at a loss how to make acknowledgments for this obliging offering, as she would have held any return in kind to savour rather of vanity than of gratitude. Dr. Burney, however, relieved her embarrassment, by permitting her to be the bearer of his own History of Music, as far as it had then been published. This Madame de Genlis received with infinite grace and pleasure; for while capable of treating luminously almost every subject that occurred, she had an air, a look, a smile, that gave consequence, transiently, to every thing she said or did.

She had then by her side, and fondly under her wing, a little girl whom she called Pamela,* who was most attractively lovely, and whom she had imbued with a species of enthusiasm for the memorialist, so potent and so eccentric, that when, during the visit at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, Madame de Genlis said, "*Pamela, voilà Mademoiselle Burney!*" the animated little person rushed hastily forward, and prostrated herself upon one knee before the astonished, almost confounded, object of her notice; who, though covered with a confusion half distressing, half ridiculous, observed in every motion and attitude of the really enchanting little creature, a picturesque beauty of effect, and a magic allurement in her fine cast up eyes, that she could not but wish to see perpetuated by Sir Joshua.

On the day that Dr. Burney left his card in Portland-place,

* Afterwards Lady Edward Fitzgerald.

for a parting visit to Madame de Genlis, previously to her quitting London, he left there, also, the memorialist; who, by appointment, was to pass the morning with that lady. This same witching little being was then capitally aiding and abetting in a preconcerted manœuvre, with which Madame de Genlis not a little surprised her guest. This was by detaining her, through a thousand varying contrivances, all for a while unsuspected, in a particular position; while a painter, whom Madame de Genlis mentioned as being with her by chance, and who appeared to be amusing himself with sketching some fancies of his own, was clandestinely taking a portrait of the visiter.

However flattered by the desire of its possession in so celebrated a personage, that visiter had already, and decidedly, refused sitting for it, not alone to Madame de Genlis, but to various other kind demanders, from a rooted dislike of being exhibited. And when she discovered what was going forward, much vexed and disconcerted, she would have quitted her seat, and fled the premises: but the adroit little charmer had again recourse to her graceful prostration; and, again casting up her beautiful picturesque eyes, pleaded the cause and wishes of Madame de Genlis, whom she called *Mamian*, with an eloquence and a pathos so singular and so captivating, that the memorialist, though she would not sit quietly still, nor voluntarily favour the painter's artifice, could only have put in practice a peremptory and determined flight, by trampling upon the urgent, clinging, impassioned little suppliant.

This was the last day's intercourse of Madame de Genlis with Dr. Burney and the memorialist. Circumstances, soon afterwards, suddenly parted them; and circumstances never again brought them together.

MRS. DELANY.

The society which assembled at that lady's mansion was elegant and high bred, yet entertaining and diversified. As Mrs. Delany chose to sustain her own house, that she might associate without constraint with her own family, the generous Duchess

of Portland would not make a point of persuading her to sojourn at Whitehall; preferring the sacrifice of her own ease and comfort, in quitting that noble residence nearly every evening, to lessening those of her tenderly loved companions.

But a lamented, though not personal or family event, which occurred at the end of this summer, must here be recorded, with some detail of circumstance; as it proved, in its consequences, by no means unimportant to the history of Dr. Burney.

The venerable Mrs. Delany was suddenly bereft of the right noble friend who was the delight of her life, the Duchess Dowager of Portland. That honoured and honourable lady had quitted town for her dowry mansion of Bulstrode Park. Thither she had just most courteously invited this memorialist: who had spent with her grace and her beloved friend, at the fine dwelling of the former at Whitehall, nearly the last evening of their sojourn in town, to arrange this intended summer junction. A letter of Mrs. Delany's dictation had afterwards followed to St. Martin's street, fixing a day on which a carriage, consigned by her grace to Mrs. Delany's service, was to fetch the new visiter. But on the succeeding morning, a far different epistle, written by the amanuensis of Mrs. Delany, brought the mournful counter-tidings of the seizure, illness, and decease, of the valuable, generous, and charming mistress of Bulstrode Park.

Mrs. Delany, as soon as possible, was removed back to St. James's Place; in a grief touchingly profound, though resigned.

This was a loss for which, as Mrs. Delany was fifteen years the senior, no human calculation had prepared: and what other has the human mathematician! Her condition in life, therefore, as well as her heart, was assailed by this privation; and however inferior to the latter was the former consideration, the conflict of afflicted feelings with discomfited affairs, could not but be doubly oppressive: for though from the duchess no pecuniary loan was accepted by Mrs. Delany, unnumbered were the little auxiliaries to domestic economy which her grace found means to convey to St. James's Place.

But now, even the house in that place, though already small

for the splendid persons who frequently sought there to pay their respects to the duchess, as well as to Mrs. Delany, became too expensive for her means of supporting its establishment.

The friendship of the high-minded duchess for Mrs. Delany had been an honour to herself and to her sex, in its refinement as well as in its liberality. Her superior rank she held as a bauble, her superior wealth as dross, save as they might be made subservient towards equalizing in condition the chosen companion, with whom in affection all was already parallel.

Upon first receiving the melancholy intelligence of the broken-up meeting at Bulstrode Park, Dr. Burney had taken his much-grieved daughter with him to Cheshington, where, with all its bereavements, he repaired, to go on with his History; but, with a kindness which always led him to participate in the calls of affection, he no sooner learned that her presence would be acceptable to Mrs. Delany, than he spared his amanuensis from his side and his work, and instantly lent her his carriage to convey her back to town, and to the house of that afflicted lady, whose tenderly open-armed, though tearful reception, was as gratifying to the feelings of her deeply-attached guest, as the grief that she witnessed was saddening.

The Doctor permitted her now to take up her abode in this house of mourning; where she had the heartfelt satisfaction to find herself not only soothing to the admirable friend by whom, so late in life, but so warmly in love, she had been taken to the bosom; but empowered to relieve some of her cares by being intrusted to overlook, examine, and read to her letters and manuscripts of every description; and to select, destroy, or arrange the long-hoarded mass. She even began revising and continuing a manuscript memoir of the early days of Mrs. Delany; but, as it could be proceeded with only in moments of unbroken *tete-à-tete* it never was finished.

Meanwhile, when the tidings of the death of the Duchess Dowager of Portland reached their majesties, their first thought, after their immediate grief at her departure, was of Mrs. Delany; and when they found that the duchess, from a natural expectation of being herself the longest liver, had taken no measures to soften off the worldly part, at least, of this

separation, the king, with most benevolent munificence, resolved to supply the deficiency, which a failure of foresight alone, he was sure, had occasioned in a friend of such anxious fondness. He completely, therefore, and even minutely, fitted up for Mrs. Delany a house at Windsor, near the castle; and settled a pension of three hundred pounds a-year upon her for life, to enable her to still keep her house in town, that she might repair thither every winter, for the pleasure of enjoying the society of her old friends.

The grateful heart of Mrs. Delany overflowed at her eyes at marks so attentive, as well as beneficent, of kindness and goodness in her sovereigns; for well she felt convinced that the queen had a mental share and influence in these royal offerings.

To Windsor, thus invited, Mrs. Delany now went; and this memorialist, lightened of a thousand apprehensions by this cheer to the feelings of her honoured friend, returned to Dr. Burney, in Surrey. A letter speedily followed her, with an account that the good king himself, having issued orders to be apprised when Mrs. Delany entered the town of Windsor, had repaired to her newly allotted house, there, in person, to give her welcome. Overcome by such condescension, she flung herself upon her knees before him, to express a sense of his graciousness for which she could find no words.

Their majesties almost immediately visited her in person; an honour which they frequently repeated: and they condescendingly sent to her, alternately, all their royal daughters. And, as soon as she was recovered from her fatigues, they invited her to their evening concerts at the Upper Lodge, in which, at that time, they sojourned.

The time is now come to open upon the circumstances which will lead, ere long, to the cause of a seeming episode in these memoirs.

Dr. Burney was soon informed that the queen had deigned to inquire of Mrs. Delany, why she had not brought her friend, Miss Burney, to her new home! an inquiry that was instantly followed by an invitation that hastened, of course, the person in question to St. Alban's street, Windsor.

Here she found her venerable friend in the full solace of as much contentment as her recent severe personal loss, and her advanced period of life, could well admit. And, oftentimes far nearer to mortal happiness is such contentment in the aged, than is suspected, or believed, by assuming and presuming youth; who frequently take upon trust—or upon poetry—their capability of superior enjoyment for its possession. She was honoured by all who approached her; she was loved by all with whom she associated. Her very dependence was made independent by the delicacy with which it left her completely mistress of her actions and her abode. Her sovereigns unbent from their state to bestow upon her graciousness and favour: and the youthful object of her dearest affections, Miss Port, was fostered, with their full permission, under her wing.

THE KING AND QUEEN.

In a week or two after the arrival of the new visitant, she was surprised into the presence of the king, by a sudden, unannounced, and unexpected entrance of his majesty, one evening, into the drawing-room of Mrs. Delany; where, however, the confusion occasioned by his unlooked-for appearance speedily, nay, blithely, subsided, from the suavity of his manners, the impressive benevolence of his countenance, and the cheering gaiety of his discourse. Fear could no more exist where goodness of heart was so predominant, than respect could fail where dignity of rank was so pre-eminent: and, ere many minutes had elapsed, Mrs. Delany had the soft satisfaction not only of seeing the first tremors of her favoured friend pass insensibly away, but of observing them to be supplanted by ease, nay, delight, from the mild yet lively graciousness with which she was drawn into conversation by his majesty.

The queen, a few days later, made an entry with almost as little preparation; save that the king, though he had not announced, had preceded her; and that the chairman's knock at the door had excited some suspicion of her approach; while the king, who came on foot, and quite alone, had only rung at the bell; each of them palpably showing a condescending intention to

avoid creating a panic in the new guest; as well as to obviate, what repeatedly had happened when they arrived without these precautions, a timid escape.

To describe what the queen was in this interview, would be to portray grace, sprightliness, sweetness, and spirit, embodied in one frame. And each of these sovereigns, while bestowing all their decided attentions upon their venerable and admirable hostess, deigned to display the most favourable disposition towards her new visiter; the whole of their manner, and the whole tenor of their discourse denoting a curious desire to develope, if traceable, the peculiarities which had impelled that small person, almost whether she would or not, into public notice.

The pleasure with which Dr. Burney received the details now transmitted to him, of the favour with which his daughter was received at Windsor, made a marked period of parental satisfaction in his life; and these accounts, with some others on a similar topic of a more recent date, were placed amongst hoards to which he had the most frequent recourse for recreation in his latter years.

The incidents, indeed, leading to this so honourable a distinction were singular almost to romance. This daughter, from a shyness of disposition the most fearful, as well as from her native obscurity, would have been the last, in the common course of things, to have had the smallest chance of attracting royal notice; but the eccentricity of her opening adventure into life had excited the very curiosity which its scheme meant to render abortive; and these august personages beheld her with an evident wish of making some acquaintance with her character. They saw her, also, under the auspices of a lady whom they had almost singled out from amongst womankind as an object worthy of their private friendship; and whose animated regard for her, they knew, had set aloof all distance of years, and all recency of intercourse.

These were circumstances to exile common form and royal disciplinarianism from these great personages; and to give to them the smiling front and unbent brow of their fair native, not majestically acquired, physiognomies. And the impulsive ef-

fect of such urbanity was facilitating their purpose to its happy, honoured object ; who found herself, as if by enchantment, in this august presence, without the panic of being summoned, or the awe of being presented. Nothing was chilled by ceremonial, nothing was stiffened by etiquette, nothing belonging to the *formulae* of royalty kept up stately distance. No lady in waiting exhibited the queen ; no equerry pointed out the king ; the reverence of the heart sufficed to impede any forgetfulness of their rank ; and the courtesy of their own unaffected hilarity diffused ease, spirit, and pleasure all around.

The king, insatiably curious to become still more minutely master of the history of the publication of Evelina, was pointed, though sportive, in question to bring forth that result. The queen, still more desirous to develope the author than the book, was arch and intelligent in converse, to draw out her general sentiments and opinions ; and both were so gently, yet so gaily, encouraging, that not to have met their benignant openness with frank vivacity, must rather have been insensibility than timidity.

They appeared themselves to enjoy the novelty of so domestic an evening visit, which, it is believed, was unknown to their practice till they had settled Mrs. Delany in a private house of their own presentation at Windsor. Comfortably here they now took their tea, which was brought to them by Miss Port ; Mrs. Delany, to whom that office belonged, being too infirm for its performance ; and they stayed on, in lively, easy, and pleasant conversation, abandoning cards, concert, and court circle, for the whole evening. And still, when, very late, they made their exit, they seemed reluctantly to depart.

WARREN HASTINGS.

The far, and but too deeply, widely, and unfortunately famed Warren Hastings was now amongst the persons of high renown, who courteously sought the acquaintance of Dr. Burney.

The tremendous attack upon the character and conduct of Governor Hastings, which terminated, through his own daunt-

ess appeal for justice, in the memorable trial at Westminster Hall, hung then suspended over his head : and, as Mr. Burke was his principal accuser, it would strongly have prejudiced the Doctor against the accused, had not some of the most respectable connexions of the governor, who had known him through the successive series of his several governments, and through the whole display of his almost unprecedented power, been particularly of the Doctor's acquaintance ; and these all agreed that the uniform tenor of the actions of Mr. Hastings, while he was governor general of India, spoke humanity, moderation, and liberality.

His demeanour and converse were perfectly corroboratory with this praise ; and he appeared to Dr. Burney to be one of the greatest men then living as a public character ; while as a private man, his gentleness, candour, and openness of discourse, made him one of the most pleasing. He talked with the utmost frankness upon his situation and affairs ; and with a perfect reliance of victory over his enemies, from a fearless consciousness of probity and honour.

That Mr. Burke, the high-minded Mr. Burke, with a zeal nearly frantic in the belief of popular rumours, could so impetuously, so wildly, so imperiously, be his prosecutor, was a true grief to the Doctor, and seemed an enigma inexplicable.

But Mr. Burke, with all the depth and sagacity of the rarest wisdom where he had time for consideration, and opportunity for research, had still not only the ardour, but the irreflection of ingenuous juvenile credulity, where tales of horror, of cruelty, or of woe, were placed before him with a cry for redress.

Dr. Burney was painfully and doubly disturbed at this terrific trial, through his esteem and admiration for both parties ; and he kept as aloof from the scene of action during the whole of its Trojan endurance, as he would have done from a bull fight, to which both antagonists had been mercilessly exposed. For though, through his transcendent merit, joined to a longer and more grateful connexion, he had an infinitely warmer personal regard for Mr. Burke, he held Mr. Hastings, in this case, to be innocent, and consequently injured : on him, therefore, every wish of victory devolved ; yet so high was the reliance of the

Doctor on the character of intentional integrity in the prosecutor, that he always beheld him as a man under a generous, however fanatical delusion of avenging imputed wrongs; and he forgave what he could not justify.

STRAWBERRY HILL.

Few amongst those who, at this period, honoured Dr. Burney with an increasing desire of intimacy, stood higher in fashionable celebrity than Horace Walpole, and his civilities to the father were evermore accompanied by an at least equal portion of distinction for his daughter; with whom, after numerous invitations that circumstances had rendered ineffective, the Doctor, in 1786, had the pleasure of making a visit of some days to Strawberry Hill.

Mr. Walpole paid them the high and well understood compliment of receiving them without other company. No man less needed auxiliaries for the entertainment of his guests, when he was himself in good humour and good spirits. He had a fund of anecdote that could provide food for conversation without any assistance from the news of the day, or the state of the elements: and he had wit and general knowledge to have supplied their place, had his memory been of that volatile description that retained no former occurrence, either of his own or of his neighbour, to relate. He was scrupulously, and even elaborately well bred; fearing, perhaps, from his conscious turn to sarcasm, that if he suffered himself to be unguarded, he might utter expressions more amusing to be recounted aside, than agreeable to be received in front. He was a witty, sarcastic, ingenious, deeply thinking, highly cultivated, quaint, though evermore gallant and romantic, though very mundane, old bachelor of other days.

But his external obligations to nature were by no means upon a par with those which he owed to her mentally: his eyes were expressive; and his countenance, when not worked upon by his elocution, was of the same description; at least in these his latter days.

Strawberry Hill was now exhibited to the utmost advantage.

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All that was peculiar, especially the most valuable of his pictures, he had the politeness to point out to his guests himself; and not unfrequently, from the deep shade in which some of his antique portraits were placed; and the lone sort of look of the unusually shaped apartments in which they were hung, striking recollections were brought to their minds of his gothic story of the Castle of Otranto.

He showed them, also, with marked pleasure, the very vase immortalized by Gray, into which the pensive, but rapacious Selima had glided to her own destruction, whilst grasping at that of her golden prey. On the outside of the vase Mr. Walpole had had labelled,

“ ‘Twas on THIS lofty vase’s side.”

He accompanied them to the picturesque villa already mentioned, which had been graced by the residence of Lady Di. Beauclerk ; but which, having lost that fair possessor, was now destined for two successors in the highly talented Miss Berrys ; of whom he was anticipating with delight the expected arrival from Italy. After displaying the elegant apartments, pictures, decorations, and beautiful grounds and views ; all which, to speak in his own manner, had a sort of well-bred as well as gay and recreative appearance, he conducted them to a small but charming octagon room, which was ornamented in every pannel by designs taken from his own tragedy of the Mysterious Mother, and executed by the accomplished Lady Di.

Dr. Burney beheld them with the admiration that could not but be excited by the skill, sensibility, and refined expression of that eminent lady artist : and the pleasure of his admiration happily escaped the alloy by which it would have been adulterated, had he previously read the horrific tragedy whence the subject had been chosen ; a tragedy that seems written upon a plan as revolting to probability as to nature ; and that violates good taste as forcibly as good feeling. It seems written, indeed, as if in epigrammatic scorn of the horrors of the Greek drama, by giving birth to conceptions equally terrific, and yet more appalling.

In the evening, Mr. Walpole favoured them with producing several, and opening some of his numerous repositories of

hoarded manuscripts ; and he pointed to a peculiar caravan, or strong box, that he meant to leave to his great nephew, Lord Waldegrave ; with an injunction that it should not be unlocked for a certain number of years, perhaps thirty, after the death of Mr. Walpole ; by which time, he probably calculated, that all then living, who might be hurt by its contents, would be above, —or beneath them.

He read several picked out and extremely clever letters of Madame du Deffand, of whom he recounted a multiplicity of pleasant histories ; and he introduced to them her favourite little lap dog, which he fondled and cherished, fed by his side, and made his constant companion. There was no appearance of the roughness with which he had treated its mistress, in his treatment of the little animal ; to whom, perhaps, he paid his court in secret penitence, as *l'amende honorable* for his harshness to its bequeather.

Horace Walpole was amongst those whose character, as far as it was apparent, had contradictory qualities so difficult to reconcile one with another, as to make its development, from mere general observation, superficial and unsatisfactory. And Strawberry Hill itself, with all its chequered and interesting varieties of detail, had a something in its whole of monotony, that cast, insensibly, over its visitors, an indefinable species of secret constraint ; and made cheerfulness rather the effect of effort than the spring of pleasure; by keeping more within bounds than belongs to their buoyant love of liberty, those light, airy, darting, bursts of unsought gaiety, yclept animal spirits.

Nevertheless, the evenings of this visit were spent delightfully —they were given up to literature, and to entertaining, critical, ludicrous, or anecdotal conversation. Dr. Burney was nearly as full fraught as Mr. Walpole with all that could supply materials of this genus ; and Mr. Walpole had so much taste for his society, that he was wont to say, when Dr. Burney was running off, after a rapid call in Berkeley-square, “Are you going already, Dr. Burney!—Very well, sir? but remember you owe me a visit!”

The pleasure, however, which his urbanity and unwearied exertions evidently bestowed upon his present guests, seemed to kindle in his mind a reciprocity of sensation that warmed him

into an increase of kindness; and urged the most impressive desire of retaining them for a lengthened visit. He left no flattery or persuasion, and no bribery of promised entertainment untried to allure their compliance. The daughter was most willing: and the father was not less so; but his time was irremediably portioned out, and no change was in his power.

Mr. Walpole looked seriously surprised as well as chagrined at the failure of his eloquence and his temptations: though soon recovering his usual tone, he turned off his vexation with his characteristic pleasantry, by uncovering a large portfolio, and telling them that it contained a collection of all the portraits that were extant, of every person mentioned in the letters of Madame de Sevigné; "and if you will not stay at least another day," he said, patting the portfolio with an air of menace, "you shan't see one drop of them!"

MR. STANLEY.

In May, 1786, died that wonderful blind musician, and truly worthy man, Mr. Stanley, who had long been in a declining state of health, but who was much lamented by all with whom he had lived in any intimacy.

Once more a vacancy opened to Dr. Burney of the highest post of honour in his profession, that of master of the King's Band; a post which in earlier life he had been promised, and of which the disappointment had caused him the most cruel chagrin.

He had now to renew his application. But the chamberlain was changed; and he was again defeated.

MR. SMELT.

Very shortly after this most undeserved disappointment, the memorialist—who must still, perforce, mingle, partially, something of her own memoirs with those of her father, with which, at this period, they were indispensably linked—met, by his own immediate request, Mr. Smelt, at the house of Mrs. Delany, who was then at her London dwelling, in St. James's place.

He expressed the most obliging concern at the precipitancy of the lord chamberlain, who had disposed, he said, of the

place before he knew the king's pleasure ; and Mr. Smelt scrupled not to confess that his majesty's own intentions had by no means been fulfilled.

As soon in the evening as all visitors were gone, and only himself and the memorialist remained with Mrs. Delany, Mr. Smelt glided, with a gentleness and delicacy that accompanied all his proceedings, into the subject that led him to demand this interview. And this was no other than the offer of a place to the memorialist in the private establishment of the queen.

Her surprise was considerable ; though by no means what she would have felt had such an offer not been preceded by the most singular graciousness. Nevertheless, a mark of personal favour so unsolicited, so unthought of, could not but greatly move her : and the moment of disappointment and chagrin to her father at which it occurred ; with the expressive tone and manner in which it was announced by Mr. Smelt, brought it close to her heart, as an intended and benevolent mark of goodness to her father himself, that might publicly manifest how little their majesties had been consulted, when Dr. Burney had again so unfairly been set aside.

But while these were the ideas that on the first moment awakened the most grateful sensations towards their majesties, others, far less exhilarating, broke into their vivacity before they had even found utterance. A morbid stroke of sickly apprehension struck upon her mind with forebodings of separation from her father, her family, her friends ; a separation which, when there is neither distress to enforce, nor ambition to stimulate a change, can have one only equivalent, or inducement, for an affectionate female ; namely, a home of her own with a chosen partner ; and even then, the filial sunderment, where there is filial tenderness, is a pungent drawback to all new scenes of life.

Nevertheless, she was fully sensible that here, though there was not that potent call to bosom feelings, there was honour the most gratifying in a choice so perfectly spontaneous ; and favour amounting to kindness, from a quarter whence such condescension could not but elevate with pleasure, as well as charm and penetrate with gratitude and respect.

Still—the separation,—for the residence was to be invariably

at the palace ;—the total change of life ; the relinquishing the brilliant intellectual circle into which she had been so flattering-ingly invited—

She hesitated—she breathed hard—she could not attempt to speak.

But she was with those to whom speech is not indispensable for discourse ; who could reciprocate ideas without uttering or hearing a syllable ; and to whose penetrating acumen words are the bonds, but not the revealers of thoughts.

They saw, and understood her conflict ; and by their own silence showed that they respected hers, and its latent cause.

And when, after a long pause, ashamed of their patience, she would have expressed her sense of its kindness, they would not hear her apology. “Do not hurry your spirits in your answer, my dear Miss Burney,” said Mrs. Delany ; “pray take your own time : Mr. Smelt, I am sure, will wait it.”

“Certainly he will,” said Mr. Smelt ; he can wait it even till to-morrow morning ; for he is not to give his answer till to-morrow noon.”

“Take then the night, my dear Miss Burney,” cried Mrs. Delany, in a tone of the softest sympathy, “for deliberation ; that you may think every thing over, and not be hurried ; and let us all three meet here again to-morrow morning at breakfast.”

“How good you both are!” the memorialist was faintly uttering, when what was her surprise to hear Mr. Smelt, who, with a smile, interrupted her, say: “I have no claim to such a panegyric! I should ill execute the commission with which I have been entrusted, if I embarrassed Miss Burney ; for the great personage from whom I hold it, permitted my speaking first to Miss Burney alone, without consulting even Dr. Burney ; that she might form her own unbiassed determination.”

Where now was the agitation, the incertitude, the irresolution of the memorialist? Where the severity of her conflict, the pang of her sundering wishes? All were suddenly dissolved by overwhelming astonishment, and melted by respectful gratitude : and to the decision of Dr. Burney all now was willingly, and with resolute and cheerful acquiescence, referred.

Dr. Burney felt honoured, felt elated, felt proud of a mark so gracious, so unexpected, of personal partiality to his daughter ; but felt it, perforce, with the same drawbacks to entire happiness that so strongly had balanced its pleasure with herself. Yet his high sense of such singular condescension, and his hope of the worldly advantage to which it might possibly lead, joined to the inherent loyalty that rendered a wish of his sovereign a law to him, checked his disturbance ere it amounted to hesitation. Mutually, therefore, resigned to a parting from so honourable a call, they embraced in tearful unison of sentiment ; and, with the warmest feelings of heartfelt and most respectful —though not unsighing—devotion, Dr. Burney hastened to Mr. Smelt, with their unitedly grateful and obedient acceptance of the offer which her majesty had deigned to transmit to them through his kind and liberal medium.

THE QUEEN.

Dr. Burney now became nearly absorbed by this interesting crisis in the life of his second daughter ; of which, however, the results, not the details, belong to these Memoirs.

She was summoned almost immediately to Windsor, though only, at first, to the house of Mrs. Delany ; in whose presence, as the Doctor learned from her letters, this memorialist was called to the honour of an interview of more than two hours with her majesty. Not, however, for the purpose of arranging the particulars of her destination. The penetrating queen, who soon, no doubt, perceived a degree of agitation which could not be quite controlled in so new, so unexpected a position, with a delicacy the most winning, put that subject quite aside ; and discoursed solely, during the whole long audience, upon general or literary matters.

“ I know well,” continued the letter to the Doctor, “ how my kind father will rejoice at so generous an opening ; especially when I tell him, that, in parting, she condescended, and in the softest manner, to say, ‘ I am sure, Miss Burney, we shall suit one another very well ! ’ And then, turning to Mrs. Delany, she added, ‘ I was led to think of Miss Burney first by her books

—then by seeing her—and then by always hearing how she was loved by her friends—but chiefly, and over all, by your regard for her.’”

The Doctor was then further informed, through Mrs. Delany, that the office of his daughter was to be that of an immediate attendant upon her majesty, designated in the Court Calendar by the name of keeper of the robes.

The business thus fixed, though unannounced, as Mrs. Haggerdorn, the predecessor, still held her place, the Doctor again, for a few weeks, received back his daughter; whom he found, like himself, extremely gratified that her office consisted entirely in attendance upon so kind and generous a queen: though he could not but smile a little, upon learning that its duties exacted constant readiness to assist at her majesty’s toilette: not from any pragmatical disdain of dress—on the contrary, dress had its full share of his admiration, when he saw it in harmony with the person, the class, and the time of life of its exhibitor. But its charms and its capabilities, he was well aware, had engaged no part of his daughter’s reflections; what she knew of it was accidental, caught and forgotten with the same facility; and conducting, consequently, to no system or knowledge that might lead to any eminence of judgment for inventing or directing ornamental personal drapery. And she was as utterly unacquainted with the value of jewelry, as she was unused to its wear and care.

The queen, however, he considered, as she made no inquiry, and delivered no charge, was probably determined to take her chance; well knowing she had others more initiated about her to supply such deficiencies. It appeared to him, indeed, that far from seeking, she waived all obstacles; anxious, upon this occasion, at least, where the services were to be peculiarly personal, to make and abide by a choice exclusively her own; and in which no common routine of chamberlain etiquette should interfere.

And, ere long, he had the inexpressible comfort to be informed that so changed, through the partial graciousness of the queen to the memorialist, was the place from that which had been Mrs. Haggerdorn’s; so lightened and so simplified, that, in fact, the nominal new keeper of the robes had no robes in her keep-

ing; that the difficulties with respect to jewelry, laces, and court habiliments, and the other routine business belonging to the dress-manufactory, appertained to her colleague, Mrs. Schwellenberg; and that the manual labours and cares devolved upon the wardrobe-women; while from herself all that officially was required was assiduous attention, unremitting readiness for every summons to the dressing-room, not unfrequent long readings, and perpetual sojourn at the palace.

KEEPER OF THE ROBES.

Not till within a few days of the departure of Mrs. Haggerdorn for Germany, there to enjoy, in her own country and family, the fruits of her faithful services, was the vacation of her place made public; when, to avoid troublesome canvassings, Dr. Burney was commissioned to announce in the newspapers her successor.

Open preparations were then made for a removal to Windsor, and a general leave-taking of the memorialist with her family and friends ensued.

Not, indeed, a leave-taking of that mournful cast which belongs to great distance, or decided absence; distance here was trifling, and absence merely precarious; yet was it a leave-taking that could not not be gay, though it ought not to be sad. It was a parting from all habitual or voluntary intercourse with natal home, and bosom friends; since she could only at stated hours receive even her nearest of kin in her apartments, and no appointment could be hazarded for abroad, that the duties of office did not make liable to be broken.

These restrictions, nevertheless, as they were official, Dr. Burney was satisfied could cause no offence to her connexions: and with regard to her own privations, they were redeemed by so much personal favour and condescension, that they called not for more philosophy than is almost regularly demanded, by the universal equipoise of good and evil, in all sublunary changes.

General satisfaction and universal wishing joy ensued from all around to Dr. Burney; who had the great pleasure of seeing that this disposal of his second daughter was spread far and wide through the kingdom, and even beyond its watery

bounds, so far as so small an individual could excite any interest, with one accord of approbation.

But the chief notice of this transaction that charmed Dr. Burney, a notice which he hailed with equal pride and delight, was from Mr. Burke; to whom it was no sooner made known, than he hastened in person to St. Martin's street with his warm gratulations; and, upon missing both father and daughter, he entered the parlour, to write upon a card that he picked from a bracket, these flattering words:

“MR. BURKE,
To congratulate upon the honour done by
The QUEEN to Miss Burney,—
And to HERSELF.”

WINDSOR.

The 17th of July, 1787, was the day appointed by the queen for the entrance into her majesty's establishment of Dr. Burney's second daughter.

The Doctor's correspondence with the new robe-keeper was active, lively, incessant; and he had no greater pleasure than in perusing and answering her letters from Windsor Lodge.

As soon as it was in his power to steal a few days from his business and from London, he accepted an invitation from Mrs. Delany to pass them in her abode, by the express permission, or rather with the lively approbation of the king and queen; without which Mrs. Delany held it utterly unbecoming to receive any guests in the house of private, but royal hospitality, which they had consigned to her use.

The queen on this occasion, as on others that were similar, gave orders that Dr. Burney should be requested to dine at the Lodge with his daughter; to whom devolved, in the then absence of her coadjutrix, Mrs. Schwellenberg, the office of doing the honours of a very magnificent table. And that daughter had the happiness, at this time, to engage for meeting her father, two of the first characters for virtue, purity, and elegance, that she had ever known,—the exemplary Mr. Smelt, and the nearly incomparable Mrs. Delany. There were also some other agreeable people; but the spirited Dr. Burney was the prin-

pal object : and he enjoyed himself from the gay feelings of his contentment, as much as by the company he was enjoyed.

In the evening, when the party adjourned from the dining-room to the parlour of the robe-keeper, how high was the gratification of Dr. Burney to see the king enter the apartment ; and to see that, though professedly it was to do honour to years and virtue, in fetching Mrs. Delany himself to the queen, which was very generally his benevolent custom, he now superadded to that goodness the design of according an audience to Dr. Burney : for when Mrs. Delany was preparing to attend his majesty, he, smilingly, made her re-seat herself, with his usual benign consideration for her time of life ; and then courteously entered into conversation with the happy Dr. Burney.

He opened upon musical matters, with the most animated wish to hear the sentiments of the Doctor, and to communicate his own ; and the Doctor, enchanted, was more than ready, was eager to meet these condescending advances.

No one at all accustomed to court etiquette could have seen him without smiling : he was so totally unimpressed with the modes which, even in private, are observed in the royal presence, that he moved, spoke, and walked about the room without constraint; nay, he even debated with the king precisely with the same frankness that he would have used with any other gentleman, whom he had accidentally met in society.

Nevertheless, a certain flutter of spirits which always accompanies royal interviews that are infrequent, even with those who are least awed by them, took from him that self-possession which, in new, or uncommon cases, teaches us how to get through difficulties of form, by watching the manœuvres of our neighbours. Elated by the openness and benignity of his majesty, he seemed in a sort of honest enchantment that drove from his mind all thought of ceremonial ; though in his usual commerce with the world, he was scrupulously observant of all customary attentions. But now, on the contrary, he pursued every topic that was started till he had satisfied himself by saying all that belonged to it ; and he started any topic that occurred to him, whether the king appeared to be ready for another, or not ; and while the rest of the party, retreating towards the wainscot, formed a distant and respectful circle, in which the king, ap-

proaching separately and individually those whom he meant to address, was alone wont to move, the Doctor, quite unconsciously, came forward into the circle himself; and, wholly bent upon pursuing whatever theme was begun, either followed the king when he turned away, or came onward to meet his steps when he inclined them towards some other person; with an earnestness irrepressible to go on with his own subject; and to retain to himself the attention and the eyes—which never looked adverse to him—of the sweet-tempered monarch.

This vivacity and this nature evidently amused the king, whose candour and good sense always distinguished an ignorance of the routine of forms, from the ill manners or ill will of disrespect.

The queen, also, with a grace all her own towards those whom she deigned to wish to please, honoured her robe-keeper's apartment with her presence on the following evening, accompanying thither the king; with the same sweetness of benevolence of seeking Mrs. Delany, in granting an audience to Dr. Burney.

No one better understood conversation than the queen, or appreciated conversers with better judgment: gaily, therefore, she drew out, and truly enjoyed, the flowing, unpractised, yet always informing discourse of Dr. Burney.

DR. HERSCHEL.*

One morning about this period was dedicated to the famous Herschel, whom Dr. Burney visited at Slough, whither he carried his daughter, to see, and to *take a walk* through the immense new telescope of Helschel's own construction. Already from another very large, though, in comparison with this, very diminutive one, Dr. Herschel said he had discovered fifteen hundred universes! The moon, too, which, at that moment, was his favourite object, had afforded him two volcanos; and his own planet, or the *Georgium Sidus*, had favoured him with two satellites.

Dr. Burney, who had a passionate inclination for astronomy, had a double tie to admiration and regard for Dr. Herschel, who, both practically and theoretically, was also an excellent musician. They had much likewise in common of suavity of dis-

* Afterwards Sir William.

position ; and they conversed together with a pleasure that led, eventually, to much after intercourse.

The accomplished and amiable Mr. Smelt joined them here by appointment ; as did, afterwards, the erudite, poetical, and elegant Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, and author of the *Marks of Imitation* ; whose fine features, fine expression, and fine manners made him styled by Mr. Smelt “The Beauty of Holiness ;” and who was accompanied by the learned Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

Miss Herschel, the celebrated comet-searcher, and one of the most truly modest, or rather humble, of human beings, having sat up all night at her eccentric vocation, was now, much to their regret, mocking the day-beams in sound repose.

In similar visits to his daughter, Dr. Burney had again and again the high honour and happiness of being indulged with long, lively, and most agreeable conversations with his majesty ; who, himself a perfectly natural man, had a true taste for what, in a court—or, in truth, out of one—is so rarely to be met with,—an unsophisticated character.

And thus, congenial with his principles, and flattering to his taste, softly, gaily, salubriously, began for Dr. Burney the new career of his second daughter. It was a stream of happiness, now gliding on gently with the serenity of enjoyment for the present ; now rapidly flowing faster with the aspiring velocity of hope for the future.

MRS. DELANY.

What a reverse to this beaming sunshine was floating in the air ! A second year was yet incomplete, when a cloud intercepted the bright rays that had almost revivified Dr. Burney, by suddenly and forever closing from his view the inestimable, the exemplary, the venerated friend of his daughter, Mrs. Delany : for sudden was this mortal eclipse, though, at her great age, it could never be unexpected.

X

GEORGE THE THIRD.

Such was the cloud that obscured the spring horizon of Dr. Burney in 1788 ; but which, severely as it damped and saddened him, was but as a point in a general mass, save from his kind grief for his heart-afflicted daughter, compared with the effect produced upon him by the appalling hurricane that afterwards ensued ; though there, he himself was but as a point, and scarcely that, in the vast mass of general woe and universal disorder, of which that fatal storm was the precursor.

The war of all the elements, when their strife darts with lightnings, and hurls with thunder, that seem threatening destruction all around, is peace, is calm, is tameness and sameness, to that which was caused by the first sudden breaking out of a malady nameless, but tremendous, terrific, but unknown, in the king—that father of his people, that friend of human kind.

This event, then, is foreign to all domestic memoirs ; and to such as are political, Dr. Burney's can have no pretensions. It will rapidly, therefore, be passed over, in consonance with the intentions of the Doctor, manifested by an entire omission of any intervening memorandums, from his grief at the illness, to his joy at the recovery of his sovereign ; a joy which, however diversified by the endless shadings of multitudinous circumstances, was almost universally felt by all ranks, all classes, all ages ; and hailed by a chorus of sympathy, that resounded in songs of thanksgiving and triumph throughout the British empire.

WINDSOR.

And yet—though joy flew to his bosom with such exalting delight, when that joy had spent its first effervescence ; when, exhausted by its own eager ebullition, it subsided into quiet thankfulness—did Dr. Burney find himself in the same state of self gratulation at the position of his daughter, as before that blight which bereaved her of Mrs. Delany ? did he experience the same vivid glow of pleasure in her destination, that he felt previously to that tremendous national tempest that had shaken

the palace, and shattered all its dwellers, through terror, watchfulness, and sorrow ?

Alas, no ! the charm was broken, the curtain was dropt ! the scene was changed by unlooked-for contingencies ; and a catastrophe of calamity seemed menacing his peace, that was precisely the reverse of all that the opening of this part of his life's drama had appeared to augur of felicity.

The health of his daughter fell visibly into decay ; her looks were alarmingly altered ; her strength was daily enfeebling ; and the native vivacity of her character and spirits were palpably sinking from premature internal debility.

This, indeed, was a blight to close, in sickly mists, the most brilliant avenues of his parental ambition. It was a shock of the deepest disappointment, that the one amongst his progeny on whom fortune had seemed most to smile, should be threatened with lingering dissolution, through the very channel in which she appeared to be gliding to honour and favour : and that he, her hope-beguiled parent, must now, at all mundane risks, snatch her away from every mundane advantage, or incur the perilous chance of weeping over her precipitated grave.

Yet, where such seemed the alternative, there could be no hesitation : the tender parent took place of the provident friend, and his decision was immediate to recall the invalid from all higher worldly aspirations to her retired natal home.

The gratitude of his daughter at this paternal tenderness rose to her eyes, in her then weakened state, with constant tears every time it occurred to her mind ; for well she knew how many a gay hope, and glowing fond idea, must be sacrificed by so retrograde a measure.

Medical aid was, however, called in ; but no prescription was efficacious : no further room, therefore, was left for demur, and with the sanction, or rather by the direction of her kind father, she addressed a letter to the queen—having first besought and obtained her majesty's leave for taking so direct a course.

In this letter the memorialist unreservedly represented the altered state of her health ; with the fears of her father that her

constitution would be utterly undermined, unless it could be restored by retirement from all official exertions. She supplicated, therefore, her majesty's permission to give in her resignation, with her humblest acknowledgments for all the extraordinary goodness that had been shown to her ; the remembrance of which would be ever gratefully and indelibly engraven on her heart.

Scarcely with more reluctance was this letter delivered than it was received ; and as painful to Dr. Burney were the conflicting scenes that followed this step, as had been the apprehensions by which it had been produced. The queen was moved even to tears at the prospect of losing a faithful attendant, whom she had considered as consecrated to her for life, and on whose attachment she had the firmest reliance : and the reluctance with which she turned from the separation led to modifying propositions, so condescendingly urgent, that the plan of retreat was soon nearly melted away from grateful devotion.

In no common manner, indeed, was Dr. Burney beset to adhere to his purpose ; he was invoked, conjured, nay exhorted, by calls and supplications from the most distinguished of his friends, which, however gratifying to his parental feelings, were distressful to his loyal ideas, from his conviction that the gracious wish of detention sprung from a belief that the restoration of the invalid might be effected without relinquishing her place.

MR. BOSWELL.

And while thus poignantly he was disturbed by this conflict, his daughter became accidentally informed of plans that were in secret agitation to goad his resolves. Mr. Boswell, about this time, guided by M. de Guiffardiere, crossed and intercepted her passage, one Sunday morning, from the Windsor cathedral to the queen's lodge.

Mr. Boswell had visited Windsor to solicit the king's leave, which graciously had been granted, for publishing Dr. Johnson's dialogue with his majesty.

Almost forcibly stopping her in her path, though making her

an obsequious, or rather a theatrical, bow, “I am happy,” he cried, “to find you, madam, for I was told you were lost! closed in the unscalable walls of a royal convent. But let me tell you, madam!” assuming his highest tone of mock-heroic, “it wont do! You must come forth, madam! You must abscond from your princely monastery, and come forth! You were not born to be immured, like a tabby cat, madam, in your august cell! We want you in the world. And we are told you are very ill. But we can’t spare you. Besides, madam, I want your Johnson’s letters for my book!”

Then, stopping at once himself and his hearer, by spreading abroad both his arms, in starting suddenly before her, he energetically added, “FOR THE BOOK, madam! the first book in the universe!”

Swelling then with internal gratulation, yet involuntarily half laughing, from good-humouredly catching the infection of the impulse which his unrestrained self-complacency excited in his listener, he significantly paused; but the next minute, with double emphasis, and strong, even comic gesticulation, he went on: “I have every thing else! every thing that can be named, of every sort, and class, and description, to show the great man in all his bearings!—every thing—except his letters to you! But I have nothing of that kind. I look for it all from you! It is necessary to complete my portrait. It will be the first book in the whole universe, madam! There’s nothing like it—” again half laughing, yet speaking more and more forcibly: “There never was,—and there never will be!—So give me your letters, and I’ll place them with the hand of a master!”

She made some sportive reply, to hurry away from his urgency; but he pursued her quite to the lodge; acting the whole way so as to make gazers of all whom they encountered, and a laughing observer of M. de Guiffardiere. “You must come forth, madam!” he vociferated; “this monastic life won’t do. You must come forth! We are resolved to a man,—WE, The Club, madam! ay, THE CLUB, madam! are resolved to a man that Dr. Burney shall have no rest—poor gentleman!—till he scale the walls of your august convent, to burn your veil, and carry you off.”

At the iron gate opening into the lawn, not daring to force his uninvited steps any farther, he seriously and formally again stopped her, and, with a look and voice that indicated—don't imagine I am trifling!—solemnly confirmed to her a rumour which already had reached her ears, that Mr. Windham, whom she knew to be foremost in this chivalrous cabal against the patience of Dr. Burney, was modelling a plan for inducing the members of the Literary Club to address a round-robin to the Doctor, to recall his daughter to the world.

"And the whole matter was puissantely discussed," added Mr. Boswell, "at THE CLUB, madam, at the last meeting—Charles Fox in the chair."

The alarm of this intimation sufficed, however, to save the Doctor from so disconcerting an honour; for the next time that the invalid, who, though palpably waning away, was seldom confined to the house, went to Westminster Hall during the trial of Mr. Hastings, and was joined by Mr. Windham, she entreated that liberal friend to relinquish his too kind purpose; assuring him that such a violent measure was unnecessary, since all, however slowly, was progressive towards her making the essay so kindly desired for her health, of change of air and life.

Mr. Windham, at first, persisted that nothing short of a round-robin would decisively re-urge Dr. Burney to his "almost blunted purpose." But when, with equal truth and gratitude, she seriously told him that his own personal influence had already, in this most intricate difficulty, been persuasively powerful, he exclaimed, with his ever animated elegance, "Then I have not lived in vain!" and acquiesced.

WINDSOR.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, Horace Walpole, and all the Burkes, were potent accomplices in this kind and singular conspiracy; which, at last, was suddenly superseded by so obviously a dilapidated state of health in its object, as to admit of no further procrastination; and this uncommon struggle at length ended by the entrance at Windsor of a successor to the invalid, in July, 1791; when, though with nearly as much regret as eagerness, Dr. Burney fetched his daughter from the palace; to

which, exactly five years previously, he had conveyed her with unmixed delight.

It is here a duty—a fair and a willing one—to mention, that in an audience of leave-taking to which the memorialist was admitted just before her departure, the queen had the gracious munificence to insist that half the salary annexed to the resigned office should be retained, and when the memorialist, from fulness of heart, and the surprise of gratitude, would have declined, though with the warmest and most respectful acknowledgments, a remuneration to which she had never looked forward, the queen, without listening to her resistance, deigned to express the softest regret that it was not convenient to her to do more.*

All of ill health, fatigue, or suffering, that had worked the necessity for this parting, was now, at this moment of its final operation, sunk in tender gratitude, or lost in the sorrow of leave-taking; and the memorialist could difficultly articulate, in retiring, a single sentence of her regret or her attachment: while the queen, with weeping eyes, laid her fair hand upon the arm of the memorialist, repeatedly and gently wishing her happy—“well and happy!” And all the princesses were graciously demonstrative of a concern nearly amounting to emotion in pronouncing their adieu. Even the king, coming up to her, with an evident intention to wish her well, as he entered the apartment that she was quitting, wore an aspect of so much pity for her broken health, that, utterly overpowered by the commiserating expression of his benevolent countenance, she was obliged, instead of murmuring her thanks, and curtseying her farewell, abruptly to turn from him to an adjoining window, to hide a grateful sensibility of his goodness that she could neither subdue, nor venture to manifest.

1791.

Arrived again at the natal home, Dr. Burney welcomed back his daughter with the most cheering tenderness. All the family

* The memorialist has since been informed that the king himself had deigned to say, “It is but her due. She has given up five years of her pen.”

hastened to hail and propitiate her return ; and congratulatory hopes and wishes for the speedy restoration of her health poured in upon the Doctor from all quarters.

But chiefly Mrs. Crewe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Messrs. Windham, Horace Walpole, and Seward, started forward, by visits or by letters, upon this restitution, with greetings almost tumultuous ; so imbued had been their minds with the belief that change of scene and change of life alone could retard a change more fatal.

MR. BURKE.

Mr. Burke was at Beaconsfield ; and joined not, therefore, in the kind participation which the Doctor might else have hoped for, on the re-appearance of his invalid daughter in those enlightening circles of which Mr. Burke, now, was the unrivalled first ornament.

It may here be right, perhaps, as well as interesting, to note, since it can be done upon proof, the kindness of heart and liberality of Mr. Burke, even in politics, when not combatted by the turbulence and excitement of public contention. Too noble, indeed, was his genuine character, too great, too grand, for any warp so offensive to mental liberty, as that of seeking to subject the opinions of his friends to his own.

This truth will be amply illustrated by the following letter, written in answer to some apology from Dr. Burney, for withholding his vote at a Westminster election, from the friend and the party that were canvassed for in person by Mr. Burke.

“ To Dr. Burney.

“ My Dear Sir,—I give you my sincere thanks for your desire to satisfy my mind relative to your conduct in this exigency. I am well acquainted with your principles and sentiments, and know that every thing good is to be expected from both. * * * God forbid that worthy men, situated as you are, should be made sacrifices to the minuter part of politics, when we are far from able to assure ourselves that the higher parts can be made to answer the good ends we have in view ! You

have little or no obligations to me ; but if you had as many as I really wish it were in my power—as it is certainly in my desire—to lay upon you, I hope you do not think me capable of conferring them, in order to subject your mind, or your affairs, to a painful and mischievous servitude. I know that your sentiments will always outrun the demands of your friends ; and that you want rather to be restrained in the excess of what is right, than to be stimulated to a languid and insufficient exertion.” * *

Dr. Burney at this time resided entirely at Chelsea College ; and he found this sojourn so perfectly to his taste, that, though obliged, some years afterwards, by official arrangements, to remove from the ground floor to nearly the highest range of rooms in that lofty edifice, he never wished to change the place of his abode.

Solaced, nevertheless, as was now his anxiety for his invalid daughter, he was not at rest. She looked ill, weak, and languid ; and the danger was clearly not over.

So deplorably, indeed, was her health injured, that successive changes of air were medicinally advised for her to Dr. Burney ; and her maternally zealous friend, Mrs. Ord, most kindly proposed taking charge of the execution of that prescription. A tour to the west was undertaken ; the Bath waters were successfully tried : and, after passing nearly four months in gentle travelling, the good Mrs. Ord delivered the invalid to her family, nearly re-established.

The paternal affection which greeted this double restoration, to her health and her home, gave her, then, a happiness which vivified both. The Doctor allowed her the indulgence of living almost wholly in his study ; they read together, wrote together, compared notes, communicated projects, and diversified each other’s employment ; and his kindness, enlivened by her late danger and difficulties, was more marked, and more precious to her than ever.

She had no sooner made known that her western tour was finished, than she was summoned to the palace, where her majesty deigned to receive her with the highest grace of condescension ; and to keep her in animated discourse, with the

same noble trust in her faithful attachment, that had uniformly marked every confidence during her royal residence. Each of the amiable princesses honoured her with a separate interview; vying with each other in kindly lively expressions upon her restored looks and appearance: and the king, the gracious king himself, vouchsafed, with an air the most benevolent, not alone of goodness, but even of pleasure, to inquire after her health, to rejoice in its improvement, and to declare, condescendingly, repeatedly to declare, how glad he was to see her again. He even made her stand under a lustre, that he might examine her countenance, before he pronounced himself satisfied with her recovery.

And, from that time forward, upon her every subsequent admission, the graciousness of her reception bounded with the blankest joy from her own heart to that of the Doctor.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Not to break into the little history which mentally, during the last five years, had almost absorbed Dr. Burney, no mention has been made of a personal event of as much moment to his peace as to his fame; namely, the publication, in 1789, of the third volume of his History of Music; nor that, before the end of the same year, he had the brain-relieving satisfaction of completing his long impending work, by bringing out the fourth and last volume.

It seemed to him a sort of regeneration to feel freedom restored to his reflections, and liberty to his use of time, by arriving at the close of this literary labour; which, though in its origin voluntary, had of late become heavily fatiguing, because shackled by an engagement, and therefore obligatory.

1791.

The life of Dr. Burney was now almost equally distributed in literary, professional, and amical divisions.

In literature, his time, ostensibly, was become his own; but never was time less so than when put into his own hands; for

his eagerness was without either curb or limit to devote it to some new pursuit. And scarcely had that elastic bound of renovated youth, of which he speaks to Mr. Repton, been capered, than a fresh, yet voluntary occupation, drove his newly-restored leisure away, and opened a course of bookish and critical toil, that soon seized again upon every spare moment. This was constituting himself a member amongst the Monthly Reviewers, under the editorship of the worthy Mr. Griffith.

Of the articles which were Dr. Burney's, no list has been found; and probably none was kept. The ardour of sincerity in pointing out faults and failures, is so apt to lead to a similar ardour of severity in their censure, that, in those days, when the critics were not, wisely, anonymous, the secret and passive war of books and words among authors, menaced the more public and tumultuous one of swords and pistols.

The unfortunate, but truly amiable and high-minded Mr. Beckford was amongst the greatest favourites and most welcome visitors to Dr. Burney; whose remembrance of the friendly zeal of that gentleman in Italy, was a never failing call for every soothing return that could be offered to him in the calamities which, roughly and ruinously, had now changed his whole situation in life—leaving his virtues alone unalterable.

The two Wesleys, Charles and Samuel, those born rather than bred musicians, sought, and were welcomed by the Doctor, whenever his leisure agreed with his estimation of their talents. With Samuel he was often in musical correspondence.

Horace Walpole invariably delighted in the society of Dr. Burney; and had himself no admirer who carried from his company and conversation a larger or more zested portion of his lordship's *bon mots*; or who had a higher taste for his peculiar style of entertainment.

MR. GREVILLE.

But Mr. Greville, the old friend and early patron of the Doctor, he now never saw, save by accident; and rarely as that occurred, it was oftener than could be wished; so querulous was that gentleman grown, from ill-luck in his perilous pursuits; so

irascible within, and so supercilious without ; assuming to all around him a sort of dignified distance, that bordered, at least, upon universal disdain.

The world seemed completely in decadence with this fallen gentleman ; and the writhings of long suffocated mortification, from sinking his fine spirits and sickening his gay hopes, began to engender a morbid irritation, that was ready, upon every fancied provocation, to boil into vehemence of passion, or burst into the bitterness of sarcastic reproach.

So torpid was the infatuation of self-security in Mr. Greville, that pertinaciously he frequented the same seductive haunts, and mechanically adhered to the same dangerous society, till the knowledge of his errors and their mischief was forced upon him by his creditors.

Angered and disgusted, he then, in gloomy sullenness, retired from public view ; and lived a rambling, unsettled sort of life, as ill at ease with his family as with the world, from the wounds he habitually inflicted, and occasionally suffered, through the irritability of his argumentative commerce.

MR. AND MRS. SHERIDAN.

Another of the Doctor's brightest calls to high and animated society was now, also, utterly eclipsed ; for she, the loveliest of the lovely, the first Mrs. Sheridan, was fading away—vanishing—from the list of his fair enchantresses.

This paragon of syrens, by almost universal and national consent, had been looked up to, when she sang at oratorios and at concerts, as the star of harmony in England : though so short was that *eclat* of supremacy, that, from the date of her marriage, her claim to such pre-eminence was known to the public only by remembrance or by rumour ; Mr. Sheridan, her husband, inexorably renouncing all similar engagements, and only at his own house suffering her to sing.

Far happier had it been for that captivating and beautiful creature, far happier for her eminent and highly talented husband, had the appropriate fame that belonged equally to the birth, education, and extraordinary abilities of both, been ade-

quate to their pride of expectation : for then, glowing with rational and modest, not burning with inordinate and eccentric ambition, they would not disdainfully—almost madly—have cast away from their serious and real service the brilliant gifts of favouring nature, which, if seasonably brought forth, would have opened to them, without struggle or difficulty, the golden portals of that splendour to which their passion for grandeur and enjoyment throbbedingly aspired.

But from these brilliant gifts, as instruments of advantage, they turned captiously aside ; as if the exquisite powers, vocal and dramatic, which were severally intrusted to their charge, had been qualities that, in any view of utility, they ought to shrink from with secrecy and shame.

Yet Dr. Burney always believed Mrs. Sheridan herself to be inherently pure in her mind, and elegantly simple in her taste ; though first from the magnetism of affection, and next from the force of circumstances, she was drawn into the same vortex of dissipation and extravagance, in which the desires and pursuits of her husband unresistedly rolled.

Every thing, save rank and place, was theirs ; every thing, therefore, save rank and place, seemed beneath their aim.

If, in withdrawing his fair partner from public life, the virtues of moderation had bestowed contentment upon their retreat, how dignified had been such a preference, to all the affluence attendant upon a publicity demanding personal exhibition from a delicate and sensitive female !

Such was the light in which this act of Mr. Sheridan, upon its early adoption, had appeared to Dr. Johnson ; and as such it obtained the high sanction of his approbation.* But to no such view was the subsequent conduct of this too aspiring and enchanting couple respondent. They assumed the expenses of wealth, while they disclaimed the remuneration of talents ; and they indulged in the luxuries of splendour, by resources not their own.

Not such, had he lived to witness the result, had been the sanction of Dr. Johnson. He had regarded the retirement from

* See Mr. Moore's Life of Sheridan.

public exhibition as a measure of primitive temperance and philosophic virtue. The last of men was Dr. Johnson to have abetted squandering the delicacy of integrity, by nullifying the labours of talents.

The unhappy delusion into which this high-wrought and misplaced self-appreciation betrayed them, finished its fatal fanaticism by dimming their celebrity, mocking their ambition, and hurling into disorder and ruin their fortune, their reputation, their virtues, and their genius.

At the head of the female worthies, who gratified Dr. Burney with eager good wishes on the return of the memorialist, stood Mrs. Montague. And still the honourable corps was upheld by Mrs. Boscowen, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss More—though, alas, the last mentioned lady is now the only one of that distinguished set still spared to the world.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

But a catastrophe of the most sorrowing sort soon afterwards cast a shade of saddest hue upon this happy and promising period, by the death of the friend to whom, after his many deprivations, Dr. Burney had owed his greatest share of pleasure and animation—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Deeply this loss affected his spirits. Sir Joshua was the last of the new circle with whom his intimacy had mellowed into positive friendship. And though with many, and indeed with most of the literary club, a connexion was gradually increasing which might lead to that heart-expanding interest in life, friendship,—to part with what we possess while what we wish is of uncertain attainment, leaves a chasm in the feelings of a man of taste and selection, that he is long nearly as unwilling as he may be unable to re-occupy.

With Mr. Burke, indeed, with the immortal Edmund Burke, Dr. Burney might have been as closely united in heart as he was charmed in intellect, had circumstances offered time and opportunity for the cultivation of intimacy. Political dissimilarity of sentiment does not necessarily sunder those who, in other points, are drawn together by congeniality of worth; ex-

cept where their walk in life compels them to confront each other with public rivalry.

But Mr. Burke, in whose composition imagination was the leading feature, had so genuine a love of rural life and rural scenery, that he seldom came voluntarily to the metropolis but upon parliamentary business ; and then the whole powers of his ardent mind were absorbed by politics, or political connexions : while Sir Joshua, whose equanimity of temper kept his imagination under controul, and whose art was as much the happiness as it was the pride of his prosperity, finding London the seat of his glory, judiciously determined to make it that of his contentment. His loss, therefore, to Dr. Burney was not only that of an admired friend, with whom emulously he might reciprocate and enlighten ideas ; but, also, of that charm to current life the most soothing to its cares, a congenial companion always at hand.

And more particularly was he affected at this time by the departure of this valuable friend, from the circumstance of having just brought to bear the return home of the memorialist, for which Sir Joshua, previously to a paralytic attack, had been the most eager and incessant pleader. The Doctor, therefore, had looked forward with the gayest gratification to the renewal of those meetings which, alike to himself, to his daughter, and to the knight, had invariably been productive of glee and pleasure.

But gone, ere arrived that renewal, was the power of its enjoyment ! A meeting, indeed, took place, and with unalterable friendship on both sides. Immediately after the western tour, Dr. Burney carried the memorialist to Leicester-square ; first mounting to the drawing-room himself, to inquire whether Sir Joshua were well enough for her admission. Assent was immediate ; and she felt a sprightly renovation of strength in again ascending his stairs.

Miss Palmer came forward to receive her with warm greeting cordiality ; but she rapidly hastened onward to shake hands with Sir Joshua. He was now all but quite blind. He had a green bandage over one eye, and the other was shaded by a green half bonnet. He was playing at cards with Mr. William Burke, and some others. He attempted to rise, to welcome a long lost fa-

vourite ; but found himself too weak. He was even affectingly kind to her, but serious almost to melancholy. "I am glad, indeed," he emphatically said, though in a meek voice, and with a dejected accent, "to see you again ! and I wish I could see you better! But I have only one eye now,—and hardly that!"

She was extremely touched ; and knew not how to express either her concern for his altered situation since they had last met, or her joy at being with him again ; or her gratitude for the earnest exertions he had made to spur Dr. Burney to the step that had been taken.

The Doctor, perceiving the emotion she both felt and caused, hurried her away. And once more only she ever saw the English Raphael again. And then he was still more deeply depressed : though Miss Palmer, good-humouredly, drew a smile from him, by gaily exclaiming, "Do pray, now, uncle, ask Miss Burney to write another book directly ! for we have almost finished Cecilia again—and this is our sixth reading of it?"

The little occupation, Miss Palmer said, of which Sir Joshua was then capable, was carefully dusting the paintings in his picture gallery, and placing them in different points of view.

This passed at the conclusion of 1791 ; on the February of the following year, this friend, equally amiable and eminent, was no more!

Dr. Burney, extremely unwell at that period himself, could not attend the funeral ; which, under the direction of Mr. Burke, the chief executor, was conducted with the splendour due to the genius, and suitable to the fortune, of the departed. Dr. Charles Burney was invited in the place of his father, and attended at the obsequies for both.

MR. HAYES.

Another last separation, long menacing, yet truly grievous to the Doctor, was now almost momentarily impending. His good, gay-hearted, and talented old friend, Mr. Hayes, had had a new paralytic seizure, which, in the words of Dr. Burney, "deprived him of the use of one side, and greatly affected his speech, eyes and ears ; though his faculties were still as good and as sound as his heart."

This account had been addressed, the preceding year, to George Earl of Oxford, by desire of the poor invalid.

Pitiable as was this species of existence, Mr. Hayes long lingered in it, with a patience and cheerfulness that kept him still open to the kind offices, as well as to the compassion, of his friends : and Dr. Burney held a regular correspondence with Lord Orford upon this subject, till it ceased with a calamitous catastrophe ; not such as was daily expected to the ancient invalid, though then bedridden, and past eighty years of age, but to the earl himself, from an attack of insanity.

EARL OF ORFORD.

This was a new grief. Lord Orford had been not only an early patron, but a familiar friend of the Doctor, during the whole of his sojourn in Norfolk.

This truly liberal, though, as has been acknowledged, not faultless nobleman, attached himself to all that was literary or scientific that came within reach of his kindness at Haughton Hall ; yet without suffering this intellectual hospitality to abridge any of the magnificence of the calls of fair kindred aristocracy, which belonged to his rank and fortune. His high appreciation of Mr. Bewley has been already mentioned ; and his value of the innate, though unvarnished worth of Mr. Hayes, sprang from the same genuine sense of intrinsic merit.

Nearly in the meridian of his life, Lord Orford had been afflicted with a seizure of madness, occasioned by an unreflecting application of some repelling plaster or lotion to an eruption on the forehead, that had broken out just before one of the birthdays of the king, upon which, as his lordship was then first lord of the bedchamber in waiting, his attendance at St. James's had seemed indispensable.

This terrible malady, after repeated partial recoveries, and disappointing relapses, had appeared to be finally cured by the same gifted medical man who blessedly had restored his sovereign to the nation, Dr. Willis. Lord Orford, from that happy lucid interval, resided chiefly at Ereswell, his favourite villa. And here, once more, Dr. Burney had had the cordial pleasure

of passing a few days with this noble friend ; who delighted to resort to that retirement from the grandeur and tumult of Haughton Hall.

It had been nineteen years since they had met ; and the flow of conversation, from endless reminiscences, kept them up nearly all the first night of this visit. And Dr. Burney declared that he had then found his lordship's head as clear, his heart as kind, and his converse as pleasing, as at any period of their early intercourse.

The relapse, by which, not three weeks after this meeting, the earl again lost his senses, had two current reports for its cause : the first of which gave it to a fall from his horse ; the second to the sudden death of Mrs. Turk, his erst lovely Patty ; "to whom," says the Doctor in a letter, after his Ereswell visit, that was addressed to Mrs. Phillips, "he was more attached than ever, from her faithful and affectionate attendance upon him during the long season of his insanity ; though, at this time, she was become a fat and rather coarse old woman."

MR. BURKE.

Upon the publication of the celebrated treatise of Mr. Burke on the opening of the French revolution, Dr. Burney had felt re-wakened all his first unqualified admiration of its author, from a full conviction that error, wholly free from malevolence, had impelled alike his violence in the prosecution of Mr. Hastings, and his assertions upon the incurability of the malady of the king : while a patriotism, superior to all party feeling, and above all considerations but the love of his country, had inspired every sentence of the immortal orator in his new work.

The Doctor had interchanged some billets with Mr. Burke upon this occasion ; and once or twice they had met ; but only in large companies. This the Doctor lamented to Mrs. Crewe ; who promised that, if he would spend three or four days at her Hampstead little villa, she would engage for his passing one of them with Mr. Burke ; though she should make, she added, her own terms ; namely, "that you are accompanied, Mr. Doctor, by Miss Burney."

Gladly the invitation and the condition were accepted ; and the editor hopes to be pardoned, if again she spare herself the toil of recommitting to paper an account of this meeting, by copying one written at the moment to her sister Susanna. Egotistic in part it must inevitably be ; yet not, she trusts, offensively ; as it contains various genuine traits of Mr. Burke in society, that in no graver manner than in a familiar epistle could have been detailed.

"To Mrs. Phillips.

"At length, my Susan, the re-meeting so long-suspended, with Mr. Burke, has taken place. Our dearest father was enchanted at the prospect of spending so many hours with him ; and of pouring forth again and again the rapturous delight with which he reads, and studies, and admires, the sublime new composition of this great statesman.

"But—my satisfaction, my dear Susan, with all my native enthusiasm for Mr. Burke, was not so unmixed. If such a meeting, after my long illness, and long seclusion, joined to my knowledge of his kind interest in them, had taken place speedily after that on Richmond Hill, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where I beheld him with an admiration that seemed akin to enchantment ; and that portrayed him all bright intelligence and gentle amenity ;—instead of succeeding to the scenes of Westminster Hall ; where I saw him furious to accuse,—implacable not to listen—and insane to vanquish ! his respiration troubled, his features nearly distorted, and his countenance haggard with baneful animosity ; while his voice, echoing up to the vaulted roof in tremendous execrations, poisoned the heated air with unheard-of crimes !—Oh ! but for that more recent recollection, his sight, and the expectation of his kindness, would have given me once again a joy almost extatic.*

* The editor cannot here refuse herself the satisfaction of inserting a remarkable speech that was made to her by a professionally experienced physiognomist, the Rev. Thomas Willis, upon observing Mr. Burke, after he had spoken to her one day in Westminster Hall : " Give me leave to ask—who was that you were conversing with just now ?" " Mr. Burke !" " Is that possible !—Can a man who seeks by **EVERY** means, not only the

"But now, from this double reminiscence, my mind, my ideas—disturbed as much as delighted—were in a sort of chaos; they could coalesce neither with pleasure nor with pain.

"Our dear father was saved all such conflicting perplexity, as he never attended the trial ; and how faint are the impressions of report, compared with those that are produced by what we experience or witness ! He was not, therefore, like me, harassed by the continual inward question : ' shall I see once more that noble physiognomy that, erst, so fascinated my fancy ? or, am I doomed to behold how completely it is expression, not feature, that stamps the human countenance upon human view ?'

"The little villa at Hampstead is small, but commodious. We were received by Mrs. Crewe with great kindness, which you will easily believe was the last thing to surprise us. Her son was with her ; a silent and reserved, but, I think, sensible young man, though looking—so blooming is she still—rather like her brother than her son. He is preparing to go to China with Lord Macartney. Her daughter we had ourselves brought from town, where she had been on a visit to the lovely Emily Ogilvie, at the Duchess Dowager of Leinster's. She, Miss Crewe, is become an intelligent and amiable adolescent ; but so modest, that I never heard her uncourted voice.

"Mr. Burke was not yet arrived, but young Burke, who, when I lived in the midst of things, was almost always at my side, like my shadow, wherever we met, though never obtrusively, was the first person I saw. I felt very glad to renew our old acquaintance ; but I soon perceived a strangeness in his bow, that marked a decided change from fervent amity to cold civility.

"This hurt me much for this very estimable young man ; but alarmed me ten thousand times more for his father, whose benevolent personal partiality—blame him as I may for one or two public acts—I could not forfeit without the acutest mortification, pain, and sorrow.

obvious and the fair, but the most obscure and irrelevant, to prosecute to infamy and persecute to death—have a countenance of such marked honesty ? Every line of his face denotes honour, and probity!"

"But it now oppressively occurred to me, that perhaps young Mr. Burke, studiously as in whatever is political I always keep in the back ground, had discovered my antipathy to the state trial; for though I felt satisfied that Mr. Windham, to whom so openly I had revealed it, had held sacred, as he had promised, my secret—for how could honour and Mr. Windham be separated?—young Burke, who was always in the managers' box, must unavoidably have observed how frequently Mr. Windham came to converse with me from the great chamberlain's; and might even, perhaps, have so been placed at times, in the House of Commons' partition, as to overhear my unrestrained wishes for the failure of the prosecution, from my belief in its injustice—and if so, how greatly must he have been offended for his reverenced father! to whom, also, he might, perhaps, have made known my sentiments!

"This idea demolished in a moment all my hope of pleasure in the visit; and I became more uncomfortable than I can describe.

"Our dear father did not perceive my disturbance. Always wisely alive to the present moment, he was occupied exclusively with young Mr. Crewe, at the motion of our fair hostess; who, after naming Lord Macartney's embassy, said: "Come, Dr. Burney, you, who know every thing, come and tell us all about China."

"Soon after entered Mrs. Burke, who revived in me some better hopes; for she was just the same as I have always seen her; soft, serene, reasonable, sensible, and obliging; and we met, I think, upon just as good terms as if so many years had not parted us.

"Next appeared—for all the family inhabit, at present, some spot at Hampstead—Mr. Richard Burke, that original, humorous, flashing, and entertaining brother of THE Burke, whom we have so often met, but whom we have never liked, or, at least, understood well enough to associate with for himself: nor yet liked ill enough to shirk when we have met him with others. From him I could develope nothing of my great point of inquietude, *i. e.* how I stood with his great brother; for I had put myself into a place, in my old way, in the back ground, with Miss

Crewe, Miss French, a lively niece of Mr. Burke's, and a very pleasing Miss Townshend; and Mr. R. Burke did not recollect, or, probably, see me. But my father, immediately leaving young Crewe, and Lord Macartney, and the whole empire of China in the lurch, darted forward to expatriate with Mr. Richard upon his brother's noble essay.

"At length—Mr. Burke himself was announced, and made his appearance; accompanied by the tall, keen-eyed Mr. Elliot, one of the twelve managers of the impeachment; and a favourite friend of Mr. Windham's.

"The moment Mr. Burke had paid his devoirs to Mrs. Crewe, he turned round to shake hands, with an air the most cordial, with my father; who, proud of his alacrity, accepted the greeting with evident delight.

"I thought this the happiest chance for obtaining his notice, and I arose, though with a strong inward tremor, and ventured to make him a courtesy; but where was I, my dear Susan, when he returned me the most distant bow, without speaking or advancing?—though never yet had I seen him, that he had not made up to me with eager, nay, kind vivacity! nor been any where seated, that he had not taken a place next mine!

"Grieved I felt—O how grieved and mortified! not only at the loss of so noble a friend, but at the thought of having given pain and offence to one from whom I had received so much favour, and to whom I owed so much honour! and who, till those two deadly blights to his fair fame, the unsubstantiated charges against Mr. Hastings, and the baneful denunciation of the king's incurability, had appeared to me of a nature as exalted in purity of feeling as in energy of genius.

"While I hesitated,—all sad within—whether to retire to my retreat in the back ground, or to abide where I stood, obviously seeking to move his returning kindness, Mrs. Crewe suddenly said, 'I don't think I have introduced Mr. Elliot to Miss Burney!'

"Mr. Elliot and I were certainly no strangers to each other's faces, so often had I seen him in the managers' box, whence so often he must have seen me, in the great chamberlain's; but a slight bow and courtesy had hardly time to be exchanged be-

tween us—for the moment I was named, imagine my joy, my Susan, my infinite joy, to find that Mr. Burke had not recollected me ! He is more near-sighted, considerably, even than my father or myself. ‘Miss Burney !’ in a tone of vivacity and surprise, he now exclaimed, coming instantly, courteously, and smilingly forward, and taking my willing hand, ‘and I did not see—did not know you !’ And then, again, imagine my increasing joy, after this false alarm, to hear him utter words that were all sweetness and amiability, upon his pleasure on our re-meeting !

“I had so mournfully given up all hope of such sounds, that I was almost re-organized by the sudden transition from dejection to delight: and I felt a glow the most vivid tingle in my cheeks and my whole face. Mr. Burke, not aware of the emotion he himself had caused, from not having distinguished me before its operation, took the colour for re-established health, and the air of gaiety for regenerated vigour; and began to pour forth the most fervent expressions of satisfaction at my restoration. ‘You look,’ cried he, ‘still affectionately holding my hand, while benignly he fixed his investigating eyes upon my face, ‘quite—*renewed!*—*revived!*—in short, *disengaged!* You seemed, when I conversed with you last, at the trial, quite ——.’ He paused for a word, and then finished with, ‘quite *altered!*—I never saw such a change for the better !’

“Ah, Mr. Burke, thought I, this is simply a mistake from judging by your own feelings. I seemed altered for the worse at the trial, because I there looked coldly and distantly from distaste and disapprobation; and I here look changed for the better, because I here meet you with the rekindling animation of my first devotion to your incomparable genius. For never, my dear Susan, can I believe Mr. Burke to be either wilfully or consciously wrong. I am persuaded, on the contrary, that his intentions were always pure: and that the two fatal transgressions which despoiled him of his supremacy of perfection, were both the wayward produce of that unaccountable and inexplicable occasional warp, which, in some or other unexpected instance, is sure, sooner or later, to betray an Hibernian origin; even in the most transcendant geniuses that spring from the land of Erin.

"Mrs. Crewe now made me take a seat by her side on the sofa ; but, perceiving the earnestness with which Mr. Burke was talking to me—and the gratification he was giving to his hearer,—she smilingly rose, and left him her own place ; which, with a little bow, he very composedly took. He then entered into a most animated conversation, of which, while I had the chief address, young Mr. Crewe was the chief object ; as it was upon Lord Macartney, the Chinese expedition, and two Chinese youths who were to accompany it. These he described with a most amusing minuteness of detail : and then spoke of the extent of the undertaking in high, and perhaps fanciful terms ; but with allusions and anecdotes intermixed, so full of general information and brilliant ideas, as happily to enchain again my charmed attention into a return of my first enthusiasm—and with it a sensation of pleasure, that made the rest of the day delicious.

"My father soon afterwards joined us, and politics took the lead. Mr. Burke then spoke eloquently indeed ; but with a vehemence that banished the graces, though it redoubled his energies. The French revolution, he said, which began by legalizing injustice, and which, by rapid steps, had proceeded to every species of despotism, except owning a despot, was now menacing all mankind, and all the universe, with a diabolical concussion of all principle and order.

"My father, you will be very sure, heartily concurred in his opinions, and participated in his terrors. I assented tacitly to all that he addressed to me against the revolutionary horrors ; but I was tacit without assent to his fears for stout old England. Surely, with such a warning before us, we cannot fall into similar atrocities. We have, besides, so little, comparatively, to redress ! One speech he then made, that I thought he meant to be explanatory of his own conduct, and apparent change in cutting Mr. Fox ; as well as in the sentiments he has divulged in his late book in disfavour of democracy : or rather, perhaps, I ought to say, of republicanism.

"After expatiating copiously and energetically upon the present pending dangers to even English liberty and property, and to all organized government, from so neighbouring a con-

tagion of havoc and novelty, he abruptly exclaimed: ‘This it is,—the hovering in the air of this tremendous mischief, that has made **ME** an abettor and supporter of courts and kings! Monarchs are necessary! If we would preserve peace and prosperity, we must preserve monarchs! We must all put our shoulders to the work: aye, and stoutly, too!’

“Then, rising, somewhat moved, he turned suddenly towards me, and repeated—‘Tis this,—and this alone, could have made **ME** lend **MY** shoulders to courts and to kings!’ Here he hastily broke up the subject, and joined Mrs. Crewe, as every body else had already done, except Mr. Elliot, who had stood silent and fixed and tall, looking all the time in one hard stare at Mr. Burke and a certain sister of yours, with a sort of dry, but insatiable curiosity. I attribute it to his so often seeing Mr. Windham, with whom he is very intimate, converse with me at the trial. But whether he was pleased or displeased is all in his own bosom, as he never either smiled or frowned. He only stood erect and attentive. It was so odd, I could sometimes hardly keep my countenance; for there was nothing bold nor rude in his look: it was merely queer and curious.

“My dear father immediately followed Mr. Burke; as I, if I had not been ashamed, should have done too! for when Mr. Burke is himself—that is, in spirits, but not in a rage, there is no turning from him to any thing or any one else! and my father, who goes all lengths with him on the French revolution, was here, what I was at Sir Joshua Reynolds’s, a ‘rapt enthusiast’!”

“The dinner, and, far more, when the servants were dismissed, the dessert, were delightful. How I wish my dear Susanna and Fredy could meet this wonderful man when he is easy, happy, and with people he cordially likes! But politics, even then, and even on his own side, must always be excluded! His irritability is so terrible upon politics, that they are no sooner the topic of discourse, than they cast upon his face the expression of a man who is going to defend himself against murderers!

“I must now give you such little detached traits as I can recollect.

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✓ “Charles Fox being mentioned, Mrs. Crewe told us that lately, upon his being shown a passage upon some subject that, erst, he had warmly opposed, in Mr. Burke’s book, but which, in the event, had made its own justification, very candidly said: ‘Well, Burke is right!—but Burke is often right—only he is right *too soon!*’”

“‘Had Fox seen some things in that book,’ answered Mr. Burke, ‘as soon, he would at this moment, in all probability, be first minister of this country.’”

“‘What!’ cried Mrs. Crewe, ‘with Pitt? No, no!—Pitt won’t go out; and Charles Fox will never make a coalition with Pitt.’”

“‘And why not?’ said Mr. Burke, drily, almost severely; ‘why not that coalition, as well as other coalitions?’”

“Nobody tried to answer this! The remembrance of Mr. Fox with Lord North, Mr. Pitt with Lord Rockingham, &c., rose too forcibly to every mind; and Mrs. Crewe looked abashed.*

“‘Charles Fox, however,’ said Mr. Burke, after this pause, ‘can never, internally, like *this* French revolution. He is—he stopped for a word, and then added, ‘entangled!—but, in himself, if he could find no other objection to it, he has, at least, too much *taste* for such a revolution.’”

“Mr. Elliot then related that he had recently been in company with some of the first and most distinguished men of the French nation, now fugitives here, and had asked them some questions concerning the new French ministry; but they had answered that they knew not one of them, even by name! ‘Think,’ said he, ‘what a ministry that must be! Suppose a new administration were formed here of *English* men, of whom we had never before heard the names? What statesmen must they be! How prepared and fitted for government? To begin being known by being at the helm!’”

“Mr. Richard Burke then narrated, very comically, various censures that had reached his ears upon his brother, concerning his last and most popular work; accusing him of being the *abettor of despots*, because he had been shocked at the impre-

* Mr. Burke, in one of his unpublished letters, says, “Coalition is the condition of mankind!”

sonment of the king of France ! and the *friend of slavery*, because he was anxious to preserve our own limited monarchy in the same state in which it so long had flourished !

“Mr. Burke had looked half alarmed at his brother’s opening, not knowing, I presume, whither his odd fancy might lead him ; but, when he had finished, and so inoffensively, and a general laugh that was excited was over, he—THE Burke—good-humouredly turning to me, and pouring out a glass of wine, cried : ‘Come, then, Miss Burney ! here’s *slavery for ever!*’

“This was well understood, and echoed round the table.

“‘This would do for you completely, Mr. Burke,’ cried Mrs. Crewe, laughing, ‘if it could but get into a newspaper ! Mr. Burke, they would say, has now *spoken out!*’ The truth has come to light *over a bottle of wine !* and his real defection from the cause of true liberty is acknowledged ! I should like,’ added she, laughing quite heartily, ‘to draw up the paragraph myself !’

“‘Pray then,’ said Mr. Burke, ‘complete it by putting in, that the toast was addressed to Miss Burney !—in order to pay my court to the queen !’

“This sport went on, till, upon Mr. Elliot again mentioning France, and the rising Jacobins, Mr. Richard Burke, filling himself a bumper, and flourishing his left hand, whilst preparing with his right to toss it off, cried, ‘Come ! here’s confusion to confusion !’

“When the party broke up, Mr. and Mrs. Burke joined in giving my dear father and me a most cordial invitation to Beaconsfield. How I should delight in its acceptance !”

This happy summer excursion may be said to have charmed away, for a while, from Dr. Burney, a species of evil which for some time had been hovering over him, and which was as new as it was inimical to his health ; and as unwelcome as, hitherto, it had been unknown to his disposition ; namely, a slow, unfixed, and nervous feverishness, which had infested his whole sys-

tem; and which, in defiance of this salubrious episode, soon ruthlessly returned; robbing his spirits, as well as his frame, of elasticity; and casting him into a state, the least natural to his vigorous character, of wasteful depression.

His recent mental trials had been grievous and severely felt. The loss of his old and much valued friend, Mr. Hayes, and of his far more admired, and almost equally prized favourite, Sir Joshua Reynolds, joined to that of his early and constantly attached patron, the Earl of Orford, had all been inflicted, or been menacing, at the same time: and a continual anxious watchfulness over the gradual deterioration of health, and decay of life, of three such cherished friends, now nearly the last of early associations—had been ill adapted for impeding the mischief of the long and deeper disturbance caused by the precarious health, and singular situation, of his second daughter: and the accumulation of the whole had, slowly and underminingly, brought him into the state that has been described.

The sole employment to which, during this morbid interval, he could turn himself, was the difficult, the laborious work of composing the most learned and recondite canons and fugues; to which study and exposition of his art, he committed all the activity that he could command from his fatigued faculties.

This distressing state lasted, without relief or remittance, till it was suddenly and rudely superseded by a violent assault of acute rheumatism; which drove away all minor or subservient maladies, by the predominance of a torturing pain that nearly nullified every thing but itself.

He was now ordered to Bath, where the waters, the change of scene, the casually meeting with old friends, and incidentally forming new ones, so recruited his health and his nerves, by chasing away what he called the foul fiend that had subjugated his animal spirits, that he was soon imperceptibly restored to his fair genial existence.

One circumstance, more potent, perhaps, in effect, than the concurrence of every other, contributed to this revivifying termination, by a power that acted as a spell upon his mind and happiness; namely, the enlightening society of the incomparable Mr. Burke; who, most fortunately for the invalid, was then at

Bath, with his amiable wife, his beloved son, and his admiring brother ; and whose own good taste led him to claim the chief portion of Dr. Burney's recreative leisure. And with Mr. Burke Dr. Burney had every feeling, every thought, nay, every emotion in common, with regard to that sole topic of the times, the French revolution.

GENERAL D'ARBLAY.

The deep public interest which Dr. Burney, whether as a citizen of the world, or a sound patriot, took in the disastrous situation of France, was ere long destined to goad yet more pungently his private feelings, from becoming, in some measure, personal.

At the elegant mansion of the friend whose sight she never met but with mingled tenderness and reverence, Mr. Locke, the Doctor's second daughter began an acquaintance that, imperceptibly, led to a connexion of high esteem and genial sympathy, that no opposition could dispirit, no danger intimidate, and no time—that impelling underminer of all things—could wither.

But though to the strong hold of an attachment of which the basis is a believed congeniality of character, no difficulties are ultimately unconquerable, the obstacles to this were more than commonly formidable. M. d'Arblay was at that time so situated, that he must perforce accompany the friend with whom he acted, Count Louis de Narbonne, to Switzerland ; or decide to fix his own abode permanently in England, in the only manner which appeared desirable to him, a home connexion with a chosen object.

Not a ray of hope opened then to point to any restoration in France of order and monarchy, with liberty, to which M. d'Arblay inviolably adhered ; and exile from his country, his family, and his friends, seemed to him a lot of blessedness, in comparison to joining the murderous and regicidical republic.

Dr. Burney, it may well be believed, was startled, was affrighted, when a proposition was made to him for the union of his daughter with a ruined gentleman—a foreigner—an emigrant; but the proposition came under the sanction of the

wisest as well as the kindest of that daughter's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, of Norbury Park ; and with the fullest sympathies of his cherished Susanna, who already had demonstrated the affection, and adopted the conduct, of a sister to M. d'Arblay. The Doctor could not, therefore, turn from the application implacably ; he only hesitated, and demanded time for consideration.

The dread of pecuniary embarrassment, secretly stimulated and heightened by a latent hope and belief in a far more advantageous connexion, strongly opposed a free and happy consent to an alliance which, otherwise, from all he heard or could gather of the merits, the character, and rank in life of M. d'Arblay, he would have thought, to use his own words, "an honour to his daughter, to himself, and to his family."

Fortunately, about this time, the Prince de Poix and the Comte de Lally Tolendahl, wrote some letters, in which were interspersed their personal attestations of the favour in which they knew M. d'Arblay to have stood with Louis XVI.; mingled with her intimate conviction of the spotless honour, the stainless character, and the singularly amiable disposition for which, in his own country, M. d'Arblay had been distinguished.

These letters, with their writers' permission, were shown to Dr. Burney ; whom they so touched, nay, charmed, as to conquer his prudence of resistance : and at the village of Mickleham, in the vicinity of Norbury Park, the marriage took place.

Mr. Locke, whose unerring judgment foresaw what would make both parties happy, and whose exquisite sensibility made all virtuous felicity a bosom joy to himself, took the responsible part of father to M. d'Arblay, at the altar, where, in the absence of the Doctor, Captain Burney gave his sister to that gentleman : who quickly, or rather immediately, won from his honoured new relation, an esteem, a kindness, and an affection, that never afterwards failed or faded.

Of sterner stuff than entered into the composition of Dr. Burney must that heart have been moulded, that could have witnessed the noble conduct of that truly loyal sufferer in the calamities of his king and country, General d'Arblay : and have seen the cheerful self-denial with which he limited his expenditure to his wants, and his wants to the mere calls of necessity ; save where he feared involving his partner in his privations,—in one word,

who could have beheld him, at the opening of his married career, in the village of Bookham, turn instantly from the uncontrolled restlessness, and careless scorn of foresight, of the roving military life, into a domestic character of the most sage description; renouncing all foreign pleasures; retiring from even martial ambition, though it had been the glory of his hopes, and the bent of his genius, without a murmur, since he no longer thought it coalesced with honour; for home occupations, for family economies, for fire-side enjoyments,—and not be struck by such manly self-command, such active, such practical virtue.

And while stilled by this generous prudence were the inward fears of Dr. Burney with regard to this union, his outward and more public solicitudes were equally removed, by a letter which his daughter d'Arblay had the high honour and joy to receive, written by royal order, in answer to her respectful information of her marriage to the queen: containing, most benignly by his own command, the gracious good wishes of the king himself, joined to those of the queen and all the princesses, for her health and happiness.

MR. BURKE.

And, next only to this deeply gratifying condescension, must be ranked for Dr. Burney, the glowing pleasure with which he welcomed, and copied for Bookham, the cordial kindness upon this occasion of Mr. Burke. The letter conveying its energetic and most singular expression, was written to Dr. Burney by the great orator himself; and speaks first of a plan that had his fullest approbation and most liberal aid, suggested by Mrs. Crewe, in favour of the French emigrant priests; from which Mr. Burke proceeds to treat of the taking of Toulon by Lord Hood; and his, Mr. Burke's, hope of ultimate success, from the possession of that great port and arsenal of France in the Mediterranean; after which he adds:

“Besides my general wishes, the establishment of Madame d'Arblay is a matter in which I take no slight interest; if I had not the greatest affection to her virtues, my admiration of her incomparable talents would make me desirous of an order of

things which would bring forward a gentleman of whose merits, by being the object of her choice, I have no doubt : his choice of her, too, would give me the best possible opinion of his judgment.

"I am, with Mrs. Burke's best regards, and all our best wishes for you, and M. and Madame d'Arblay, my dear sir,

"Yours, &c.

"EDMD. BURKE."

The zeal of Mrs. Crewe to propitiate the cause of the emigrant French clergy, mentioned in the letter of Mr. Burke, induced her now to enlist as a principal aid-de-camp to her scheme, Dr. Burney ; who, having never acquired that power of negation, which the world at large seems so generally to possess, of shirking all personal applications, that lead to no avenue, whether straight or oblique, of personal advantage, immediately listened to her call ; and thus mentions the subject in a letter to Bookham.

"Mrs. Crewe, having seen at East Bourne a great number of venerable and amiable French clergy, suffering all the evils of banishment and beggary with silent resignation, has, for some time, had in meditation a plan for procuring an addition to the small allowance that the committee at the Freemason's Hall is able to spare from the residue of the subscriptions and briefs in their favour."

Dr. Burney lost not a moment in assisting this liberal design ; in which he had the happiness of engaging the powerful energies of Mr. Windham. And, soon afterwards, growing warmer in the business, from seeing more of the pious sufferers, he consented to become honorary secretary himself to the private society of the ladies who were at the head of this charitable exertion ; of which the Marchioness of Buckingham was nominated chief, at the desire of Mrs. Crewe.

GENERAL D'ARBLAY.

Such were the exertions of Dr. Burney, such the concurrent occupations of the happy new recluse, when suddenly a whirl-

wind encompassed the cottage of the latter, that involved its tenants in tremulous disorder.

It was raised by the taking of Toulon, just mentioned in the letter of Mr. Burke ; and began its workings upon the female hermit on the evening of a day which had brightly dawned upon her, in bringing the junction of the suffrage of her father upon her pamphlet to that of her life's partner.

Her own account of this shock, written to Dr. Burney, will be here inserted, because it was preserved by the Doctor as characteristic of the principles and conduct of his new son-in-law.

“Bookham, 1794.

“To Dr. Burney.

“When I received the last letter of my dearest father, and for some hours after, I was the happiest of human beings; I make no exception. I think none possible. Not a wish remained for me—not a thought of forming one!

“This was just the period—is it not always so?—for a stroke of sorrow to reverse the whole scene! That very evening, M. d'Arblay communicated to me his desire of re-entering the army, and—of going to Toulon !

“He had intended, upon our marriage, to retire wholly from public life. His services and his sufferings, in his severe military career,—repaid by exile and confiscation, and for ever embittered to his memory by the murder of his sovereign, had fulfilled, though not satisfied, the claims of his conscience and his honour, and led him, without a single self-reproach, to seek a quiet retreat in domestic society : but—the second declaration of Lord Hood no sooner reached this obscure little dwelling; no sooner had he read the words Louis XVII. and the Constitution, to which he had sworn, united, than his military ardour rekindled, his loyalty was all up in arms, and every sense of monarchical patriotism now carries him back to war and public service.

“I dare not speak of myself!—except to say that I have forborne to distress him by a single solicitation. All the felicity of that our own chosen and loved retirement, would effect-

ually be annulled, by the smallest suspicion that it was enjoyed at the expense of any public duty.

"He is now writing an offer for entering as a volunteer into the army destined for Toulon; together with a list of his past services up to his becoming commandant of Longwy; and the dates of his various promotions to the last recorded of marechal de camp, which was yet unsigned and unsealed, when the captivity of Louis XVI. forced the emigration which brought M. d'Arblay to England.

"This memorial he addresses, and means to convey in person, to Mr. Pitt."

To Dr. Burney, with all his consideration for his daughter, this enterprise appeared not to be inauspicious; and its spirit and loyalty warily endeared to him his new relative: who could not, however, give proof of the noble verity of his sentiments and intentions, till many years later; for before the answer of Mr. Pitt to the memorial could be returned, the attempt upon Toulon proved abortive.

The Doctor continued in his benevolent post of private secretary to the charitable ladies of the emigrant clergy contribution, so long as the committee lasted; though with so expert a distribution of time, that his new office robbed him not of the pleasure to yet enlarge the elegance of his literary circles, by being initiated into the blue parties of Lady Lucan, supported by her accomplished daughter, Lady Spencer.

MR. MASON.

He now, also, renewed into long and social meetings, at his own apartments at Chelsea College, an acquaintance of forty-six years' standing with Mason, the poet; by whom he was often consulted upon schemes of church psalmody, with respect both to its composition and execution; as well as upon other desirable improvements in our sacred harmony; which Mr. Mason, from practical knowledge both of music and poetry, was peculiarly fitted to investigate and refine.

Of this formation of intimacy, rather than renewal of acquaintance, Dr. Burney, in his letters to the hermits, spoke with

great pleasure ; though, while always admiring the talents, and esteeming the private character of that charming poet, he never lost either his regret or his blame for the truly unclerical use made of his powers of wit and humour, by the insidious, yet biting sarcasms, levelled against his virtuous sovereign in the poetical epistle to Sir William Chambers.

MRS. THRALE PIOZZI.

Chiefly cheering, however, and agreeable to the Doctor, was an unexpected re-meeting with a long favourite friend, from whom he had unavoidably, and most unpleasantly, been separated,—Mrs. Thrale ; whom now, for the first time, he saw as Mrs. Piozzi.

It was at one of the charming concerts of the charming musician, Salomon, that this occurred. Dr. Burney knew not that she was returned from Italy, whither she had gone speedily after her marriage ; till here, with much surprise, he perceived amongst the audience, Il Signor Piozzi.

Approaching him, with an aspect of cordiality, which was met with one of welcoming pleasure, they entered 'into talk upon the performers and the instruments, and the enchanting compositions of Haydn. Dr. Burney then inquired, with all the interest he most sincerely felt, after *la sua consorte*. Piozzi, turning round, pointed to a sofa, on which, to his infinite joy, Dr. Burney beheld Mrs. Thrale Piozzi, seated in the midst of her daughters, the four Miss Thrales.

His pleasure seemed reciprocated by Mrs. Piozzi, who, sportively ejaculating, “Here’s Dr. Burney, as young as ever!” held out to him her hand with lively amity.

His satisfaction now expanded into a conversational gaiety, that opened from them both those fertile sources of entertainment, that originally had rendered them most agreeable to each other ; the younger branches, with amiable good-humour, contributing to the spirit of this unexpected junction.

The Bookhamite recluse, to whom this occurrence was immediately communicated, received it with true and tender delight. Most joyfully would she, also, have held out her hand to

that once so dear friend, from whom she could never sever her heart, had she happily been of this Salomonic party.

Twice only this lady and the memorialist had yet met, since the Italian marriage; once at a large assemblage at Mrs. Locke's, and afterwards at Windsor, on the way to St. George's chapel ; but neither of these meetings, from circumstantial obstacles, led to any further intercourse ; though each of them offered indications to both parties of always subsisting kindness.

METASTASIO.

Dr. Burney still, as he had done nearly from the hour that his History was finished, composed various articles for the Monthly Review. But so precarious and irregular a call upon his fertile abilities, sufficed not for their occupation ; and he soon started a new work, on a subject peculiar and appropriate, that came singularly home to his business and bosom ; though it was offered to him only by that fatal power which daily and unfailingly lavishes before us subjects for our discussions—and for our tears !—Death ; which, some time previously to the liberation of the Doctor's mind from the arcana of musical history, had cast the Life and Writings of the Abate Metastasio upon posterity.

No poet could be more congenial to Dr. Burney than Metastasio, the purity of whose numbers was mellifluously in concord with the purity of his sentiments ; while both were in perfect unison with the taste of the Doctor. He considered it, professionally, to be even a duty, for the historian of the art of music, to raise, as far as in him lay, a biographical monument to the glory of the man whose poetry, after that which is sacred, is best adapted to inspire the lyric muse with strains of genial harmony, in all the impassioned varieties that the choral shell is capable to generate for the musical enthusiast.

The first object of Dr. Burney in his visit to Vienna, at the period of his German tour, had been to see and to converse with Metastasio ; whose resplendent lyrical fame had raised him, in his own dramatic career, to a height unequalled throughout Europe.

The benign reception given to the Doctor by this amiable and venerable bard; the charm of his converse; the meekly borne honours by which he was distinguished and surrounded; and the delightful performances and graceful attractions of his niece, Mademoiselle Martinez, are fully and feelingly set forth in the third volume of the *Musical Tours*.

When decided, therefore, upon this subject for his pen and his powers, he employed himself without delay in preparatory measures for his new undertaking: and procured every edition of the poet's works, to glean from each all that might incidentally be interspersed of anecdote, in letters, advertisements, prefaces, or notes.

BOOKHAM.

In the first of the domestic and amical tours that were made after the marriage of his second daughter, he suddenly turned out of his direct road to take a view of the dwelling of the hermits of Bookham; in which rural village they were temporarily settled, in a small but pleasant cottage.

It was not, perhaps, without the spur of some latent solicitude, some anxious incertitude, that Dr. Burney made this first visit to them abruptly, at an early hour, and when believed far distant; and if so, never were kind doubts more kindly solved: he found all that most tenderly he could wish—concord and content; gay concord, and grateful content.

CAMILLA; OR A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

The Memoirs of Metastasio, with all their interest to a man whose love of literary composition was so eminently his ruling passion, surmounted not—for nothing could surmount—the parental benevolence that welcomed with encouragement, and hailed with hope, a project now communicated to him of a new work, the third in succession, from the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*.

That author, become now a mother as well as a wife, was induced to print this, her third literary essay, by a hazardous mode

of publicity, from which her natively-retired temperament had made her, in former days, recoil, even when it was eloquently suggested for her by Mr. Burke to Dr. Burney ; namely, the mode of subscription.

But, at this period, she felt a call against her distaste at once conjugal and maternal. Her noble-minded partner, though the most ardent of men to be himself what he thought belonged to the dignity of his sex, the efficient purveyor of his own small home and family, was despoiled, by events over which he had no controul, of that post of honour.

This scheme, therefore, was adopted. Its history, however, would be here a matter of supererogation, save as far as it includes Dr. Burney in its influence and effect ; for neither the author, nor her partner in all, could feel greater delight than was experienced by Dr. Burney, from the three principal circumstances which emanated from this undertaking.

The first of these was the honour graciously accorded by her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, of suffering her august name to stand at the head of the book, by deigning to accept its dedication.

The second was the feminine approbation marked for the author by three ladies, equally conspicuous for their virtues and their understanding ; the honourable and sagacious Mrs. Boscowen, the beautiful and zealous Mrs. Crewe, and the exemplary and captivating Mrs. Locke ; who each kept books for the subscription, which the kindness of their friendship raised as highly in honour as in advantage.

And the third circumstance, to the Doctor the most touching, because now the least expected, was the energetic interest, to which the prospect of seeing this memorialist emerge again from obscurity, re-animated the still generous feelings of the now nearly sinking, altered, gone, Mr. Burke ! who, on finding that his charges against Mr. Hastings were adjudged in Westminster Hall to be unfounded, though he was still persuaded himself that they were just, had retired from parliament, wearied and disgusted ; and who, on the following year, had lost his deeply attached brother ; and, almost immediately afterwards, his nearly idolized son, who was “the pride of his heart and the joy of his existence,” to use his own words in a para-

graph of a letter written to the mutually respected and faithful friend of himself and of Dr. Burney, Mrs. Crewe.

That lady, well acquainted with the reverence of Dr. Burney for Mr. Burke, and the attachment with which Mr. Burke returned it, generally communicated her letters from Beaconsfield to Chelsea College ; and not unfrequently with a desire that they might be forwarded on to Bookham ; well knowing that the extraordinary partiality of Mr. Burke for its female recluse, would make him more than pardon the kind pleasure of Mrs. Crewe in granting that recluse such an indulgence.

The letter, whence is taken the fond sad phrase just quoted, was written in answer to the first letter of Mrs. Crewe to Mr. Burke, after his irreparable bereavement ; and the whole of the paragraph in which it occurs will now be copied, to elucidate the interesting circumstance for Dr. Burney to which it led. Beautiful is the paragraph in the pathetic resignation of its submission. No flowery orator here expands his imagination ; nothing finds vent but the touching simplicity of a tender parent's heart-breaking sorrow.

“ To Mrs. Crewe.

“ We are thoroughly sensible of your humanity and compassion to this desolate house.

* * * * *

“ We are as well as people can be, who have nothing further to hope or fear in this world. We are in a state of quiet : but it is the tranquillity of the grave—in which all that could make life interesting to us is laid—and to which we are hastening as fast as God pleases. This place is no longer pleasant to us ! and yet we have more satisfaction, if it may be so called, here than any where else. We go in and out, without any of those sentiments of conviviality and joy which alone can create an attachment to any spot. We have had a loss which time and reflection rather increase the sense of. I declare to you that I feel more this day, than on the dreadful day in which I was deprived of the comfort and support, the pride and ornament of my existence !”

* * * * *

Mrs. Crewe, extremely affected by this distress, and as eager to draw her illustrious friend from his consuming grief, as to serve and to gratify the new recluse, sent to Beaconsfield the next year, 1795, the plan, in which she took so prominent a part, for bringing forth *Camilla, or a Picture of Youth*; in the hope of re-exciting his interest for its author:

The following is the answer which, almost with exultation of kindness, Mrs. Crewe transmitted to the hermits.

“To Mrs. Crewe.

* * * * *

“As to *Miss Burney*—the subscription ought to be, for certain persons, five guineas; and to take but a single copy each. The rest as it is. I am sure that it is a disgrace to the age and nation, if this be not a great thing for her. If every person in England who has received pleasure and instruction from *Cecilia*, were to rate its value at the hundredth part of their satisfaction, Madame d'Arblay would be one of the richest women in the kingdom.

“Her scheme was known before she lost two of her most respectful admirers from this house;* and this, with Mrs. Burke's subscription and mine, make the paper I send you.† One book is as good as a thousand: one of hers is certainly as good as a thousand others.”

METASTASIO.

In 1795 the memoirs of Metastasio made their appearance in the republic of letters. They were received with interest and pleasure by all readers of taste, and lovers of the lyric muse. They had not, indeed, that brightness of popular success which had flourished into the world the previous works of the Doctor; for though the name of Metastasio was familiar to all who had any pretensions to an acquaintance with the classical muses, whether ancient or modern, it was only the chosen few who had any enjoyment of his merit, or who understood the motives to

* Beaconsfield.

† A £20 bank note.

his fame. The Italian language was by no means then in its present general cultivation ; and the feeling, exalted dramas of this tenderly touching poet, were only brought forward, in England, by the miserable, mawkish, no-meaning translations of the opera-house hired scribblers.* And all that was most elegant and most refined, in thought as well as in language, of this classical bard, was frequently so ill rendered into English, as to become mere matter of risibility, held up for mockery and ridicule.

The translations, or, more properly speaking, imitations, occasionally interspersed in this work, of some of the poetry of Metastasio, were the most approved by the best critics : as so breathing the sentiments and the style of the author, that they read, said Horace Lord Orford, like two originals.

The kindly predilection of Mr. Burke, brought forward with such previous and decided partiality for this new enterprise, never reached its intent. Mr. Burke received it at Bath, on the bed of sickness, in the anguish of his lingering and ceaseless depression for the loss of his son ; and when he was too ill and weak to have spirits even to open its leaves ; withheld, perhaps, the more poignantly, from internal recurrence to the happy family parties to which repeatedly he had read its two predecessors, in the hearing of him by whom his voice now could be heard no more !

Visited by Mrs. Crewe, soon after the appearance of *Camilla* in the world, he said, " How ill I am you will easily believe, when a new work of Madame d'Arblay's lies on my table, unread ! "

To Dr. Burney the result of this publication was fondly pleasing, in realizing a project formed by the willing hermits, immediately upon their marriage, of constructing a slight and economical, but pretty and convenient cottage, for their residence and property.

Most welcome, indeed, to the Doctor was a scheme that had their settlement in England for its basis ; and most consoling to

* The translations of Mr. Hoole were not yet in circulation.

the harassed mind and fortunes of M. d'Arblay was the prospect of creating for himself a new home ; since his native one, at that time, seemed lost even to his wishes, in appearing lost to religion, to monarchy, and to humanity.

Almost instantly, therefore, after the return of the hermits from the honoured presentation of Camilla at Windsor, a plan previously drawn up by M. d'Arblay was brought forward for execution ; and a small dwelling was erected as near as possible to the Norbury mansion, on a field adjoining to its park, and rented by the hermits from the incomparable Mr. Locke.

EARL MACARTNEY.

The celebrated embassy of Lord Macartney to China, which had taken place in the year 1792, had led his lordship to consult with Dr. Burney upon whatever belonged to musical matters, whether instruments, compositions, band, or decorations, that might contribute, in that line, to its magnificence.

The reputation of Dr. Burney, in his own art, might fully have sufficed to draw to him for counsel, in that point, this sagacious ambassador ; but, added to this obvious stimulus, Lord Macartney was a near relation of Mrs. Crewe, through whom he had become intimately acquainted with the Doctor's merits ; which his own high attainments and intelligence well befitted him to note and to value.

Always interested in whatever was brought forward to promote general knowledge, and to facilitate our intercourse with our distant fellow creatures, Dr. Burney, even with eagerness, bestowed a considerable portion of his time, as well as of his thoughts, in meditating upon musical plans relative to this expedition ; animated, not alone by the spirit of the embassy, but by his admiration of the ambassador ; who, with unlimited trust in his taste and general skill, as well as in his perfect knowledge upon the subject, gave *carte blanche* to his discretion for whatever he could either select or project. And so pleased was his lordship both with the Doctor's collection and suggestions, and so sensible to the time and the pains bestowed upon the requisite researches, that, on the eve of departure, his lordship, while

uttering a kind farewell, brought forth a striking memorial of his regard, in a superb and very costly silver inkstand, of the most beautiful workmanship ; upon which he had engraven a Latin motto, flatteringly expressive of his esteem and friendship for Dr. Burney.

At this present period, 1796, this accomplished nobleman was again preparing to set sail, upon a new and splendid appointment, of governor and captain-general of the Cape of Good Hope ; and again, upon the leave-taking visit of the Doctor, he manifested the same spirit of kindness that he had displayed when parting for China.

In a room full of company, to which he had been exhibiting the various treasures prepared as presents for his approaching enterprise, he gently drew the Doctor apart, and whispered, “To you, Dr. Burney, I must show the greatest personal indulgence, and private recreation, that I have selected for my voyage.” He then took from a highly finished travelling bookcase, a volume of *Camilla*, which had been published four or five months ; and smilingly said, “This I have not yet opened ! nor will I suffer any one to anticipate a word of it to me ; and, still less, suffer myself to take a glimpse of even a single sentence—till I am many leagues out at sea ; that then, without hindrance of business, or any impediment whatever, I may read the work throughout with uninterrupted enjoyment.”

The peculiar darling of the whole house of Dr. Burney, as well as of his heart ; whose presence always exhilarated, or whose absence saddened every branch of it, his daughter, Susanna, was called, by inevitable circumstances, from his paternal embraces and fond society, to accompany her husband and children, upon indispensable business, to Ireland ; then teeming with every evil that invasion, rebellion, civil war, and famine, could unite to inflict.

But not here ended the sharp reverse of this altered year ; scarcely had this harrowing filial separation taken place, ere an assault was made upon his conjugal feelings, by the sudden death of Mrs. Burney, his second wife.

She had been for many years a valetudinarian ; but her spirits, though natively unequal, had quick and animated returns

to their pristine gaiety ; which, joined to an uncommon muscular force that endured to the last, led all but herself to believe in her still retained powers of revival.

Extremely shocked by this fatal event, the Doctor sent the tidings by express to Bookham ; whence the female recluse, speeded by her kind partner, instantly set off for Chelsea College. There she found the Doctor encircled by most of his family, but in the lowest spirits, and in a weak and shattered state of nerves ; and there she spent with him, and his youngest daughter, Sarah Harriet, the whole of the first melancholy period of this great change.

It was at this time, during their many and long *tête-à-têtes*, that he communicated to her almost all the desultory documents, which up to the year 1796, form these memoirs.

His sole occupation, when they were alone, was searching for, and committing to her examination, the whole collection of letters, and other manuscripts relative to his life and affairs, which, up to that period, had been written, or hoarded. These, which she read aloud to him in succession, he either placed alphabetically in the pigeon-holes of his bureau, or cast at once into the flames.

In his letters, after the return of the memorialist to her cottage, the sadness of his mind is touchingly portrayed.

MR. BURKE.

A deeply mourned and widely mournful loss tried again, with poignant sorrow, his kindest affections.

On the 10th of July, 1797, he received the following note :—

“ Dear Sir,—I am grieved to tell you that your late friend, Mr. Burke, is no more. He expired last night, at half-past twelve o’clock.

“ The long, steady, and unshaken friendship which had subsisted between you and him, renders this a painful communication ; but it is a duty I owe to such friendship.

“ I am, dear sir, &c. “ EDW. NAGLE.

“ Beaconsfield, 9th July, 1797.”

Hard, indeed, was this blow to Dr. Burney. He lamented this high character in all possible ways, as a friend, a patriot, a statesman, an orator, and a man of the most exalted genius.

"He was certainly," says his letter to Bookham upon this event, "one of the greatest men of the present century; and, I think I might say, the best orator and statesmen of modern times. He had his passions and prejudices, to which I did not subscribe; but I always ardently admired his great abilities, his warmth of friendship, his constitutional urbanity."

MRS. CREWE.

The unwearied Mrs. Crewe, grieved at the fresh dejection into which these reiterated misfortunes cast the Doctor, now started a scheme that had more of promise than any other that could have been devised of affording him some exhilaration. This was arranging an excursion that would lead him to visit the scene of his birth, that of his boyhood, and that of his education; namely Shrewsbury, Condover, and Chester; by prevailing with him to accompany her to Mr. Crewe's noble ancient mansion of Crewe Hall: a proposal so truly grateful to his feelings, that he found it resistless.

HERSCHEL.

Upon the return of Dr. Burney to Chelsea, his astronomical project became his great amusement as well as occupation.

An account of the first visit to Dr. Herschel, at Slough, upon this astronomical pilgrimage, written by Dr. Burney, to Bookham, in September, 1797, displays, though unintentionally, the characters of both these men of science, with a genuine simplicity that can hardly fail of giving pleasure to every unsophisticated reader.

After mentioning a call upon Lord Chesterfield, at Baillies, in the neighbourhood of Slough, he says:

"I went thence to Dr. Herschel, with whom I had arranged a meeting by letter, but being, through a mistake, before my time, I stopped at the door, to make inquiry whether my visit

would be the least inconvenient to Herschel that night, or the next morning. The good soul was at dinner, but came to the carriage himself, to press me to alight immediately, and partake of his family repast ; and this he did so heartily, that I could not resist. I was introduced to the company at table ; four ladies, and a little boy. I was quite shocked at intruding upon so many females. I knew not that Dr. Herschel was married, and expected only to have found his sister. One of these females was a very old lady, and mother, I believe, of Mrs. Herschel, who sat at the head of the table. Another was a daughter of Dr. Wilson, an eminent astronomer, of Glasgow ; the fourth was Miss Herschel. I apologized for coming at so uncouth an hour, by telling my story of missing Lord Chesterfield, through a blunder; at which they were all so cruel as to join in rejoicing; and then in soliciting me to send away my carriage, and stay and sleep there. I thought it necessary, you may be sure, to *faire la petite bouche*; but, in spite of my blushes, I was obliged to submit to having my trunk taken in, and my carriage sent on. We soon grew acquainted ; I mean the ladies and I ; for Herschel I have known very many years ; and before dinner was over, we all seemed old friends just met after a long absence. Mrs. Herschel is sensible, good-humoured, unpretending, and obliging ; Miss Herschel is all shyness and virgin modesty ; the Scots lady sensible and harmless ; and the little boy entertaining, comical, and promising.* Herschel, you know, and every body knows, is one of the most pleasing and well-bred natural characters of the present age, as well as the greatest astronomer. Your health was immediately given and drunk after dinner, by Dr. Herschel ; and, after much social conversation, and some hearty laughs, the ladies proposed taking a walk by themselves, in order to leave Herschel and me together. We two, therefore, walked, and talked over my subject, *tête-à-tête*, round his great telescope, till it grew damp and dusk : and then we retreated into his study to philosophize. I had a string of questions ready to ask, and astronomical difficulties to solve, which, with looking at curious books and instruments, filled up the

* The present celebrated mathematician and author.

time charmingly till tea. After which, we retired again to the study ; where, having now paved the way, we began to enter more fully into my poetical plan ; and he pressed me to read to him what I had done. Lord help his head ! he little thought I had eight books, or cantos, of from four hundred to eight hundred and twenty lines, which to read through would require two or three days ! He made me, however, unpack my trunk for my MS., from which I read him the titles of the chapters, and begged he would choose any book ; or the character of any great astronomer that he pleased. ‘O,’ cried he, ‘let us have the beginning.’ I read then the first eighteen or twenty lines of the exordium ; and then told him I rather wished to come to modern times : I was more certain of my ground in high antiquity than after the time of Copernicus. I began, therefore, my eighth chapter.

“He gave me the greatest encouragement ; repeatedly saying that I perfectly understood what I was writing about : and he only stopped me at two places ; one was at a word too strong for what I had to describe : and the other at one too weak. The doctrine he allowed to be quite orthodox concerning gravitation, refraction, reflection, optics, comets, magnitudes, distances, revolutions, &c. &c. ; but he made a discovery to me which, had I known sooner, would have overset me, and prevented my reading to him any part of my work ! This was, that he had almost always had an aversion to poetry ; which he had generally regarded as an arrangement of fine words, without any adherence to truth : but he presently added that, when truth and science were united to those fine words, he then liked poetry very well.

“The next morning, he made me read as much, from another chapter, on Descartes, as the time would allow ; for I had ordered my carriage at twelve. But I stayed on, reading, talking, asking questions, and looking at books and instruments, at least another hour, before I could leave this excellent man.”

in their usual round. All that is marked as peculiar, in his memorandums, is the intimate view which he had opportunity to take of the triumphant elevation of commercial splendour over even the highest aristocratical, in the entertainments of this season.

His late new acquaintance, Mr. Walker, of Liverpool, and his charming wife, not only, the Doctor says, in their balls, concerts, suppers, and masquerades, rivalled all the nobles in expense, but in elegance. And that with an *eclat* so indisputable, as to make those overpowered great ones "hide their diminished heads;" or raise them only in a tribute of patriotic admiration, at a proof so brilliant of the true national ascendancy of all-conquering commerce.

THE LITERARY CLUB.

Not the least, nor least prized honour, in the life of Dr. Burney, occurred in the June of this year, 1798, in seconding the motion of Mr. Windham for the election of Mr. Canning as a member of the literary club, "though, strange to say," he relates, "I had already honoured myself by seconding the same motion once before, when Mr. Canning was put up, I believe, by Lord Spencer; but was rejected by one abominable party black-ball, though there were ten or eleven balls all white."

The election this time, however, was honourable to the club, for it was successful to Mr. Canning. And Mr. Marsden, author of the curious and spirited account of Sumatra, was happily white-balled at the same time; which Dr. Burney called, in his next letter to the hermits, a revival of the true spirit of the institution.

CAMILLA COTTAGE.

In the ensuing September, the Doctor writes, in a manuscript memoir :

"This autumn, September, 1798, after spending a week at Hampton, at the house of Lady Mary Duncan, who did the honours of that charming neighbourhood, by carrying me to all the fine places in its circle, Hampton Court, Mrs. Garrick's,

Richmond Hill and Park, Oatlands, Kew Gardens, &c.; I went to Mrs. and Miss Crewe at Tunbridge, where I enjoyed, for more than a fortnight, all the humours of the place in the most honourable and pleasant manner.

"And thence I went to Camilla Cottage at West Hamble; a cottage built on a slice of Norbury Park, by M. d'Arblay and my daughter, from the production of *Camilla*, her third work; where, and at Mr. and Mrs. Locke's, I passed my time most pleasantly in reading, in rural quiet, or in charming conversation."

This small residence, here mentioned by Dr. Burney, of which the structure was just now completed, had, playfully, received from himself the name of Camilla Cottage; which name was afterwards adopted by all the friends of the hermits.

Its architect, who was also its principal, its most efficient, and even its most laborious workman, had so skilfully arranged its apartments for use and for pleasure, by investing them with imperceptible closets, cupboards, and adroit recesses; and contriving to make every window offer a freshly beautiful view from the surrounding beautiful prospects, that while its numerous, though invisible, conveniences gave it comforts which many dwellings on a much larger scale do not possess, its pleasing form, and picturesque situation, made it a point, though in miniature, of beauty and ornament, from every spot in the neighbourhood whence it could be discerned.

Dr. Burney promised to gratify, from that time, these happy hermits once a year with his presence. He could not, without admiration, as well as pleasure, witness the fertile resources with which his son-in-law, though till then a stranger to a country or to private life, could fill up a rainy day without a murmur; and pass through a retired evening without one moment of *ennui*, either felt or given. Yet the longest day of sunshine was always too short for the vigorous exertions and manly projects that called him to plant in his garden, to graft and crop in his orchard, to work in his hay-field, or to invent and execute new paths, and to construct new seats and bowers in his wood. From which useful and virtuous toils, when corporeally he required rest and refreshment, his mental powers

rose in full force to the exercise of their equal share in his composition, through his love of science, poetry, and general literature. And Dr. Burney, through the wide extent of his varied connexions, could no where find taste more congenial, principles more strictly in unison, or a temper more harmoniously in accord with his own, than here, in the happy little dwelling which he named Camilla Cottage.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

At the close of this second year of Dr. Burney's astronomical operations, their efficacy upon his health and spirits grew more and more apparent. They chased away his sorrows, by leading to meditations beyond the reach of their annoyance; and they gave to him a new earthly connexion that served somewhat to brighten even the regions below, in an intimacy with Dr. Herschel.

The modest and true philosopher, who, not long afterwards, receiving the honour of the Guelphic order from the king, became Sir William, opened again his hospitable dwelling to hear the continuation of the Doctor's poem; to which he afforded his valuable remarks with as much pleasure as acumen. And from that time, the intercourse was kept up by Sir William's returning, occasionally, the visits of the Doctor at Chelsea College, when called to town for reading, or for presenting his astronomical discoveries to the royal society.

The Doctor thus gaily speaks in his next letter:

“10th December, 1798, Chelsea College.

* * * * *

“Well, but Herschel has been in town, for short spirts and back again, two or three times, and I have had him here two whole days. * * * I read to him the first five books without any one objection, except a little hesitation, at my saying, upon Bayly's authority, that if the sun were to move round the earth, according to Ptolemy, instead of the earth round the sun, as in the Copernican system, the nearest fixed star in every second must constantly run at the rate of near 100,000 miles.

'Stop a little!' cries he; I fancy you have greatly underrated the velocity required; but I will calculate it at home.' And, on his second visit, he brought me a slip of paper, written by his sister, as he, I suppose, had dictated. 'Here we see that Sirius, if it revolved round the earth, would move at the rate of 1426 millions of miles per second. Hence the required velocity of Sirius in its orbit would be above 7305 times greater than that of light.' This is all that I had to correct of doctrine in the first five books! And he was so humble as to protest that I knew more of the *history of astronomy* than he did himself; and that I had surprised him by the mass of information that I had gotten together."

MR. SEWARD.

But before this year terminated, Dr. Burney had yet another, and a very sensible loss, through the death of Mr. Seward; who was truly a loss, also, to all by whom he was known. He was a man of sound worthiness of character, of a disposition the most amiable, and invested with a zeal to serve his friends, nay, to serve even strangers, that knew no bounds which his time or his trouble could remove.

He was pleasing and piquant in society; and, though always showing an alacrity to sarcasm in discourse, in action he was all benevolence.

Yet he was eccentric, even wilfully; and wilfully, also, inconsistent, if not capricious; but he was constantly in a state of suffering, from some internal and unfathomable obstructions, which generally at night robbed him of rest; and frequently, in the day, divested him of self command.*

He was author of a very agreeable and amusing, though desultory, collection of anecdotes, entitled *Biographiana*.†

In the ensuing autumn, when the expedition against Holland was in preparation, Mrs. Crewe prevailed with the Doctor to

* To the editor he once avowed, that to pass twenty-four hours without one piercing pang of pain would be new to him.

† Generally, from the name of the author, attributed, but erroneously, to Anna Seward, of Litchfield.

accompany her and her large party to Dover, to see the embarkation; well knowing the animated interest which his patriotic spirit would take in that transaction. His own lively and spirited, yet unaffected and unpretending account of this excursion, will bring him immediately before those by whom he may yet be remembered.

"Dover, 9th Sept. 1799.

“Why you Fanny!—I did not intend to write you my adventures, but to keep them for *vive voix* on coming to Camilla Cottage; but the nasty east wind is arrived, to the great inconvenience of our expedition, and of my lungs—all which circumstances put it out of my power to visit Camilla Cottage at present, as I wished, and had settled in my own mind to do. But let me see—where did I leave off? I believe I have told you of my arrival here, where, at first, I found Mr. Crewe, as you might observe by the frank. But two days after he went to Hythe, where he is now quartered with the Cheshire militia corps, of which he is colonel.

“You may be sure that I hastened to visit the harbour and town, which I had not seen for near thirty years * * * Did I tell you Mr. Ryder, our Chelsea joint paymaster, is here, and that we all dined on Wednesday with him and his sposa, Lady Susan? a most sweet creature, handsome, accomplished, and perfectly well-bred, with condescending good-humour; and who sings and plays well, and in true taste. Thursday, bad weather; but Canning came to *Longchon* to brighten it: and at night I read astronomy to Mrs. Crewe, and her fair, intelligent daughter.

“On Friday, I visited with them Lady Grey, wife of the commander in chief, at the Barham Down Camp. I like Lady Gray extremely, notwithstanding she is mother of the vehement parliamentary democrat, Mr. Grey,* who is as pleasing, they pretend, as he is violent, which makes him doubly dangerous. She is, indeed, a charming woman, and by every body honoured and admired; and as she is aunt to our ardent

* Now prime minister.

friend *Spotty*, the Dean of Winchester's daughter, I was sure to be much flattered and *feted* by all her family. Sir Charles's mother, old Mrs. Grey, now eighty-five, is a great and scientific reader and studier; and is even yet in correspondence with Sir Charles Blagden; who communicates to her all the new philosophical discoveries made throughout Europe. What a distinguished race! The democrat himself,—but for his democracy,—strikingly at their head! Mrs. Grey took to me mightily, and would hardly let me speak to any body else. Saturday we visited Mr. and Lady Mary Churchill, our close neighbours here, an old acquaintance of mine of fifty years' standing or more. Next day, after church, I went with Miss Crewe and Canning—I serving for chaperon—to visit the Shakspeare Cliff, which is a mile and more beyond the town; and a most fatiguing clamber to it I found! We took different roads, as our eye pointed out the easiest paths; and, in so doing, on my being all at once missed, Canning and Miss Crewe were so frightened ‘you can't think!’ as Miss Larolles would say. They concluded I had tumbled headlong down the cliff! It has furnished a story to every one we have seen ever since; and that arch clever rogue, Canning, makes ample use of it, at Walmer Castle, and elsewhere. ‘Is there any news?’ if he be asked, his ready answer is, ‘only Dr. Burney is lost again!’

“This day, 5th September, pray mind! I went to Walmer Castle with Mrs. and Miss Crewe, to dine with Lady Jane Dundas—another charming creature, and one of my new flirtations, and Mr. Pitt dined at home. And Mr. Dundas, Mr. Ryder, Lady Susan, Miss Scott, the sister of the Marchioness of Titchfield, and Canning, were of the party; with the Hon. Colonel Hope, Lady Jane's brother. What do you think of that, ma'am? Mr. Pitt!—I liked this cabinet dinner prodigiously. Mr. Pitt was all politeness and pleasantry. He has won Mrs. Crewe's, and even Miss Crewe's heart, by his attentions and good humour. My translation of the hymn, ‘Long live the Emperor Francis!’ was very well sung in duo by Lady Susan Ryder and Miss Crewe; I joining in the chorus. Lady Jane Dundas is a good musician, and has a very good taste. I not only played this hymn of Haydn's setting, but Suwarrow's March to the

great minister: and though Mr. Pitt neither knows nor cares one farthing for flutes and fiddles, he was very attentive; and before and at dinner, his civility to me was as obliging as if I had half a dozen boroughs at my devotion: offering to me, though a great way off him, of every dish and wine; and entering heartily into Canning's merry stories of my having been lost; and Mrs. Crewe's relation of my dolorous three sea voyages instead of one, when I came back from Germany; all with very civil pleasantry."

" 15th September, 1799.

" The Duke and Lady Mary left us two days after my last, but a dinner was fixed for Messrs. Pitt, Dundas, Ryder, and Canning, with *us* at Dover. Now I must give you a little episode. Canning told me that Mr. Pitt had gotten a telescope, constructed under the superintendence of Herschel, which cost one hundred guineas; but that they could make no use of it, as no one of the party had knowledge enough that way to put it together; and, knowing of my astronomical poem, Canning took it for granted that I could help them. The first day I went to Walmer Castle, I saw the instrument, and Canning put a paper in my hand of instructions; or rather, a book, for it consisted of twelve or fourteen pages: but before I had read six lines, company poured in, and I replaced it in the drawer whence Canning had taken it; and, to say the truth, without much reluctance; for I doubted my competence. I therefore was very cautious not to start the subject! but when I got to Dover, I wrote upon it to Herschel, and received his answer just in time to meet the Dover visit of Mr. Pitt. It was very friendly and satisfactory, as is every thing that comes from Herschel; I showed it to Mr. Pitt, who read it with great attention, and I doubt not, intelligence.

" After discussing all the particulars concerning the telescope, Herschel says: 'When I learn that you are returned to Chelsea, I shall write again on the subject of memorandums that I made when I had the pleasure of hearing your beautiful poetical work.' This I did not let Mr. Pitt see; but withdrew the letter from

him after Herschel had done speaking of the telescope, lest it should seem that I more wished Mr. Pitt should see Herschel's civilities to me, than his telescopic instructions. But Mrs. Crewe, in the course of the evening, borrowed the letter from me, and showed it to Lady Jane Dundas; who read it all, and asked what the poetical work meant. Miss Crewe smilingly explained.

"The dinner was very cheerful, you may imagine, for these Messieurs had brought with them the important news of the taking of Seringapatam; truly gratifying to Mr. Pitt; but doubly so to Mr. Dundas, who plans and directs all India affairs.

"No one can be more cheerful, attentive, and polite to ladies than Mr. Pitt; which astonishes all those who, without seeing him, have taken for granted that he is *no woman's man*, but a surly churl, from the accounts of his sarcastic enemies.

"The major of Mr. Crewe being ill, Mr. Crewe himself could not dine at home, being obliged to remain at Hythe with his regiment; and, after the ladies left the dining-room, it having been perceived that none drank port but Mr. Pitt and I—the rest all taking claret, which made the passing and repassing the bottle rather awkward, I was voted into the chair at the head of the table, *to put the bottle about!* and that between the first ministers, Pitt and Dundas! what '*only think*,' and '*no notions*,' would Miss Larolles have exclaimed! I, so notorious for always stopping the bottle!

"When we went to the ladies, music and cheerfulness finished the evening. The hymn and the march were not forgotten. In talking over Pizarro, Mr. Pitt related, very pleasantly, an amusing anecdote of a total breach of memory in some Mrs. Lloyd, a lady, or nominal housekeeper of Kensington Palace: 'being in company,' he said, 'with Mr. Sheridan, without recollecting him, while Pizarro was the topic of discussion, she said to him, "And so this fine Pizarro is printed?" "Yes, so I hear," said Sherry. "And did you ever in your life read such stuff?" cried she. "Why, I believe its bad enough!" quoth Sherry; "but at least, madam, you must allow its very loyal." "Ah!" cried she, shaking her head, "loyal? You don't know its author so well as I do?"'

"In speaking, afterwards, of the great number of young men

who were just embarked for Holland, Miss Crewe, half jocosely, but no doubt half seriously, said it would ruin all the balls ! for where could the poor females find partners ? ‘ O,’ said Mr. Pitt, with a pretended air of condolence, ‘ you’ll have partners plenty—both houses of parliament !’

“ ‘ Besides,’ said Canning, ‘ you’ll have the whole bench of bishops !’

“ To be sure nobody laughed ! Mr. Pitt, by the way, is a great and loud laugher at the jokes of others; but this was so half his own, that he only made *la petite bouche*.

“ Two days after all this, Mrs. and Miss Crewe brought me on in my way home as far as Canterbury.

“ Now what say you ? Is this not a *belle histoire* ?”

MRS. PHILLIPS.

Early in October, 1799, the desolating intelligence reached West Hamble, that the lingering sufferings of the inestimable Susanna, from long latently undermining her delicate frame, began openly to menace its destruction.

What scenes were those which followed ! how deep the tragedy ! How wide from their promised joys were the family meetings ! Yet all his family impressively hastened to the Doctor, and all were kindly received.

Of the rest of this melancholy year no vestige remains either from the Doctor or his biographer. The beginning of the new century to them was the closing of hope, not the opening of joy ! and the pocket-book memorandums of both are sterile and blank.

In 1801, also, there was but a single event that the Doctor thought worth committing to paper: and that, indeed, was of a kind that no one who knew him could read, first without trembling, and next without rejoicing; for, in the summer of 1801, and in his seventy-sixth year, he had an escape the most providential from sudden and violent destruction.

He had accompanied Mrs. Crewe, and some of her friends, to a review on Ascot Heath, when, in returning home by water, as the boat was disembarking its crew at Staines, feeling himself light and well, and equal to a small leap, he jumped incautiously from the boat on what he believed to be a tuft of grass, but

what proved to be a moss-covered stone, or hillock, which, far from bending, as he had expected, to the touch of his foot, struck him backwards into the boat with frightful violence, and a risk the most imminent of breaking his neck, if not of fracturing his skull. Happily, no such dreadful evil ensued ! and every species of care and kindness were vigilantly exerted to keep aloof further mischief than accrued from a few bruises.

CYCLOPEDIA.

Nevertheless, though no further episodical event occurred in 1801, that year must by no means be passed over without record in the memoirs of Dr. Burney; for it was marked by such extraordinary intellectual exertion as may also be called unparalleled, when considered as springing from volition, not necessity ; and from efforts the most virtuously philosophical, to while away enervating sadness upon those changes and chances that hang upon the very nature of mortal existence: for now, to tie his activity to his labours, he entered into a formal agreement with the editors of the then new Encyclopedia, to furnish all its musical articles at stated periods.

He thus, in a letter of which he has left a copy, though not the address, speaks of this enterprise to some friend :

“ I have entered now into concerns that leave me not a minute, or a thought, to bestow on other matters. Besides professional avocations, I have deeply engaged in a work that can admit of no delay ; and which occupies every instant which I can steal from business, friends or sleep. A new edition, on a very enlarged plan, of the Cyclopaedia of Chambers, is now printing in two double volumes 4to, for which I have agreed to furnish the musical articles, on a very large scale, including whatever is connected with the subject; not only definitions of the musical technica, but reflections, discussions, criticism, history, and biography; the first volume is printed, and does not finish the letter A. And in *nine months' hard labour*, I have not brought forth two letters. I am more and more frightened every day at the undertaking, so long after the usual allowance of three score years and ten have expired. And the shortest calculation for the termination of this work is still ten years.”

And in his letters to West Hamble on the same subject, he mentions, that to fulfil his engagement, he generally rises at five or six o'clock every morning!—in his seventy-sixth year.

1802.

This year partook not of any lack of incident; it commenced during the operation and incertitude of a public transaction so big, in its consequences, with deep importance to the domestic life of Dr. Burney, that it seems requisite for all that will follow, to enter into such parts of its details as affected the Doctor's feelings, through their influence over those of his son-in-law, General d'Arblay.

At the period of the peace of Amiens, in the preceding year, the minister plenipotentiary who was sent over by Bonaparte, then only First Consul, to sign its preliminaries, chanced to be an artillery officer, General de Lauriston, who had been *en garrison*, and in great personal friendship, with General d'Arblay, during their mutual youth; and with whom, as with all the *etat major* of the regiment of Toul, a connexion of warm esteem and intimacy had faithfully been kept alive, till the dreadful catastrophe of the 10th of August dispersed every officer who survived it, into the wanderings of emigration, or the mystery of concealment.

When the name of Lauriston reached West Hamble, its obscured, but not enervated, chief rushed eagerly from his hermitage to the metropolis, where he hastily wrote a few impressive lines to the new minister plenipotentiary, briefly demanding whether or not, in his present splendid situation, he would avow an old *camarade*, whose life now was principally spent in cultivating cabbages in his own garden, for his own family and table?

Of this note he was fain to be his own bearer; and in some hotel in, or near St. James's street, he discovered the minister's abode.

Unaccoutred, dressed only in his common garden coat, and wearing no military appendage, or mark of military rank, he found it very difficult to gain admission into the hotel, even as a messenger; for such, only, he called himself. The street was crowded so as to be almost impassable, as it was known to the

public that the French minister was going forth to an audience for signing the preliminaries of peace with Lord Hawkesbury.

But M. d'Arblay was not a man to be easily baffled. He resolutely forced his way to the corridor leading to the minister's dressing apartment. There, however, he was arbitrarily stopped ; but would not retire : and compelled the lacquey, who endeavoured to dismiss him, to take, and to promise the immediate delivery of his note.

With a very wry face, and an indignant shrug, the lacquey almost perforce complied ; carefully, however, leaving another valet at the outside of the door, to prevent further inroad.

M. de Lauriston was under the hands of his frizeur, and reading a newspaper. But the gazette gave place to the billet, which, probably recollecting the hand-writing, he rapidly ran over, and then eagerly, and in a voice of emotion, emphatically demanded who had been its bearer.

A small ante-room alone separated him from its writer, who, hearing the question, energetically called out : "*C'est moi !*"

Up rose the minister, who opened one door himself, as M. d'Arblay broke through the other, and in the midst of the little ante-room, they rushed into one another's arms.

If M. d'Arblay was joyfully affected by this generous reception, M. de Lauriston was yet more moved in embracing his early friend, whom report had mingled with the slaughtered of the 10th of August.

The meeting, indeed, was so peculiar, from the high station of M. de Lauriston ; the superb equipage waiting at his door to carry him, for the most popular of purposes, to an appointed audience with a British minister ; and the glare, the parade, the cost, the attendants, and the attentions by which he was encompassed, contrasted with the worn, as well as plain habiliments of the recluse of West Hamble, that it gave a singularity to the equality of their manners to each other, and the mutuality of the joy and affection of their embraces, that from first exciting the astonishment, next moved the admiration of the domestics of the minister plenipotentiary ; and particularly of his frizeur, who, probably, was his first valet-de-chambre ; and who, while they were yet in each other's arms, exclaimed aloud, with that

familiarity in which the French indulge their favourite servants,
“*Ma foi ! voilà qui est beau !*”

This characteristic freedom of approbation broke into the pathos of the interview by causing a hearty laugh; and M. de Lauriston, who then had not another instant to spare, cordially invited his recovered friend to breakfast with him the next morning.

At that breakfast, M. de Lauriston recorded the circumstances that had led to his present situation, with all the trust and openness of their early intercourse. And sacred General d'Arblay held that confidence; which should have sunk into oblivion, but for the after circumstances, and present state of things, which render all that, then, was prudentially secret, now desirably public.

No change, he said, of sentiment, no dereliction of principle, had influenced his entering into the service of the republic. Personal gratitude alone had brought about that event. Whilst fighting under the banners of Austria, against Bonaparte, in one of the campaigns of Italy, he had been taken prisoner, with an Austrian troop. His companions in arms were immediately conveyed to captivity, there to stand the chances of confinement or exchange; but he, as a Frenchman, had been singled out by the conquerors, and stigmatized as a deserter, by the party into whose hands he fallen, and who condemned him to be instantly shot: though, as he had never served Bonaparte, no laws of equity could brand as a traitor the man who had but constantly adhered to his first allegiance. Bonaparte himself, either struck by this idea, or with a desire to obtain a distinguished officer of artillery, of which alone his army wanted a supply, felt induced to start forward in person, to stop the execution at the very instant it was going to take place. And to save M. de Lauriston, at the same time, from the ill will or vengeance of the soldiers, Bonaparte concealed him, till the troop by which he had been taken was elsewhere occupied; conducting himself, in the meanwhile, with so much consideration and kindness, that the gentle heart of Lauriston was gained over by grateful feelings, and he accepted the post afterwards offered to him of aid-de-camp to the First Consul; with whom,

in a short time, he rose to so much trust and favour, as to become the colleague of Duroc, as a chosen and military,—though not, as Duroc, a confidential secretary.

Bonaparte, Lauriston said, had named him for this important embassy to England from two motives: one of which was, that he thought such a nomination might be agreeable to the English, as Lauriston, who was great grand-son or grand-nephew to the famous Law, of South Sea notoriety, was of British extraction; and the other was from personal regard to Lauriston, that he might open a negociation, during his mission, for the recovery of some part of his Scottish inheritance.

At this, and a subsequent breakfast with M. de Lauriston, M. d'Arblay discussed the most probable means for claiming his *reforme*, or half-pay, as some remuneration for his past services and deprivations. And M. de Lauriston warmly undertook to carry a letter on this subject to Bonaparte's minister at war, Berthier; with whom, under Louis the Sixteenth, M. d'Arblay had formerly transacted military business.

It was found, however, that nothing could be effected without the presence of M. d'Arblay in France; and, therefore, peace between the two nations being signed, he deemed it right to set sail for the long lost land of his birth.

Immediately upon his arrival in Paris, a representation of his claims was presented to the First Consul himself, accompanied with words of kindest interest in its success, by the faithful General de Lauriston.

Bonaparte inquired minutely into the merits of the case, and into the military character of the claimant; and, having patiently heard the first account, and eagerly interrogated upon the second, he paused a few minutes, and then said: "Let him serve in the army, if only for one year. Let him go to St. Domingo, and join Le Cler;*" and, at the end of the year, he shall be allowed to retire, with rank and promotion."

This was the last purpose that had entered into the projects of M. d'Arblay; yet, to a military spirit, jealous of his honour,

* First husband of Bonaparte's sister, Paulina, afterwards La Princess Borghese.

and passionately fond of his profession, it was a proposition impossible to be declined. It was not to combat for Bonaparte, nor to fight against his original allegiance : it was to bear arms in the current cause of his country, in resisting the insurgents of St. Domingo, against whom he might equally have been employed by the monarch in whose service he had risked, and through whose misfortunes he had lost his all. He merely, therefore, stipulated to re-enter the army simply as a volunteer ; with an agreed permission to quit it at the close of the campaign, whatever might be its issue : and he then accepted from Berthier a commission for St. Domingo, which, in the republican language adopted by Bonaparte on his first accession to dictatorial power, was addressed to *le Citoyen General-in-chief, le Cler* ; and which recommended to that general that *le Citoyen Darblay* should be employed as a distinguished artillery officer.

M. d'Arblay next obtained leave to come over to England to settle his private affairs ; to make innumerable purchases relative to the expedition to St. Domingo, and to bid adieu to his wife and son.

1802.

Dr. Burney received him with open arms, but tearful eyes. He had too much candour to misjudge the nature and the principles of a military character, so as to censure his non-refusal of an offered restoration to his profession, since, at that moment, the peace between the two countries paralyzed any possible movement in favour of the royalists ; yet his grief at the circumstance, and his compassion for his dejected daughter, gave a gloom to the transaction that was deeply depressing.

The purchases were soon made, for the reinstated man of arms sunk a considerable sum to be expeditiously accoutred ; after which, repelling every drawback of internal reluctance, he was eager not to exceed his furlough ; and, pronouncing an agitated farewell, hurried back to Paris ; purposing thence to proceed to Brest, whence he was to embark for his destination.

But, inexpressibly anxious not to be misunderstood, nor

drawn into the service of Bonaparte beyond the contracted engagement, the day before he left London, M. d'Arblay, with a singleness of integrity that never calculated consequences where he thought his honour and his interest might pull different ways, determined to be unequivocally explicit, and addressed, therefore, a letter directly to Bonaparte.

This letter he hurried off by an official express, through Bonaparte's then minister here, M. Otto; who, after reading, forwarded it under cover to Le Citoyen Ministre de la Guerre, Berthier; to whom, as a former military friend, M. d'Arblay recommended its delivery to Le Premier Consul.* This done, M. d'Arblay pursued his own route.

A frightful chasm of all intelligence to Dr. Burney ensued after this critical departure of M. d'Arblay; no tidings came over of his arrival at Brest, his embarkation, or even of his safety, after crossing the channel in the remarkably tempestuous month of February, in 1802.

The causes of this mysterious silence would be too circumstantial for these Memoirs, to which it belongs only to state their result. The First Consul, upon reading the letter of M. d'Arblay, immediately withdrew his military commission; and Berthier, in an official reply, desired that *le Citoyen Darblay* would consider that commission, and the letter to General Le Cler, as *non avenues*.

Berthier, nevertheless, in the document which annulled the St. Domingo commission, and which must have been written by the personal command of Bonaparte, since it was in answer to a letter that had been directed immediately to himself, calmly, and without rancour, harshness, or satire, developed the reason of the recall, in simply saying, that since *le Citoyen Darblay* would not bear arms against the country of his wife, which might always, eventually, bear arms against France, he could not be engaged in the service of the republic.

Bonaparte, stimulated, it is probable, by M. de Lauriston's

* Of this singular and hazardous letter, declining to bear arms against England, M. d'Arblay, who wrote it on a sudden impulse, neither gave nor showed one copy in England, except to M. Otto.

account of the frank and honourable character of M. d'Arblay, contented himself with this simple annulling act ; without embittering it by any stigma, or demonstrating any suspicious resentment.

This event, as has been hinted, produced important consequences to Dr. Burney; consequences the most ungenial to his parental affections; though happily, at that period, not foreseen in their melancholy extent, of a ten years' complete and desperate separation from his daughter d'Arblay.

Unsuspecting, therefore, of that appendent effect of the letter of M. d'Arblay to Bonaparte, the satisfaction of Dr. Burney, at this first moment, that no son-in-law of his would bear arms, through any means, however innocent, and with any intentions, however pure, under the banners of Bonaparte, largely contributed to make the unexpected tidings of this sudden change of situation an epoch of extacy, rather than of joy.

But far different were the sensations to which this turn of affairs gave birth in M. d'Arblay. Consternation seems too tame a word for the bewildered confusion of his feelings, at so abrupt a breaking up of an enterprise, which, though unsolicited and unwished for in its origin, had by degrees, from its recurrence to early habits, become glowingly animated to his ideas and his prospects. Bonaparte had not then blackened his glory by the seizure and sacrifice of the Comte d'Enghein; and M. d'Arblay, in common with several other admirers of the military fame of the First Consul, had conceived a hope, to which he meant honestly to allude in his letter, that the final campaign of that great warrior would be a voluntary imitation of the final campaign of General Monk.

Little, therefore, as he had intended to constitute Bonaparte, in any way, his chief, a breach such as this in his professional career, nearly mastered his faculties with excess of perturbation. To seem dismissed the service!—he could not brook the idea; he was confounded by his own position.

He applied to a generous friend,* high in military reputation, to represent his disturbance to the First Consul.

* General de La Fayette; who then, with his virtuous wife and family,

Bonaparte consented to grant an audience on the subject ; but almost instantly interrupted the application, by saying, with vivacity, " I know that business ! However, let him be tranquil. It shall not hurt him any further. There was a time I might have been capable of acting so myself !—"

And then, after a little pause, and with a look somewhat ironical, but by no means ill-humoured or unpleasant, he added : *"Il m'a écrit un diable de lettre!"*—He stopt again, after which, with a smile half gay, half cynical, he said ; " However, I ought only to regard in it the husband of Cecilia ;" and then abruptly he broke up the conference.

Of the *author* of Cecilia, of course, he meant.*

This certainly was a trait of candour and liberality worthy of a more gentle mind ; and which, till the ever unpardonable massacre of the Duke d'Enghein, softened, in some measure, the endurance of the compulsory stay in France that afterwards ensued to M. d'Arblay.

Dr. Burney, meanwhile, from the time that the St. Domingo commission was annulled, was in daily expectation of the return of his son-in-law, and the re-establishment of the little cottage of West Hamble :—but mournfully, alas, was he disappointed ! The painful news arrived from M. d'Arblay, that, from the strangeness of the circumstances in which he was involved, he could not quit France without seeming to have gained his wish in losing his appointment. He determined, therefore, to remain a twelvemonth in Paris, to show himself at hand in case of any change of orders. And he desired, of course, to be joined there by his wife and son.

M. d'Arblay, however, wrote to that wife, to Dr. Burney, and to his dearly reverenced friend, Mr. Locke, the most comforting assurance, that, one single year revolved, he would return, with his little family, to the unambitious enjoyment of friendship, repose, and West Hamble.

By no means gaily did Dr. Burney receive the account of

resided at his old chateau of La Grange ; exclusively occupied by useful agricultural experiments, and exemplary domestic duties.

* Vanity, vanity, thy name is d'Arblay !—*Ed.*

this arrangement. Gloomy forebodings clouded his brow; though his daughter, exalted by joy and thankfulness that the pestilential climate of St. Domingo was relinquished, and happily persuaded that another year would re-unite her with her honoured father, her brethren, and friends, assented with alacrity to the scheme. Almost immediately, therefore, it took place; though not before the loyal heart of Dr. Burney had the soothing consolation of finding, that the step she was taking was honoured with the entire approbation of her benevolent late royal mistress; who openly held that to follow the fortune of the man to whom she had given her hand, was now her first duty in life.

No further narrative, of which the detail can be personal or reciprocal with the editor, can now be given of Dr. Burney. What follows will be collected from fragments of memoirs, and innumerable memorandums in his own handwriting; from his letters, and those of his family and friends; and from various accidental, incidental, and miscellaneous circumstances.

By the president of the royal society, Sir Joseph Banks, the Doctor, from his own universal thirst of knowledge, and uncommon capacity for receiving, retaining and naturalizing its gifts, was welcomed on public days as a worthy brother of the learned and studious; and in the hours of private conviviality was courted yet more for the gaiety of his humour and the entertainment of his anecdotes; Sir Joseph, when unbent from the state of Newton's chair, being ever merrily charmed to reciprocate sportive nonsense; various remnants of which, laughingly amusing, but too ludicrous from the president of a scientific society for the press, are amongst the posthumous collections of the Doctor.

In all, however, that was most efficient in good, most solid, most serious, most essential in comfort as well as elegance, the noble kindness of the Duke of Portland took the lead. His magnificent hospitality was nearly without parallel. The select invitations upon select occasions to Burlington House, with which his favour to the Doctor had begun, were succeeded by general ones for all times and all seasons; and with injunctions that the Doctor would choose his own days, and adjust their frequency completely by his own convenience.

This *carte blanche* of admission at will was next extended from Burlington House to Bulstrode Park ; where he was found so agreeable by the noble host, and so pleasing to the noble family, that, in a short time, the duke urged him to take possession of an unappropriated apartment, and to consider himself to be completely at home in that sumptuous dwelling ; where he had his mornings with undisturbed liberty, wholly at his own disposal ; where he even dined, according to the state of his health and spirits, at the duke's table or in his own parlour ; and where, though welcomed in any part of the day to every part of the house, he was never troubled with any inquiry for non-appearance, except at the evening's assemblage ; though not unfrequently the duke made him personal visits of such affectionate freedom, as signally to endear to him this splendid habitation.

So impressive, indeed, was the regard of his grace for Dr. Burney, and so animated was the gratitude of its return, that the enjoyments of Bulstrode Park, with all their refined luxuries, and their cultivated scenery, soon became less than secondary ; they were nearly as nothing in the calculation of the Doctor, compared with what he experienced from the cordial conversation and kindness of the duke.

Such, added to his family circle, were the auspices under which, to her great consolation, his daughter d'Arblay left Dr. Burney in April, 1802.

Dr. Burney, upon this separation, redoubled the vigilance of his self-exertions for turning to account every moment of his existence. And his spirits appeared to be equal to every demand upon their efforts. In his first letter to Paris, May 20, 1802, he says :

“ I hope, now, the two nations will heartily shake hands, and not be quiet only themselves, but keep the rest of the world quiet. My hurries are such at present, as to oblige me to draw deeper than ever upon my sinking fund—[his sleep]. Business, and more numerous engagements than I have ever yet had, swallow all my time; and this enormous Cyclopedias fills up all my thoughts. I have been long an ABC derian ; and now am become so for life.

In another letter of the same year, written a few months later, the Cyclopaedia is no longer proclaimed to be the principal, but the exclusive occupation of the Doctor. The indefatigable eagerness of its pursuit, will best appear from his own account:

"July 1st, 1802.—I have this day taken leave for this year of my town business, which broke into three precious mornings of my week, shivered the lord knows how many links of the chain of my Cyclopaedia, and lost me even the interval of time from the trouble of collecting the broken fragments of my materials, and re-putting them together.

"In order to form some idea of the total absorption of my present life, by this herculean labour, added to my usual hurricanes during the town season, a delightful letter of Twining himself, which I received some weeks ago, remains unanswered! I had a mind to see what I could really do in twelve months, by driving the quill at every possible moment that I could steal from business or repose, by day and by night, in bed and up; and, with all this stir and toil, I have found it impracticable to finish three letters of the alphabet!"

Dr. Burney had now the shock of hearing that war was again declared with France! And dire, most dire and afflicting to his daughter, was the similar information, of learning that Bonaparte had peremptorily ordered Lord Whitworth to quit Paris in a specified number of hours: and that a brief term was dictatorially fixed for either following that ambassador, or immovably remaining in France till the contest should be over.

The very peculiar position, in a military point of view, in which M. d'Arblay now stood in his native country, made it impossible for him to leave it, at so critical a juncture, in the hurried manner that the imperious decree of the French dictator commanded. It might seem deserting his post! He felt, therefore, compelled, by claims of professional observance, to abide the uncertain storm where its first thunder rolled; and to risk, at its centre, the hazards of its circulation, and the chances of its course.

The unhappiness caused by this decision was wholly unmixed with murmurs from Dr. Burney, whose justice and candour acknowledged it, in such a situation, to be indispensable.

In 1803, one short record alone has been found. That he wrote no more journal anecdotes that year, may be chiefly attributed to his then intense application to his Cyclopaedia.

1804 turned out far more copious in events and recitals; though saddening, however philosophical and consonant to the common laws of nature, are the reflections and avowals of Dr. Burney upon his this year's birth-day.

From the Doctor's Journal.

"In 1804, in the month of April, I completed my 78th year, and decided to relinquish teaching and my musical patients; for both my ears and my eyes were beginning to fail me. I could still hear the most minute musical tone; but in conversation I lost the articulation, and was forced to make people at the least distance from me repeat every thing that they said. Sometimes the mere tone of voice, and the countenance of the speaker, told me whether I was to smile or to frown; but never so explicitly as to allow me to venture at any reply to what was said! Yet I never, seemingly, have been more *in fashion* at any period of my life than this spring; never invited to more conversaziones, assemblées, dinners, and concerts. But I feel myself less and less able to bear a part in general conversation every day, from the failure of memory, particularly in names; and I am become fearful of beginning any story that occurs to me, lest I should be stopped short by hunting for Mr. How d'ye call him's style and titles.

"I was very near-sighted from about my 30th year; but though it is usually thought that that sort of sight improves with age, I have not discovered that the notion was well founded. My sight became not only more short, but more feeble. Instead of a concave glass, I was forced to have recourse to one that was convex, and that magnified highly, for pale ink and small types."

In the month of the following May, a similar ebullition of political rancour with that which so difficultly had been conquered for Mr. Canning, foamed over the ballot-box of the Literary Club to the exclusion of Mr. Rogers; by whom it was the less deserved, from its contrast to that poet's own

widely opposite liberality, in never suffering political opinions to shut out, either from his hospitality or his friendship, those who invite them by congenial sentiments on other points.

The ensuing is copied from Dr. Burney's own manuscript observations upon this occurrence :

"*May 1st.* I was at the club, at which Rogers, put up by Courtney, and seconded by me, was ballotted for, and black-balled ; I believe on account of his politics. There can, indeed, be nothing else against him. He is a good poet, has a refined taste in all the arts ; has a select library of the best editions of the best authors in most languages ; has very fine pictures ; very fine drawings ; and the finest collection I ever saw of the best Etruscan vases ; and, moreover, he gives the best dinners to the best company of men of talents and genius of any man I know ; the best served and with the best wines, *liqueurs*, &c. He is not fond of talking politics, for he is no *Jacobin-enragé*, though I believe him to be a principled republican, and therefore in high favour with Mr. Fox and his adherents. But he is never obtrusive ; and neither shuns nor dislikes a man for being of a different political creed to himself : it is therefore that he and I, however we may dissent upon that point, concur so completely on almost every other, that we always meet with pleasure. And, in fact, he is much esteemed by many persons belonging to the government, and about the court. His books of prints of the greatest engravers from the greatest masters, in history, architecture, and antiquities, are of the first class. His house in St. James's Place, looking into the Green Park, is deliciously situated, and furnished with great taste. He seemed very desirous of being elected a member of the club, to which, in fact, his talents would have done honour ; few men are more fitted to contribute to its entertainments."

The Doctor, long afterwards, in talking over this anecdote, said :

"There is no accounting for such gross injustice in the club ; except by acknowledging that there are demagogues amongst them who enjoy, as the highest privilege of an old member, the power of excluding, with or without reason, a new one."

Here stop all journals, all notes, all memorandums of Dr

Burney for the rest of this year. Not another word remains bearing its date.

The severest tax upon longevity that, apart from his parental ties, could be inflicted, was levied upon him at this time, by the heart-harrowing stroke of the death of Mr. Twining.

It was not merely now, in the full tide of sorrow, that Dr. Burney could neither speak nor write upon the loss of that last-elected bosom friend; it was a subject from which he shrank ever after, both in conversation and by letter: it was a grief too concentrated for complaint: it demanded not a vent by which, with time, it might be solaced; but a crush by which, though only morbidly, it might be subdued: religion and philosophy might then lead, conjointly, to calm endurance.

And not alone, though from superior sorrow aloft, stood this deprivation. It was followed by other strokes of similar fatality, each of which, but for this pre-eminent calamity, would have proved of tragic effect: for he had successively to mourn,

First, the favourite, the most highly prized by his deplored early partner, as well as by her successor; and who came nearest to his own feelings from the tender ties in which she had been entwined—Dolly Young; for so, to the last hour, she was called by those who had early known and loved her, from a certain caressing pleasure annexed to that youthful appellation, that seemed in unison with the genuine simplicity of her character.

Second, Mr. Coxe, the oldest and most attached of his associates from early life.

Third, Lord Macartney, a far newer connexion, but one whose lively intelligence, and generous kindness, cut off all necessity for the usual routine of time to fasten attachment. And with Lord Macartney, from the retired life which his lordship generally led after his embassy to China, the Doctor's intercourse had become more than ever amical. This, therefore, was a loss to his spirits and exertions, as well as to his affections, which he felt with strong regret.

Fourth, the distinguished lady whose solid worth and faithful friendship compensated for manners the most uncouth, and language the most unpolished,—Lady Mary Duncan.

Fifth, the celebrated Elizabeth Carter; in whom he missed

an admiring as well as an admired friend, the honour of whose attachment, both for him and for his daughter, is recorded by her nephew, Mr. Pennington, in her memoirs.

The Doctor truly revered in Mrs. Carter the rare union of humility with learning, and of piety with cheerfulness. He frequently, and always with pleasure, conveyed her to or from her home, when they visited the same parties; and always enjoyed those opportunities in comparing notes with her, on such topics as were not light enough for the large or mixed companies which they were just seeking, or had just left: topics, however, which they always treated with simplicity; for Mrs. Carter, though natively more serious, and habitually more studious than Dr. Burney, was as free from pedantry as himself.

By temperance of life and conduct, activity of body, and equanimity of mind, she nearly reached her 90th year in such health and strength as to be able to make morning calls upon her favourite friends, without carriage, companion or servant. And with all her modest humility upon her personal acquirements, she had a dignified pride of independence, that invested her with the good sense to feel rather exalted than ashamed, at owing her powers of going forth to her own unaided self-exertion.

And, sixth, the man who, once the most accomplished of his race, had for half his life loved the Doctor with even passionate regard—Mr. Greville.

All these sad, and truly saddening, catastrophes were unknown, in their succession, to the memorialist; whom they only reached in the aggregate of their loss, when, after a long, unexplained, and ill-boding silence, Dr. Burney imposed upon himself the hard task of announcing the irremediable affliction he had sustained through these reiterated and awful visitations of death. And then, to spare his worn and harassed sensibility any development of his feelings, he thus summoned up the melancholy list in one short paragraph:

“Time,” he says, “has made sad havoc amongst my dearest friends of late—Twining!—Dolly Young; Mr. Coxe; Lord Macartney; Lady Mary Duncan;—poor Elizabeth Carter a few months ago;—Mr. Greville only a few weeks!”

He then permits himself to go back to one parting phrase :
“ But though, in spite of age and infirmities, I have lately
more than doubled the number of friends I have lost—the
niches of those above-mentioned can never be filled ! ”

Of his ancient and long-attached friend, Mr. Greville, little and merely melancholy is what now can be added. His death was rather a shock than a loss ; but it considerably disturbed the Doctor. Mr. Greville had gone on in his metaphysical career, fatiguing his spirits, harassing his understanding, and consuming the time of his friends nearly as much as his own, till, one by one, each of them eluded him as a foe. How could it be otherwise, when the least dissonance upon any point upon which he opened a controversial disquisition, so disordered his nervous system, that he could take no rest till he had re-stated all his arguments in an elaborate, and commonly sarcastic epistle ? which necessarily provoked a paper war, so prolific of dispute, that, if the adversary had not regularly broken up the correspondence after the first week or two, it must have terminated by consuming the stores of ‘ every stationer in London .

His wrath upon such desertions was too scornful for any appeal. Yet so powerful was still the remembrance of his brilliant opening into life, and of his many fine qualities, that his loss to society was never mentioned without regret, either by those who abandoned him, or by those whom he discarded.

Dr. Burney was one of the last, from the peculiarity of their intercourse, to have given it up, had it not been, he declared, necessary to have had two lives for sustaining it without hostility ; one of them for himself, his family, and his life’s purposes ; the other wholly for Mr. Greville ;—who never could be content with any competition against his personal claims to the monopoly of the time and the thoughts of his friends.

Yet whatever may have disturbed, nothing seems to have shortened his existence, since, though nearly alienated from his family, estranged from his connexions, and morbidly at war with the world, the closing scene of all his gaieties and all his failures did not shut in till some time after his 90th year.

Lady Mary Duncan bequeathed to Dr. Burney the whole of

her great and curious collection of music, printed and manuscript, with £600.

1805.

Fortunately for Dr. Burney, another year was not permitted wholly to wane away, ere circumstances occurred of so much movement and interest, that they operated like a species of amnesty upon the sufferings of the year just gone by; and enabled him to pass over submissively his heavy privations; and, once again, to go cheerfully on in life with what yet remained for contentment.

The chief mover to this practical philosophy was the indefatigable Mrs. Crewe; who by degrees, skilful and kind, so lured him from mourning and retirement to gratitude and society, that his seclusion insensibly ended by enlisting him in more diffuse social entertainments, than any in which he had heretofore mixed.

What will now follow, will be copied from the memoir-book of Dr. Burney of this month of May; which, after a dreary winter of sorrow, seemed to have been hailed as genially by the historian of music, as by the minstrels of the woods.

“ 1805.—In May, at a concert at Lady Salisbury’s, I was extremely pleased, both with the music and the performance. The former was chiefly selected by the Prince of Wales. * * * I had not been five minutes in the concert-room, before a messenger, sent to me by his royal highness, gave me a command to join him, which I did eagerly enough; when his royal highness graciously condescended to order me to sit down by him, and kept me to that high honour the whole evening. Our ideas, by his engaging invitation, were reciprocated upon every piece, and its execution. After the concert, Lady Melbourne, who, when Miss Milbanke, had been one of my first scholars on my return to London from Lynn, obligingly complained that she had often vainly tried to tempt me to dine with her, but would make one effort more now, by his royal highness’s permission, that I might meet, at Lord Melbourne’s table, with the Prince of Wales.

“ Of course I expressed, as well as I could, my sense of so

high and unexpected an honour ; and the prince, with a smile of unequalled courtesy, said, ‘Aye, do come, Dr. Burney, and bring your son with you.’ And then, turning to Lady Melbourne, he added,—‘ It is singular that the father should be the best, and almost the only good judge of music in the kingdom ; and his son the best scholar.’

“ Nothing, however, for the present, came of this : but, early in July, at a concert at Lady Newark’s, I first saw, to my knowledge, their royal highnesses, the dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge. These princes had lived so much abroad, that I thought I had never before beheld them ; till I found my mistake, by their both speaking to me, when I stood near them, not only familiarly, but with distinction ; which I attribute to their respect to the noble graciousness they might have observed in their august brother ; whose notice had something in it so engaging as always to brighten as well as honour me.

“ But I heard nothing more of the projected dinner, till I met Lady Melbourne at an assembly at the Dowager Lady Seston’s ; when I ventured to tell her ladyship that I feared the dinner which my son and I were most ambitious should take place, was relinquished. ‘ By no means,’ she answered, ‘ for the prince really desired it.’ And, after a note or two of the best bred civility from her ladyship, the day was settled by his royal highness, for—

“ *July 9th.*—The prince did not make the company wait at Whitehall (Lord Melbourne’s) ; he was not five minutes beyond the appointed time, a quarter past six o’clock : though he is said never to dine at Carlton House before eight. The company consisted, besides the prince and the lord and lady of the house, with their two sons and two daughters, of Earls Egremont and Cowper, Mr. and Lady Caroline Lamb, Mr. Luttrell, Mr. Horner, and Mr. Windham.

“ The dinner was sumptuous, of course, &c.

“ I had almost made a solemn vow, early in life, to quit the world without ever drinking a *dry dram* ; but the heroic virtue of a long life was overset by his royal highness, through the irresistible temptation to hobbing and nobbing with such a partner in a glass of cherry brandy ! The spirit of it, however, was

so finely subdued, that it was not more potent than a dose of peppermint-water; which I have always called a dram.

"The conversation was lively and general the chief part of the evening; but about midnight it turned upon music, on which subject his royal highness deigned so wholly to address himself to me, that we kept it up a full half hour, without any one else offering a word. We were, generally, in perfect tune in our opinions; though once or twice I ventured to dissent from his royal highness; and once he condescended to come over to my argument: and he had the skill, as well as nobleness, to put me as perfectly at my ease in expressing my notions, as I should have been with any other perfectly well-bred man.

"The subject was then changed to classical lore; and here his royal highness, with similar condescension, addressed himself to my son, as to a man of erudition, whose ideas, on learned topics, he respected; and a full discussion followed, of several literary matters.

"When the prince rose to go to another room, we met Lady Melbourne and her daughter, just returned from the opera; to which they had been while we sat over the wine, (and eke the cherry brandy); and from which they came back in exact time for coffee! The prince here, coming up to me, most graciously took my hand, and said, 'I am glad we got, at last, to our favourite subject.' He then made me sit down by him, close to the keys of a piano-forte; where, in a low voice, but face to face, we talked again upon music, and uttered our sentiments with, I may safely say, equal ease and freedom; so politely he encouraged my openness and sincerity.

I then ventured to mention that I had a book in my possession that I regarded as the property of his royal highness. It was a set of my Commemoration of Handel, which I had had splendidly bound for permitted presentation through the medium of Lord St. Asaph; but which had not been received, from public casualties. His royal highness answered me with the most engaging good humour, saying that he was now building a library, and that, when it was finished, mine should be the first book placed in his collection. Nobody is so prompt at polite and gratifying compliments as this gracious prince. I

had no conception of his accomplishments. He quite astonished me by his learning, in conversing with my son, after my own musical *tête-à-tête* dialogue with him. He quoted Homer in Greek as readily as if quoting Dryden or Pope in English: and, in general conversation, during the dinner, he discovered a fund of wit and humour such as demonstrated him a man of reading and parts, who knew how to discriminate characters. He is, besides, an incomparable mimic. He counterfeited Dr. Parr's lisp, language, and manner, and Kemble's voice and accent, both on and off the stage, so accurately, so nicely, so free from caricature, that, had I been in another room, I should have sworn they had been speaking themselves. Upon the whole, I cannot terminate my account of this prince better than by asserting it as my opinion, from the knowledge I acquired by my observations of this night, that he has as much conversational talent, and far more learning, than Charles the Second, who knew no more, even of orthography, than Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*."

The severe disappointments, with their aggravating circumstances, that repeatedly had deprived Dr. Burney of the first post of nominal honour in his profession, which the whole musical world, not only of his own country, but of Europe, would have voted to be his due, were now, from his advanced stage in life, closing, without further struggle, into inevitable submission.

Yet his many friends, to whom this history was familiar, and who knew that the approbation of the king, from the earliest time that the Doctor had been made known to his majesty, had invariably been in his favour, could not acquiesce in this resignation; and suggested amongst themselves the propriety of presenting Dr. Burney to the king, as a fit object for the next vacancy that might occur, in the literary line, for a pension to a man of letters. And, upon the death of Mrs. Murphy, Mr. Crewe endeavoured to begin a canvass.

But an audience with the king, at that moment, from various illnesses and calamities, was so little attainable, that no application had been found feasible: weeks, months, again rolled away without the effort; and nothing certainly could be so unexpect-

ed, so utterly unlooked for, in the course of things, as that Dr. Burney, the most zealous adherent to government principles, and the most decided enemy to democratic doctrines, should finally receive all the remuneration he ever attained for his elaborate workings in that art, which, of all others, was the evoked favourite of his king, under the administration of the great chief of opposition, Charles Fox.*

So, however, it was; for when, in the year 1806, that renowned orator of liberty found himself suddenly, and, by the premature death of Mr. Pitt, almost unavoidably raised to the head of the state, Mrs. Crewe started a claim for Dr. Burney.

Mr. Windham was instant and animated in supporting it. Mr. Fox, with his accustomed grace, where he had a favour to bestow, gave it his ready countenance; the king's sign manual was granted with alacrity of approbation; and the faithful, invaluable LADY CREWE, while her own new honours were freshly ornamenting her brow, had the cordial happiness of announcing to her unsoliciting and no longer expecting old friend, his participation in the new turn of the tide.

It was Lord Grenville, however, who was the immediately apparent agent in this gift of the crown; though Charles Fox, there can be no doubt, had a real share of pleasure in propitiating such a reward to a friend and favourite of Lord and Lady Crewe; to settle whose long withheld title was amongst the first official acts of his friendship upon coming into power.

The pension accorded was £300 per annum, and the pleasure caused by this benevolent royal act amongst the innumerable friends of the man of four-score—for such, now, was Dr. Burney—was great almost to exultation. And, in truth, so little had his financial address kept pace with his mental abilities, that, previously to this grant, he had found it necessary, in relinquishing the practice of his profession, to relinquish his carriage.

* A mark of genuine liberality this in Mr. Fox, who, like Mr Burke, in the affairs of Chelsea College, clearly held that men of science and letters should, in all great states, be publicly encouraged, without wounding their feelings by shackling their opinions.

The health and spirits of Dr. Burney were now so good, that he seized an opportunity for writing in the same month, to his truly grateful daughter.

"12th October.

"My Dear Fanny,—Do you remember a letter of thanks which I received from Rousseau for a present of music which I sent him, with a printed copy of *The Cunning Man*, that I had Englishized from his *Divan du Village*? I thought myself the most fortunate of beings, in 1770, to have obtained an hour's conversation with him; for he was then more difficult of access than ever, especially to the English, being out of humour with the whole nation, from resentment of Horace Walpole's forged letter from the King of Prussia; and he had determined, he said, never to read or write again! Guy, the famous bookseller, was the only person he then admitted; and it was through the sagacious good offices of this truly eminent book-man, urged by my friends, Count d'Holbach, Diderot, &c., that the interview I so ardently aspired at was procured for me. Well, this letter from the great Jean Jacques, which I had not seen these twenty years, I have lately found in a cover from Lord Harcourt, to whom I had lent it, when his lordship was preparing a list of all Rousseau's works, for the benefit of his widow; which, however, he left to find another editor, when Madame Rousseau relinquished her celebrated name, to become the wife of some ordinary man. Lord Harcourt then returned my letter, and, upon a recent review of it, I was quite struck with the politeness and condescension with which Jean Jacques had accepted my little offering, at a time when he refused all assistance, nay, all courtesy, from the first persons both of England and France. I am now writing in bed, and have not the original to quote; but, as far as I can remember, he concludes his letter with the following flattering lines:

"The works, sir, which you have presented to me, will often call to my remembrance the pleasure I had in seeing and hearing you; and will augment my regret at my not being able sometimes to renew that pleasure. I entreat you, sir, to accept my humble salutations. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU."

"I give you this in English, not daring, by memory, to quote J. J. Rousseau. It was directed to M. Burney, in London; and, I believe, under cover to Lord Harcourt, who always was his open protector. But is it not extraordinary, my dear Fanny, that the most flattering letters I have received should be from Dr. Johnson and J. J. Rousseau? I can account for it in no other way than from my always treating them with openness and frankness, yet with that regard and reverence which their great literary powers inspired. Much as I loved and respected the good and great Dr. Johnson, I saw his prejudices and severity of character. Nor was I blind to Rousseau's eccentricities, principles, and paradoxes in all things but music; in which his taste and views, particularly in dramatic music, were admirable; and supported with more wit, reason, and refinement, than by any writer on the subject, in any language which I am able to read. But as I had no means to correct the prejudices of the one, nor the principles of the other of these extraordinary persons, was I to shun and detest the whole man because of his peccant parts? Ancient and modern poets and sages, philosophers and moralists, subscribe to the axiom, *humanum est errare*, and yet, every individual, whatever be his virtues, science, or talents, is treated, if his frailties are discovered, as if the characteristic of human nature were perfection, and the least diminution from it were unnatural and unpardonable! God bless you, my dear Fanny. Write soon, and long, I entreat."

In this same, to Dr. Burney, memorable year, 1806, he had the agreeable surprise of a first invitation from Mr. West, president of the Royal Academy, to the annual dinner given by its directors to the most munificent patrons, capital artists, distinguished judges, or eminent men of letters of the day, for the purpose of assembling them to a private view of the works prepared for forming the exhibition of the current year.

By that grand painter, and delightful man of letters, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Burney, from the time of their first happy intimacy, had regularly been included in the annual invitations; but Mr. West was unacquainted, personally, with the Doctor, and had, of course, his own set and friends to oblige.

What led to this late compliment, after a chasm of fourteen years, does not appear ; but the remembrance occurred at a moment of revived exertion, and the Doctor accepted it with exceeding satisfaction.

Towards the close of this year, 1807, Dr. Burney had an infliction which nearly robbed him of his long-tried, and hitherto almost invulnerable force of mind, for bearing the rude assaults of misfortune : this was a paralytic stroke, which, in casting his left hand into a state of torpor, threw his heart, head, and nerves into one of ceaseless agitation, from an unremitting expectance of abrupt dissolution.

His own account of this trying event, written in the following year, in answer to his daughter's alarm at his silence, will show the full and surprising return of his spirits and health upon his recovery :

“*To Madame D'Arblay.*

“Nov. 12th, 1808.

“My Dear Fanny,—The complaints made, in one of the two short notes which I have received, of letters never answered, Old Charles returns—as his account of family affairs he finds has never reached you. Indeed, for these last two or three years, I have had nothing *good* to say of *own self*; and I peremptorily charged all the rest of the family to say nothing *bad* on the subject of health : for I never understood the kindness of alarming distant friends with accounts of severe illness, —as we may be either recovered or dead before the information reaches them.

* * * * *

“I wrote you an account of my excursion to Bristol Hot-wells: but I had not been returned from Chelsea more than three days, before I had an alarming seizure in my left hand, which neither heat, friction, nor medicines could subdue. It felt perfectly asleep ; in a state of immovable torpor. My medical friends would not tell me what this obstinate numbness was ; but I discovered by their prescriptions, and advice as to regimen, that it was neither more nor less than a paralytic affection ; and, near Christmas, it was pronounced to be a Bath

case. On Christmas eve I set out for that city, extremely weak and dispirited: the roads terrible, and almost incessant torrents of rain all the way. I was five days on the journey; I took Fanny Phillips with me, and we had excellent apartments on the South Parade, which is always warm when any sun shines. I put myself under the care of Dr. Parry, who, having resided and practised physic at Bath more than forty years, must, *cæteris paribus*, know the virtues and vices of Bath waters better than the most renowned physicians in London. To give them fair play, I remained three months in this city; and I found my hand much more alive, and my general health very considerably amended. But, I caught so violent a fresh cold in my journey home, that it was called what the French style a *Fluxion de poitrine*, and I was immediately confined to my bed at Chelsea, and unable to eat, sleep, or speak. Strict starvation was then ordered; but softened off into fish and asparagus as soon as possible, by our wise and good Æsculapius, Sir Walter Farquhar: and now I am allowed poultry and game, under certain restrictions, and find myself tolerably well again. All this tedious account of *own self* should still have been suppressed, but that I feared it might reach you by some other means, and give you greater alarm. I determined, therefore, to tell you the truth, the whole truth, &c., with my own paw: being able, at the same time, to write you that, cough excepted, which returns with cold weather, I passed last summer more free from complaint than I have passed any for many preceding years. And now it is time to say something of your other kindred, whose names you languish, you say, to see.

* * * * *

"I have forgotten to mention, that, during my invalidity at Bath, I had an unexpected visit from your *ci-devant* Streatham friend, of whom I had lost sight for more than ten years. When her name was sent in, I was much surprised, but desired she might be asked to follow it: and I received her as an old friend with whom I had spent much time very happily, and never wished to quarrel. She still looks well, but is grave, and seems to be turned into candour itself: though she still

says good things, and writes admirable notes, and, I am told, letters. We shook hands very cordially, and avoided any allusion to our long separation and its cause. Her *caro sposo* still lives; but is such an object, from the gout, that the account of his sufferings made me pity him sincerely. He wished, she told me, to see his old friend; and, *un beau matin*, I could not refuse compliance with his wish. I found him in great pain, but very glad to see me. The old rancour, or ill-will, excited by our desire to impede the marriage, is totally worn away. Indeed, it never could have existed, but from *her* imprudence in betraying to him that proof of our friendship for *her*, which ought never to have been regarded as spleen against *him*, who, certainly, nobody could blame for accepting a gay rich widow. What could a man do better?"*

It is well worthy of notice, and greatly in favour of the Bath waters for paralytic affections, that Dr. Burney never had a return of his alarming seizure of the hand; and never, to the end of his life, which was yet prolonged several years, had any other paralytic attack.

It was during this residence at Bath that Dr. Burney made his last will; in which, after settling his various legacies, he left his two eldest daughters, Esther and Frances, his residuary legatees; and nominated his sons, Captain James Burney and Dr. Charles Burney, his executors.

DR. BURNEY'S MEMOIRS.

It was here, also, after a cessation of twenty-four years, that the Doctor recurred to his long dormant scheme of writing his own memoirs.

If, at the date of its design and commencement, in 1782, his plan had been put into execution, according to the nobly inde-

* At Bath, also, many years afterwards, an intercourse, both personal and epistolary, between Mrs. Piozzi and this memorialist, was renewed; and was gliding on to returning feelings of the early cordiality, that, gaily and delightfully, had been endearing to both—when calamitous circumstances caused a new separation, that soon afterwards became final by the death of Mrs. Piozzi.

pendent ideas, and widely liberal intention of its projection, few are the individual narratives of a private life in the last century, that could have exhibited a more expansive, informing, general, or philosophical view of society than those of Dr. Burney.

But, in 1807, though the uncommon powers of his fine mind were still unimpaired for conversation or enjoyment, his frame had received a blow, and his spirits a suspensive shock, that caused a marked diminution of his resources for composition.

His imagination, hitherto the most vivid, even amidst sorrow, calamity, nay care, nay sickness, nay age, was now no longer, as heretofore, rambling abroad and at will for support and renovation. A fixed object, as he expressed himself in various letters of that date, had seized, occupied, absorbed it. The alarm excited by a paralytic attack is far more baneful than its suffering ; for every rising dawn, and every darkening eve look tremblingly for its successor ; and the sword of Damocles, as he mournfully declared, seemed eternally waving over his head.

The spirit, therefore, of composition was now, though not lost, enervated ; and the whole force of his faculties was cast exclusively upon his memory, in the research of past incidents that might soothe his affections, or recreate his fancy ; but bereft of those exhilarating ideas, which, previously to this alarm, had given attraction to whatever had fallen from his pen.

Hence arose, in that vast compilation for which, from this time, he began collecting materials and reminiscences, a nerveless laxity of expression, a monotonous prolixity of detail, that, upon the maturest examination, decided this memorialist to abridge, to simplify, or to destroy so immense a mass of morbid leisure, and minute personality, with the fullest conviction, as has been stated, that it never would have seen the public light, had it been revised by its composer in his healthier days of chastening criticism ; so little does it resemble the flowing harmony, yet unaffected energy of his every production up to that diseased period.

Nor even can it be compared with any remaining penmanship, though of a much later date, written after his recovery; as appears by sundry letters, occasional essays, and biographical fragments, sketched from the time of that restoration to the very end of his existence.

And hence, consequently, or rather unavoidably, have arisen in their present state those abridged, or recollected, not copied memoirs; which, though on one hand largely curtailed from their massive original, are occasionally lengthened on the other, from confidential communications; joined to a whole life's recollections of the history, opinions, dispositions, and character of Dr. Burney.

* * * * *

A dire interval again, from political restrictions and prudential difficulties, took place between all communication, all correspondence of Dr. Burney with Paris. But in June, 1810, it was happily broken up, through the active kind offices of a liberal friend,* who found means by some returning prisoner, to get a letter conveyed to Chelsea College; and to procure thence the following indescribably welcomed answer:

June, 1810.

“My Dear Fanny,—I never was so surprised and delighted at the sight of your well-known autograph, as on the envelope of your last letter: but when I saw, after the melancholy account of your past sufferings, and of the more slight indisposition of your *caro sposo*, with what openness you spoke of your affairs; and, above all, that your dear Alexander was still with you, and had escaped the terrific *code de conscription*, it occasioned me an exultation which I cannot describe. And that *you* should be begging so hard of me for a line, a word, in my own handwriting, at the time that *I* was, in prudence, imploring all your living old correspondents and my friends, not to venture a letter to *you*, even by a private hand, lest it should accidentally miscarry, and, being observed, and misconstrued, as coming

* General Lafayette, who was then still living in his agricultural retirement, surrounded by a branching family, almost constituting a tribe; and, at that time, utterly a stranger to all politics or public life.

from this country, should injure M. d'Arblay in the eyes of zealous Frenchmen!—But the detail you have given me of the worthy and accomplished persons who honour you with their friendship; and of the lofty apartments you have procured, Rue d'Anjou, for the sake of more air, more room, more cleanliness, and more *bookeries*, diverts me much. With regard to my own health, I shall say nothing of past sufferings of various kinds since my last ample family letter; except that ‘Here I am,’ in spite of the old gentleman and his scythe. And the few people I am able see, ere the warm weather, tell me I look better, speak better, and walk better than I did ‘ever so long ago.’ God knows how handsome I shall be by-and-by!—but you will allow it behoves the fair ladies who make me a visit now and then, to take care of themselves!—That's all.

“People wonder, secluded as I am for ever from the world and its joys, how I can *cut a joke and be silly*; but when I have no serious sufferings, a book, or a pen, makes me forget all the world, and even myself; the best of all *oblivions*.”

Then follow sundry confidential family details.

How merely an amanuensis had been the editor of these memoirs, had all the personal manuscripts of Dr. Burney been written at this healthy, though so much later period of his existence; instead of having fallen under his melancholy pen, to while away nerveless languor when paralysis, through the vision of his imagination, appeared to be unremittingly suspended over his head! the last given pages of his letters to Paris, though composed from his 80th to his 85th year, are all run off in the flowing and lively style of his early penmanship.

But disastrous indeed to Dr. Burney was an after event, of the year 1810, that is now to be recorded; grievously, essentially, permanently disastrous. Misfortune, with all her fevering arrows of hoarded ills, retained no longer the materials that could so deeply empoison another dart, for striking at the root of what life could yet accord him of elegant enjoyment. Lady Crewe alone remained, apart from his family, whose personal loss could more afflictively have wounded him, than that which he now experienced by the death of the Duke of Portland.

Fatal to all future zest for worldly exertion in Dr. Burney, proved this blow ; from which, though he survived it some years, he never mentally recovered ; so deeply had he felt and reciprocated the extraordinary partiality conceived for him by his grace.

It was the duke alone who, for a long time previously, had been able to prevail with him to come forth from his already begun seclusion, to be domiciliated at Bulstrode Park ; where he could animate with society, recreate in rural scenery, or meditate in solitude without difficulty or preparation ; that superb country villa being as essentially, and at will, his own, as his apartments at Chelsea College.

A loss such as this, was in all ways irreparable.

The last sentence which he wrote upon the duke, in his Journal, is mournfully impressive :

"My loss by the decease of my most affectionate and liberal friend and patron, the Duke of Portland, and my grief for his dreadful sufferings, will lower my spirits to the last hour of sensibility ! The loss to my heart is indescribable !"

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

Yet, in the midst of this total and voluntary retreat from public life, a new honour, as little expected by Dr. Burney as, from concomitant circumstances, it was little wished, sought, in 1810, to encircle his brow.

M. le Breton, *Secrétaire perpétuel de la Classe des Beaux Arts de l'Institut National de France*, had, some years previously, put up the name of Dr. Burney as a candidate to be elected an honorary foreign member of the institute : but the interrupted intercourse between the two countries caused a considerable time to elapse, before it was known whether this compliment was accepted or declined.

These preliminary measures, with all that belonged to the honour of the offer, passed in the year 1806 ; but it was not till the year 1810 that Dr. Burney received the official notification of his election ; which he has thus briefly marked in his last volume of Journal :

"Nov. 23, 1810.

"Received from the National Institute at Paris, with a letter from Madame Greenwood Solvyns, my diploma, or patent, as a member of the Institute, *Classe des Beaux Arts.*"

And three weeks afterwards :

"Jan. 14, 1811.

"I received a packet from M. Le Breton, &c., addressed,

"*A Monsieur le Docteur Burney.*

'Correspondant de l'Institut de France.'

"This packet found its way to my apartment at Chelsea College, by means of Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy. Its contents were—

"Notices historiques sur la vie et les ouvrages de M. Pajon. Par M. Joachim le Breton. Du. 6. Otto. 1810.

"Notices historiques sur la vie et les ouvrages de Jos. Haydn. Par le même."

This memoir *sur la vie* de Haydn, sent by M. le Breton, drew from the Doctor, nearly at the close of his own annals, the following paragraph upon that great musician, who, for equal excellence in science and invention, he held to be at the head of all his compeers :

"HAYDN, 1810.

"It has been well observed, by Haydn's excellent biographer, at Paris, M. le Breton, that the public every where, by whom his works were so enthusiastically admired, took more care of his fame than of his fortune. He, however, himself, always modest, upright, and prudent, supposed it possible that he might survive his talents; and wished, by rigid economy and self-denial, to accumulate a sufficiently independent income for old age and infirmities, when he might no longer be able to entertain the public with new productions. This humble

and most rational wish he was unable, in his own country, from the smallness of remuneration, to accomplish.

"I began an intimate intercourse with him immediately on his arrival in England; and was as much pleased with his mild, unassuming, yet cheerful conversation and countenance, as with his stupendous musical merit. And I procured him more subscribers to that sublime effort of genius—the Creation, than all his other friends, whether at home or abroad, put together."

NAPOLEON.

On the opening of April, 1812, ten years of hard borne absence were completed between Dr. Burney and his second daughter; after a parting which, in idea, and by agreement, had foreseen but a twelvemonth's separation. Previously dejecting in that long epoch, had been, at times, the breach of intercourse: not alone they never met; that, in a season of war, however afflicting, was but the ordinary result of hostile policy; not alone the foreign post-office was closed, and all regular and authentic communication was annihilated; that, again, was but the common lot of belligerent nations while under arms, and was sustained, therefore, with that fortitude which all, save fools and madmen, must, sooner or later, perforce acquire, the fortitude of necessity.

But these prohibitions, however severe upon every national or kindred feeling that binds the affections and the interests of man to man, were inefficient to baffle the portentous vengeance of Napoleon, who suddenly, in one of his explosions of rage against Great Britain, issued a decree that not a letter, a note, an address, or any written document whatsoever, should pass from France to England, or arrive from England to France, under pain of death.

It was then that this dire position became nearly insupportable; for, by this fierce stroke of fiery despotism, all mitigation of private anodyne to public calamity was hopelessly destroyed; all the softening palliatives of billets, or memorandums, trusted to incidental opportunities, which hitherto had glided through these formidable obstacles, and found their way

to the continental captive with a solace utterly indescribable, were now denied : the obscure anxiety of total ignorance of the proceedings, nay, even of the life or death, of those ties by which life and death hold their first charm, was without alloy ; and hope had not a resting place !

The paroxysm of hatred or revenge which urged Napoleon to this harsh rigidity, passed, indeed, after a while, it may be presumed, away, like most other of his unbridled manifestations of unbounded authority ; since its effect, after a certain time, seemed over ; and things appeared to go on as they had done before that tremendous decree. But that decree was never annulled ! what, then, was the security that its penalty might not be exacted from the first object, who, in disobeying it, should incur his suspicion or ill-will ? or of whom, for whatever cause, he might wish to get rid ?

Dr. Burney, on this subject, entertained apprehensions so affrighting, that he entirely abstained from writing himself to France ; and charged all his family and friends to practise the same forbearance. The example was followed, if not set, by his nearly exiled daughter ; and, at one sad time, no intelligence whatever traversed the forbidden route ; and two whole, dread, endless years lingered on, in the darkest mystery, whether or not she had still the blessing of a remaining parent.

This was a doubt too cruel to support, where to endure it was not inevitable ; though hard was the condition by which alone it could be obviated ; namely, submission to another bosom laceration ! But all seemed preferable to relinquishing one final effort for obtaining at least one final benediction.

Her noble-minded partner, who participated in all her filial aspirations, but to whom quitting France was utterly impossible, consented to her spending a few months in her native land : and when the rumour of a war with Russia gave hope of the absence of Napoleon from Paris, worked assiduously himself at procuring her a passport ; for, while the emperor inhabited the capital, the police discipline was so impenetrable, that a madman alone could have planned eluding its vigilance.

When, however, it was ascertained that the Czar of all the Russias disclaimed making any concessions : that Napoleon had left Dresden to take the field ; and that his yet unconquer-

able and matchless army, in actual sight of the enemy, was bordering the frontiers of all European Russia ; whence two letters, written at that breathless crisis, reached M. d'Arblay himself, from an aide-de-camp, and from the first surgeon of Napoleon ; the singular moment was energetically seized by the most generous of husbands and fathers ; his applications, from fresh courage, became more vigorous ; the impediments, from an involuntary relaxation of municipal rigidity, grew more feeble ; and, liberally seconded by the most zealous, disinterested, and feeling of friends, he finally obtained a passport not only for his wife, but, though through difficulties that had seemed insurmountable, for his son ; for whom, during the imperial presence in the French metropolis, even to have solicited one, notwithstanding he was yet much too young to be amenable to the conscription, would have produced incarceration.

* * * * *

THE RETURN.

A reluctant, however eagerly sought, parting then abruptly took place in the faubourg, or suburbs of Paris ; and, after various other, but minor difficulties, and a detention of six weeks at Dunkirk, the mother and the son reached the long lost land of their desires.

It was at Deal they were disembarked, where their American vessel, the Marianne, was immediately captured, though they, as English, were of course set at liberty ; and, to their first ecstasy in touching British ground, they had the added delight of being almost instantly recognized by the lady of the commander of the port ; and the honour of taking their first British repast at the hospitable table of the commander himself.

After a separation so bordering upon banishment, from a parent so loved and so aged, some preparation seemed requisite, previous to a meeting, to avoid risking a surprise that might mar all its happiness. At Deal, therefore, and under this delectable protection, they remained three or four days, to give time for the passage of letters to Dr. Burney ; first, to let him know their hopes of revisiting England, of which they had had no

power to give him any intimation; and next, to announce their approach to his honoured presence.

Fully, therefore, they were expected, when, on the evening of the 20th of August, 1812, they alighted at the apartment of Dr. Burney, at Chelsea College, which they had quitted in the beginning of April, 1802.

The joy of this memorialist at the arrival of this long sighed-for moment, was almost disordered; she knew none of the servants, though they were the same that she had left; she could not recollect whether the apartment to which she was hurrying was on the ground floor or the attic, the Doctor having inhabited both; her head was confused; her feelings were intense; her heart almost swelled from her bosom.

And so well was her kind parent aware of the throbbing sensations with which an instant yearned for so eagerly, and despaired of so frequently, would fill her whole being—would take possession of all its faculties, that he almost feared the excess of her emotion; and, while repeatedly, in the course of the day, he exclaimed, in the hearing of his housekeeper: “Shall I live to see her honest face again?” he had the precaution, kindly, almost comically, to give orders to his immediate attendants, Rebecca and George, to move all the chairs and tables close to the wall; and to see that nothing whatsoever should remain between the door and his sofa, which stood at the farther end of a large room, that could interfere with her rapid approach.

And, indeed, the extatic delight with which she sprang to his arms, was utterly indescribable. It was a rush that nothing could have checked; a joy quite speechless—an emotion almost overwhelming!

But, alas! the joy quickly abated, though the emotion long remained!—remained when bereft of its gay transport, to be worked upon only by grief.

The total dearth of familiar intercourse between Paris and London, had kept all detailed family accounts so completely out of view, that she returned to her parental home without the smallest suspicion of the melancholy change she was to witness; and though she did not, and could not expect, that ten years should have passed by unmarked in his physiognomy—still there is nothing we so little paint to ourselves at a distance, as the phe-

nomenon of the living metamorphoses that we are destined to exhibit, one to another, upon re-unions after long absences. When, therefore, she became calm enough to look at the honoured figure before which she stood, what a revulsion was produced in her mind!

She had left him, cheerful and cheering; communicating knowledge, imparting ideas; the delight of every house that he entered.

She had left him, with his elegantly formed person still unbroken by his years; his face still susceptible of manifesting the varying associations of his vivid character; his motions alert; his voice clear and pleasing; his spirits, when called forth by social enjoyment, gay, animating, and inspiring animation.

She found him—alas! how altered! in looks, strength, complexion, voice, and spirits!

But that which was most affecting was the change in his carriage and person: his revered head was not merely by age and weakness bowed down; it was completely bent, and hung helplessly upon his breast; his voice, though still distinct, sunk almost to a whisper: his feeble frame reclined upon a sofa; his air and look forlorn; and his whole appearance manifesting a species of self-desertion.

His eyes, indeed, still kept a considerable portion of their native spirit; they were large, and, from his thinness, looked more prominent than ever; and they exhibited a strong, nay, eloquent power of expression, which still could graduate from pathos to gaiety; and from investigating intelligence to playful archness; with energies truly wonderful, because beyond, rather than within, their original force; though every other feature marked the wither of decay! but, at this moment, from conscious alteration, their disturbed look depicted only dejection or inquiry; dejection, that mournfully said: “How am I changed since we parted!” or inquiry, anxiously demanding: “Do you not perceive it?”

This melancholy, though mute interrogatory with which his “asking eye explored her secret thoughts,” quickly impelled her to stifle her dismay under an apparent disorder of general perturbation; and, when his apprehension of the shock which

he might cause, and the shock which the sight of its impression might bring back to him, was abated, a gentle smile began to find its way through the earnestness of his brow, and to restore to him his serene air of native benignity : while, on her part, the more severely she perceived his change, the more grateful she felt to the providence that had propitiated her return, ere that change,—still changed on!—should have become, to her, invisible.

In consequence of her letters from Deal, he had prepared for her and his grandson, whose sight he most kindly hailed, apartments near his own : and he had charged all his family to abstain from breaking in upon this their first interview.

The turbulence of this trying scene once past, the rest of the evening glided on so smoothly, yet so rapidly, that when the closing night forced their reluctant separation, they almost felt as if they had but recognized one another in a dream.

The next morning, the next, and the next, as soon as he could be visible, they met again ; and for some short and happy, though, from another absence, most anxious weeks, she delightedly devoted to him every moment he could accept.

The obscurity of the brief and ambiguous letters that rarely and irregularly had passed between them, had left subjects for discussion so innumerable, and so entangled, that they almost seemed to demand a new life for reciprocating.

Endless, indeed, were the histories they had to unfold ; the projects to announce or develope ; the domestic tales to hear and to relate ; and the tombs of departed friends to mourn over.

THE BURNEY FAMILY.

It was as singular as it was fortunate, that, in this long space of ten years, the Doctor had lost, in England, but one part of his family, Mrs. Rebecca Burney, an ancient and very amiable sister. In India he was less happy, for there died, in the prime of life, Richard Thomas, his only son by his second marriage ; who left a large and prosperous family.

His eldest son, Captain James Burney, who had twice circumnavigated the globe with Captain Cooke, and who had always been marked for depth of knowledge in his profession

as a naval officer, had now distinguished himself also as a writer upon naval subjects ; and, after various slighter works, had recently completed an elaborate, scientific, yet entertaining and well-written, General History of Voyages to the South Sea, in five volumes quarto.

His second son, Dr. Charles, had sustained more than unimpaired the high character in Greek erudition which he had acquired early in life, and in which he was generally held, after Porson and Parr, to be the third scholar in the kingdom. The fourth, who now, therefore, is probably the first, was esteemed by Dr. Charles to be Dr. Blomfield, the present Bishop of London. Dr. Charles still toiled on in the same walk with unwearyed perseverance ; and was, at that time, engaged in collating a newly found manuscript Greek Testament ; by the express request of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Manners Sutton.

His daughters, Esther and Charlotte, were well and lively ; and each was surrounded by a sprightly and amiable progeny.

His youngest daughter, by his second marriage, Sarah Harriet, had produced, and was still producing, some works in the novel path of literature that the Doctor had the satisfaction of hearing praised, and of knowing to be well received and favoured in the best society.

And the whole of his generation in all its branches, children, grand-children, and great grand-children, all studied, with profound affection, to cherish the much-loved trunk whence they sprang ; and to which they, and all their successors, must ever look up as to the honoured chief of their race.

THE DOCTOR'S WAY OF LIFE.

His general health was still tolerably good, save from occasional or local sufferings ; of which, however, he never spoke ; bearing them with such silent fortitude, that even the memorialist only knew of them through a correspondence which fell to her examination, that he had held with a medical friend, Mr. Rumsey.

The height of his apartments, which were but just beneath the attic of the tall and noble Chelsea College, had been an evil

when he grew into years, from the fatigue of mounting and descending; but from the time of his dejected resolve to go forth no more, that height became a blessing, from the greater purity of the air that he inhaled, and the wider prospect that, from some of his windows, he surveyed.

To his bedchamber, however, which he chiefly inhabited, this good did not extend; its principal window faced the burying-ground in which the remains of the second Mrs. Burney were interred; and that melancholy sight was the first that every morning met his eyes. And, however his strength of mind might ward off its depressing effect, while still he went abroad, and mingled with the world; from the time that it became his sole prospect, that no change of scene created a change of ideas, must inevitably, however silently, have given a gloom to his mind, from that of his position.

Not dense, perhaps, was that gloom to those who seldom lost sight of him; but doubly, trebly was it afflicting to her who, without any graduating interval, abruptly beheld it, in place of a sunshine that had, erst, been the most radiant.

From the fatal period of the loss of the Duke of Portland, and of the delicious retreat of the appropriated villa residence of Bulstrode Park, the Doctor had become inflexible to every invitation for quitting his own dwelling. The surprise of the shock he had then sustained from his disappointment in out-living a friend and patron so dear to him, and so much younger than himself, had cast him into so forlorn a turn of meditation, that even with the most intimate of his former associates, all spontaneous intercourse was nearly cut off; he never, indeed, refused their solicitations for admission, but rare was the unbidden approach that was hailed with cheering smiles! Solitary reading, and lonely contemplation, were all that, by custom, absorbed the current day: except in moments of renovated animation from the presence of some one of influence over his feelings; or upon the arrival of national good tidings; or upon the starting of any political theme that was flatteringly soothing to his own political principles and creed.

In books, however, he had still the great happiness of retaining a strong portion of his original pleasure: and the table that was placed before his sofa was commonly covered with chosen

authors from his excellent library; though latterly, when deep attention fatigued his nerves, he interspersed his classical collection by works lighter of entertainment, and quicker of comprehension, from the circulating libraries.

THE DOCTOR'S WRITINGS.

With regard to his writings, he had now, for many years, ceased furnishing any articles for the *Monthly Review*, having broken up his critic-intercourse with Mr. Griffith, that he might devote himself exclusively to the *Cyclopaedia*.

But for the *Cyclopaedia*, also, about the year 1805, he had closed his labours: labours which must ever remain memorials of the clearness, fulness, and spirit of his faculties up to the seventy-eighth year of his age; for more profound knowledge of his subject, or a more natural flow of pleasing language, or more lively elucidations of his theme, appear not in any of even his most favoured productions.

The list, numbered alphabetically, that he drew up of his plan for this work, might almost have staggered the courage of a man of twenty-five years of age for its completion; but fifty years older than that was Dr. Burney when it was formed! There is not a book upon music, which it was possible he could consult, that he has not ransacked; nor a subject, that could afford information for the work, that he has not fathomed. And so excellent are his articles, both in manner and matter, that, to equal him upon the subjects he has selected, another writer must await a future period; when new musical genius, composition, and combinations in the powers of harmony, and the varieties of melody, by creating new tastes, may kindle sensations that may call for a new historian.

Less pleasing, or rather, extremely painful, is what remains to relate of the last efforts of his genius, and last, and perhaps most cherished of his literary exercises, namely, his Poem on *Astronomy*; which the memorialist had now the chagrin, almost the consternation, to learn had been renounced, nay, committed to the flames!

What new view, either of the occupation, or its execution,

had determined its total relinquishment, was never to its instigator revealed ; the solemn look with which he announced that *it was over*, had an expression that she had not courage to explore.

Enough, however, remains of the original work, scattered amongst his manuscripts, to show his project to have been skilfully conceived, while its plan of execution was modestly and sensibly circumscribed to his bounded knowledge of the subject. And its idea, with its general sketch, drawn up at so advanced a period of life—verging upon eighty—that had been spent in another and absorbent study, must needs remain a monument of wonder for the general herd of mankind ; and a stimulus to courage and enterprize for the gifted few, with whom longevity is united with genius.

From the time of this happy return, the memorialist passed at Chelsea College every moment that she could tear from personal calls that, most unopportunely, yet imperiously, then demanded her attention.

Shut up, nevertheless, as the Doctor was now from the general world and its commerce, the seclusion of his person was by no means attended with any seclusion of kindness ; or any exemption from what he deemed a parental devoir.

When, on the 12th day of the following year, 1813, his returned daughter, though her first enjoyment was her restoration to his society, excused herself from accompanying her son to the college ; and the Doctor gathered that that day, the 6th of January, and the anniversary of the lamented loss of their mutual darling, Susanna, had been yearly devoted, since that privation, to meditative commemoration ; he sent his confidential house-keeper to the memorialist's apartment with the following lines :

“ Few individuals have lost more valuable friends than myself,—Twining, Crisp, poor Bewley, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds.—If I were to keep an anniversary for all these severally, I should not have time allowed me for diminishing the first excess of my affliction for each.”

It may, perhaps, be superfluous, and yet seems unavoidable to mention, that again, as after the death of Mr. Crisp, she hastened to him with her grateful acknowledgments for this exhort-

tation ; and that she has ever since refused herself that stated sad indulgence.

Nothing new, either of event or incident, occurred thenceforward that can be offered to the public reader ; though not a day passed that teemed not with circumstance or discourse, of tender import, or bosom interest, to the family of the Doctor, and to his still surviving and admitted friends.

That Dr. Burney would have approved the destruction, or suppression of the voluminous records begun under his sickly paralytic depression, and kept in hand for occasional additions to the last years of his life, his biographer has the happy conviction upon her mind, from the following paragraph, left loose amongst his manuscript hoards.

It is without date, but was evidently written after some late perusal of the materials which he had amassed for his memoirs ; and which, from their opposing extremes of amplitude and deficiency, had probably, upon this accidental examination, struck his returning judgment with a consciousness, that he had rather disburthened his memory for his own ease and pastime, than prepared or selected matter from his stores for public interest.

The following is the paragraph :

“ These records of the numerous invitations with which I have been honoured, entered, at the time, into my pocket-books, which served as ledgers, must be very dry and uninteresting, without relating the conversations, *bon mots*, or characteristic stories, told by individuals, who struck fire out of each other, producing mirth and good humour : but when these *entries* were made, I had not leisure for details—and now—memory cannot recall them !”

What next—and last—follows, is copied from the final page of Dr. Burney’s manuscript journal : and closes all there is to offer of his written composition.

Sir Joshua Reynolds desired that the last name he should pronounce in public should be that of Michael Angelo : and Dr. Burney seems to purpose that the last name he should transmit—if so allowed—through his annals, to posterity, should be that of Haydn.

“ Finding a blank leaf at the end of my journal, it may be used in the way of postscriptum, in speaking of the prelude, or

opening of Haydn's Creation, to observe, that though the generality of the subscribers were unable to disentangle the studied confusion in delineating chaos, yet, when dissonance was tuned, when order was established, and God said,

'Let there be light!—and there was light!'
'*Que la lumière soit!—et la lumière fut!*'

the composer's meaning was felt by the whole audience, who instantly broke in upon the performers with rapturous applause before the musical period was closed."

1814.

Little or no change was perceptible in the health of Dr. Burney, save some small diminution of strength, at the beginning of this memorable year; which brought to a crisis a state of things, that, by analogy, might challenge a belief for the most improbable legends of other times; a state of things in which history seemed to make a mockery of fiction, by giving events to the world, and assorting destinies to mankind, that imagination would have feared to create, and that good taste would have resisted, as a mass of wonders fit only for the wand of the magician, when waved in the fancied precincts of chivalrous old romance—all brought to bear by the unimaginable manœuvre of the starting of an unknown individual from Corsica to Paris; who, in the course of a few years, without any native influence, or interest, or means whatsoever, *but of his own devising*, made kings over foreign dominions of three of his brothers; a queen of one of his sisters; a cardinal of an uncle; took a daughter of the Cæsars for his wife; proclaimed his infant son King of Rome; and ordered the Pope to Paris, to consecrate and crown him an Emperor!*

An epoch such as this, unparalleled, perhaps, in hope, dread, danger, and sharp vicissitude, could even still call forth the energies of Dr. Burney through his love of his country; his enthusiasm for those who served it; the warmth of his patriotism

* The editor resided at Paris, during the astonishing period of all these events.

for its friends, and the fire of his antipathy for its foes, could still animate him into spirited discourse ; bring back the tint of life into his pallid cheek ; dart into his eyes a gleam of almost lustrous intelligence ; and chase the nervous hoarseness from his voice, to restore it to the native clearness of his younger days.

* * * * *

The apprehension of a long death-bed agony had frequently disturbed the peace of Dr. Burney ; but that, at least, he was spared. It was only three days previous to his final dissolution, that any fears were excited of a fast approaching end.

To avoid going over again the same melancholy ground, since nothing fresh recurs to give any advantage to a new statement, the memorialist will venture to finish this narration, by copying the account of the closing scene which she drew up for General d'Arblay, who was then in Paris ; omitting, of course, all extraneous circumstances.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

“To Gen. d'Arblay.

* * * * *

“Not a week before the last fatal seizure, my dear father had cheerfully said to me : ‘I have gone through so rough a winter, and such severity of bodily pain ; and I have held up against such intensity of cold, that I think now I can stand anything !’

“Joyfully I had joined in this belief, which enabled me—most acutely to my since regret !—to occupy myself in the business I have mentioned to you ; which detained me three or four days from the college. But I bore the unusual separation the less unwillingly, as public affairs were just then taking that happy turn in favour of England and her allies, that I could not but hope would once more, at least for a while, reanimate his elastic spirits to almost their pristine vivacity.

“When I was nearly at liberty, I sent Alexander to the college, to pay his duty to his grandfather ; with a promise that I would pay mine before night, to participate in his joy at the auspicious news from the continent.

“ I was surprised by the early return of my messenger ; his air of pensive absorption, and the disturbance, or rather taciturnity with which he heard my interrogatories. Too soon, however, I gathered that his grandfather had passed an alarming night ; that both my brothers had been sent for, and that Dr. Mosely had been summoned.

“ I need not, I am sure, tell you that I was in the sick-room the next instant.

“ I found the beloved invalid seated, in his customary manner, on his sofa. My sister Sarah was with him, and his two faithful and favourite attendants, George and Rebecca. In the same customary manner, also, a small table before him was covered with books. But he was not reading. His revered head, as usual, hung upon his breast—and I, as usual, knelt before him, to catch a view of his face, while I inquired after his health.

“ But alas!—no longer as usual was my reception ! He made no sort of answer ; his look was fixed ; his posture immovable ; and not a muscle of his face gave any indication that I was either heard or perceived !

“ Struck with awe, I had not courage to press for his notice, and hurried into the next room not to startle him with my alarm.

“ But when I was informed that he had changed his so fearfully fixed posture, I hastened back ; reviving to the happy hope that again I might experience the balm of his benediction.

“ He was now standing, and unusually upright ; and, apparently, with unusual muscular firmness. I was advancing to embrace him, but his air spoke a rooted concentration of solemn ideas that repelled intrusion.

“ Whether or not he recognized, or distinguished me, I know not ! I had no command of voice to attempt any inquiry, and would not risk betraying my emotion at this great change since my last and happier admittance to his presence.

“ His eyes were intently bent on a window that faced the college burial-ground, where reposed the ashes of my mother-in-law, and where, he had more than once said, would repose his own.

“ He bestowed at least five or six minutes on this absorbed

and melancholy contemplation of the upper regions of that sacred spot, that so soon were to enclose for ever his mortal clay.

“No one presumed to interrupt his reverie.

“He next opened his arms wide, extending them with a waving motion, that seemed indicative of an internally pronounced farewell ! to all he looked at ; and shortly afterwards, he uttered to himself, distinctly, though in a low, but deeply-impressive voice, ‘All this will soon pass away as a dream !’*

“This extension of his arms offered to his attendants an opportunity, which they immediately seized, of taking off his wrapping-gown.

“He made no resistance : I again retreated ; and he was put to bed. My sister Sarah watched, with his housekeeper, by his side all night ; and, at an early hour in the morning, I took her place.

“My other sisters were also summoned ; and my brothers came continually. But he spoke to no one ! and seldom opened his eyes : yet his looks, though altered, invariably manifested his possession of his faculties and senses. Deep seemed his ruminations ; deep and religious, though silent and concentrated.

“I would fain have passed this night in the sick-room ; but my dear father, perceiving my design, and remembering, probably, how recently I was recovered from a dangerous malady, strenuously, though by look and gesture, not words, opposed what he thought, too kindly, might be an exertion beyond my strength. Grieved and reluctant was my retreat ; but this was no epoch for expostulation, nor even for entreaty.

“The next morning I found him so palpably weaker, and more emaciated, that, secretly, I resolved I would quit him no more.

“What a moment was this for so great an affliction ! a moment almost throbbing with the promise of that re-union which he has sighed for, almost—*mon ami*, as I have sighed for it myself ! This very day, the 11th of April, opened by public an-

* The dream of human existence, from which death would awaken him to immortal life !

nouncement, that a general illumination would take place in the evening, to blazon the glorious victory of England and her allies, in wresting the dominion of the whole of Europe—save our own invulnerable island, from the grasp and the power of the Emperor Napoleon !

“ This great catastrophe, which filled my mind, as *you* can well conceive ! with the most buoyant emotion ; and which, at any less inauspicious period, would have enchanted me almost to rapture in being the first to reveal it to my ardent and patriotic father, whose love of his country was nearly his predominant feeling, hung now tremblingly, gasping on my lips—but there was icicled, and could not pass them !—for where now was the vivacious eagerness that would have caught the tale ? where the enraptured intelligence that would have developed its circumstances ! where the extatic enthusiasm that would have hailed it with songs of triumph ?

“ The whole day was spent in monotonous watchfulness and humble prayers. At night he grew worse—how grievous was that night ; I could offer him no comfort ; I durst not even make known my stay. The long habits of obedience of olden times robbed me of any courage for trying so dangerous an experiment as acting contrary to orders. I remained but to share, or to spare, some fatigue to others ; and personally to watch and pray by his honoured side.

“ Yet sometimes, when the brilliancy of mounting rockets and distant fire-works caught my eyes, to perceive, from the window, the whole apparent sky illuminated to commemorate our splendid success, *you* will easily imagine what opposing sensations of joy and sorrow struggled for ascendancy ! While all I beheld WITHOUT shone thus resfulgent with the promise of peace, prosperity, and—your return !—I could only contemplate all WITHIN to mourn over the wreck of lost filial happiness ! the extinction of all the earliest sweet incitements to pleasure, hope, tenderness, and reverence, in the fast approaching dissolution of the most revered of parents !

“ When I was liberated by day-light from the fear of being recognized, I earnestly coveted the cordial of some notice ; and fixed myself by the side of his bed, where most frequently I could press his paternal hand, or fasten upon it my lips.

"I languished, also, to bring you, *mon ami*, back to his remembrance. It is not, it cannot—I humbly trust! be impious to covet the last breathings, the gentle sympathies of those who are most dear to our hearts, when they are visibly preceding us to the regions of eternity! We are no where bidden to concentrate our feelings and our aspirations in ourselves! to forget, or to beg to be forgotten by our friends. Even our Redeemer in quitting mortal life, pityingly takes worldly care of his worldly mother: and, consigning her to his favourite disciple, says: 'Woman, behold thy son!'

"Intensely, therefore, I watched to catch a moment for addressing him: and, at last, it came, for at last, I had the joy to feel his loved hand return a pressure from mine. I ventured then, in a low, but distinct whisper, to utter a brief account of the recent events; thankfully adding, when I saw by his countenance and the air of his head, that his attention was undoubtedly engaged, that they would bring over again to England his long-lost son-in-law.

"At these words, he turned towards me, with a quickness, and a look of vivacious and kind surprise, such as, with closed eyes, I should have thought it impossible to have been expressed, had I not been its grateful witness.

"My delight at such a mark of sensibility at the sound of your name, succeeding to so many hours, or rather days, of taciturn immovability, gave me courage to continue my recital, which I could perceive more and more palpably make the most vivid impression. But when I entered into the marvellous details of the Wellington victories, by which the immortal contest had been brought to its crisis; and told him that Bonaparte was dethroned, was in captivity, and was a personal prisoner on board an English man-of-war; a raised motion of his under lip displayed incredulity; and he turned away his head with an air that showed him persuaded that I was the simple and sanguine dupe of some delusive exaggeration. I did not dare risk the excitement of convincing him of his mistake!

"And nothing more of converse passed between us then—or, alas!—ever!—Though still I have the consolation to know that he frequently, and with tender kindness, felt my lips upon

his hand, from soft undulation that, from time to time, acknowledged their pressure.

“But alas! I have nothing—nothing more that is personal to relate.

“The direction of all spiritual matters fell, of course, as I have mentioned, to my brother, Dr. Charles.

“From about three o’clock in the afternoon he seemed to become quite easy; and his looks were perfectly tranquil; but, as the evening advanced, this quietness subsided into sleep—a sleep so composed that, by tacit consent, every one was silent and motionless, from the fear of giving him disturbance.

“An awful stillness thence pervaded the apartment, and so soft became his breathing, that I dropped my head by the side of his pillow, to be sure that he breathed at all! There, anxiously, I remained, and such was my position, when his faithful man-servant, George, after watchfully looking at him from the foot of his bed, suddenly burst into an audible sob, crying out, “My master!—my dear master!”

“I started and rose, making agitated signs for forbearance, lest the precious rest, from which I still hoped he might awake recruited, should prematurely be broken.

“The poor young man hid his face, and all again was still.

“For a moment, however, only; an alarm from his outery had been raised, and the servants, full of sorrow, hurried into the chamber, which none of the family, that could assemble, ever quitted, and a general lamentation broke forth.

“Yet could I not believe that all had ceased thus suddenly, without a movement—without even a sigh! and, conjuring that no one would speak or interfere, I solemnly and steadily persisted in passing a full hour or more, in listening to catch again a breath I could so reluctantly lose: but all of life—of earthly life, was gone for ever!—And here, *mon ami*, I drop the curtain!—”

On the 20th of the month of April, 1814, the solemn final marks of religious respect were paid to the remains of Doctor BURNEY; which were then committed to the spot on which his eye had last been fixed, in the burying-ground of Chelsea College, immediately next to the ashes of his second wife. The funeral, according to his own direction, was plain and simple.

His sons, Captain James Burney, and Doctor Charles Burney, walked as chief mourners; and every male part of his family, that illness or distance did not impede from attendance, reverentially accompanied the procession to the grave: while foremost among the pall-bearers walked that distinguished lover of merit, the Hon. Frederick North, since Earl of Guilford; and Mr. Salomon, the first professional votary of the Doctor's art then within call.

A tablet was soon afterwards erected to his memory, in Westminster Abbey, by a part of his family; the inscription for which was drawn up by his present inadequate, but faithful biographer.

When a narratory account is concluded, to delineate the character of him whom it has brought to view, with its FAILINGS as well as its EXCELLENCES, is the proper, and therefore the common task for the finishing pencil of the biographer. Impartiality demands this contrast; and the mind will not accompany a narrative of real life of which truth, frank and unequivocal, is not the dictator.

And here, to give that contrast, truth is not wanting, but, strange to say, vice and frailty! The editor, however, trusts that she shall find pardon from all lovers of veracity, if she seek not to bestow piquancy upon her portrait through artificial light and shade.

The events and circumstances, with their commentary, that are here presented to the reader, are conscientiously derived from sources of indisputable authenticity; aided by a well-stored memory of the minutest points of the character, conduct, disposition, and opinions of Dr. Burney. And in the picture, which is here endeavoured to be portrayed, the virtues are so simple, that they cannot excite disgust from their exaggeration; though no conflicting qualities give relief to their panegyric.

But with regard to the monumental lines, unmixed praise, there, is universally practised, and calls for no apology. Its object is withdrawn, alike from friends and from foes, from partiality and from envy; and mankind at large, through all nations and at all times, seems instinctively agreed, that the

funeral record of departed virtue is most stimulating to posterity when unencumbered by the levelling weight of human defects. Not from any belief so impossible as that he who had been mortal could have been perfect; but from the consciousness that no accusation can darken the marble of death, ere he whom it consigns to the tomb, is not already condemned—or acquitted.

The biographer, therefore, ventures to close these memoirs with the following sepulchral character:

Sacred to the memory of CHARLES BURNEY, Mus. D. who, full of days, and full of virtues; the pride of his family; the delight of society; the unrivalled chief and scientific HISTORIAN of his tuneful art, beloved, revered, regretted, in his 87th year, April 12th, 1814, breathed, in Chelsea College, his last sigh: leaving to posterity a fame unblemished, built on the noble fabric of self-acquired accomplishments, high principles, and pure benevolence; goodness with talents, gaiety with taste, were of his gifted mind the blended attributes: while the genial hilarity of his airy spirits, flowing from a conscience without reproach, prepared, through the whole tenor of his earthly life, with the mediation of our blessed Saviour, his soul for heaven.—Amen !

THE END.

